Feb. 5, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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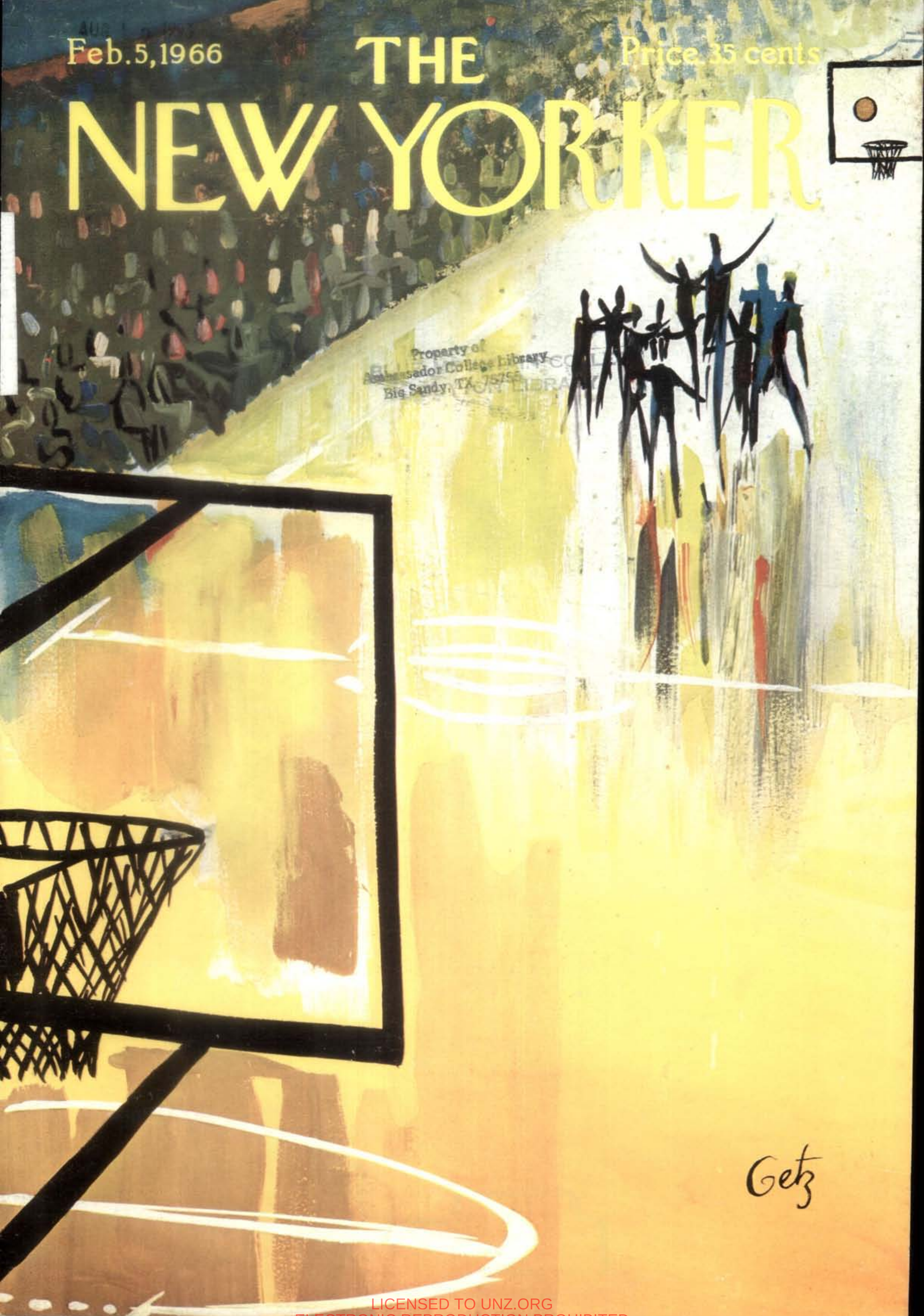

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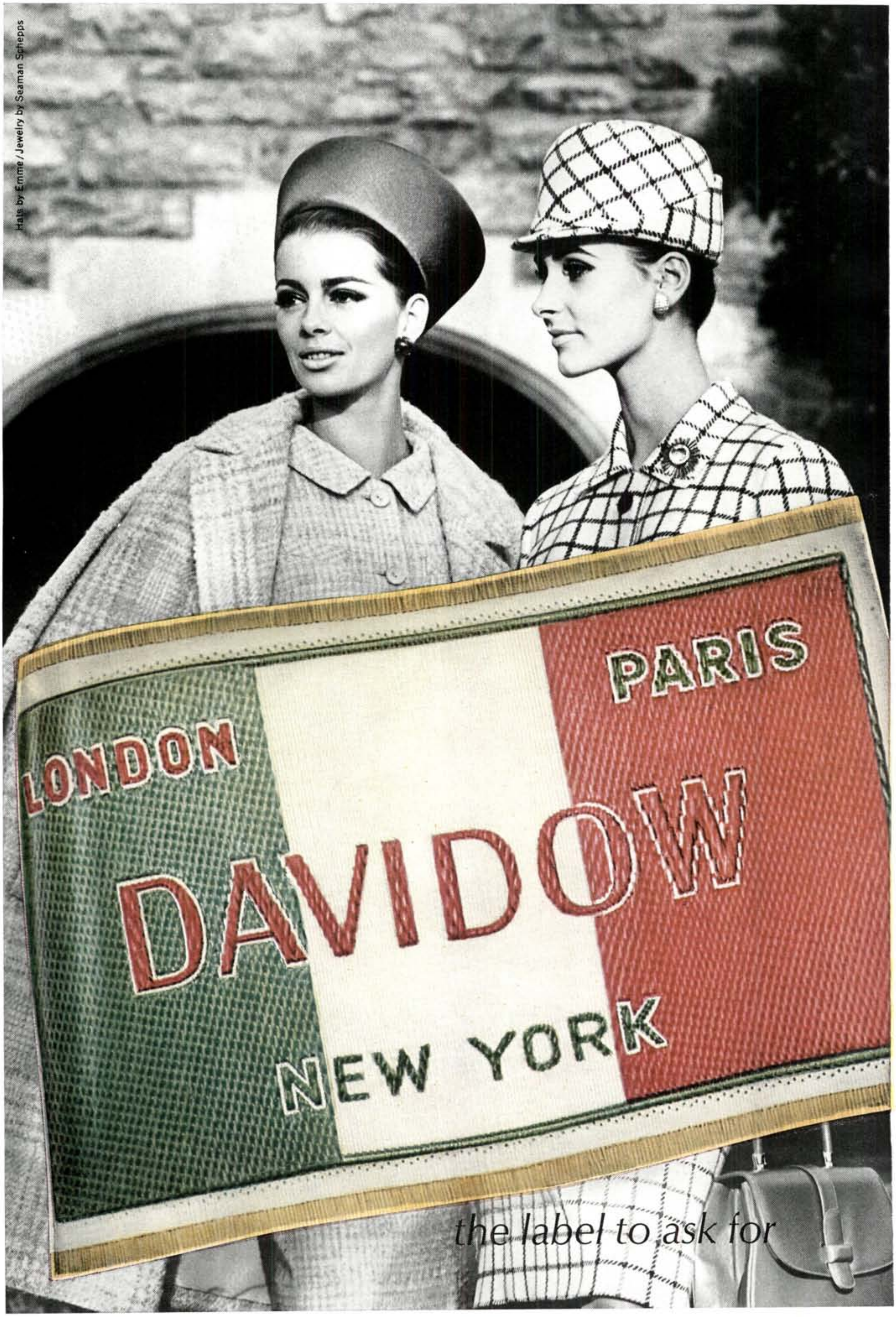
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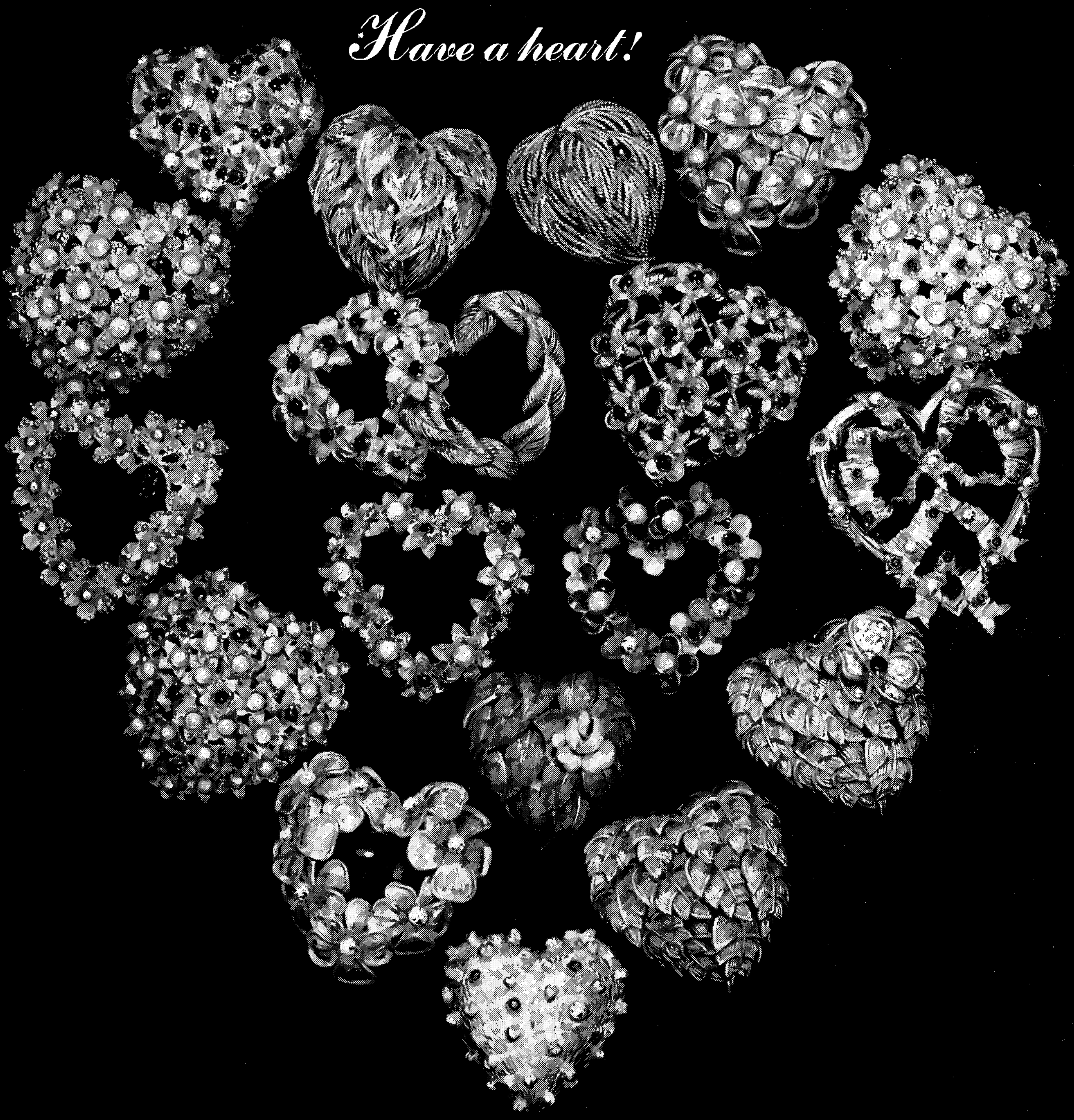

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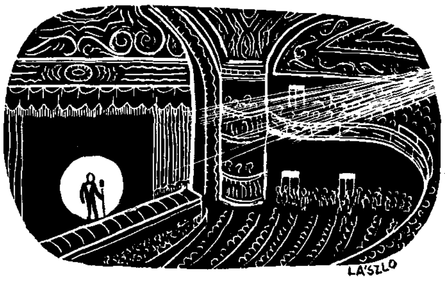
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's attenuated and cheerless drama about the disintegration of an English lawyer. Nicol Williamson has the taxing central role, which involves delivering practically non-stop monologues. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Moves on Tuesday, Feb. 8, to the Shubert, 44th St., W., CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company, busily directed by Peter Brook, in a drama that depicts the awful situation of the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum. Long and lugubrious. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer cannot be faulted as Pizarro, and David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has superb settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2.30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik plays a Jewish grandfather who doesn't believe in apartheid on the loose in South Africa, and Louis Gossett plays a native who is his custodian and his pal. A rather fragile drama, which was written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon and has incidental music and lyrics by Harold Rome. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—ANY WEDNESDAY: Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Great Indoors—A play by Irene Kamp, with Curt Jurgens, Geraldine Page, and Clarence Williams III. Directed by George Schaefer. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Frederick Knott's new suspense play, starring Lee Remick and Robert Duvall. The director is Arthur Penn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor for the enterprise, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tommy Steele in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Dorothy Vernon. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—RUMANIAN FOLK BALLET: Final performances of a one-week engagement by a company of ninety dancers, singers, and musicians. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 3-4, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 5-6, at 2:30 and 8:30.... **COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE:** Opening performances of a three-week repertory that will continue through Sunday, Feb. 27. **L'AVARE:** Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 9-10, at 8:30. ... **LE CID:** Friday, Feb. 11, at 7:45, and Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of earphones that provide a simultaneous translation may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's third offering will be Sartre's **THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA**, adapted by Justin O'Brien. Opens Thursday, Feb. 3, and will run through Sunday, March 13. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Opening-night curtain at 6:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Feb. 5: **la bohème**. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Feb. 11: **carmen.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Thursday, Feb. 3, at 2, and Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rooms—A pair of glib, rather cheap one-acters, the first a comedy and the second a melodrama. James Broderick is good in both of them. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, Feb. 3: "Balladen der Liebe" (première), "The Four Marys," "Kontraste" (American première), and "Fall River Legend." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 4: "Sargasso" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 5: "Billy the Kid" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 5: "Kontraste," "Ricercare," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 6: "Peter and the Wolf" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 6: "Les Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "The Wind in the Mountains." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 8: "Balladen der Liebe," "Fall River Legend," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 9: Act II of "Swan Lake," "The Four Marys," "Sargasso," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 10: "Interplay," "Kontraste," "Pas de Deux," and "Pillar of Fire." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 11: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 12: Act II of "Swan Lake," "The Wind in the Mountains," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 12: "Les Sylphides," "Sargasso," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 13.)

José Limón—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

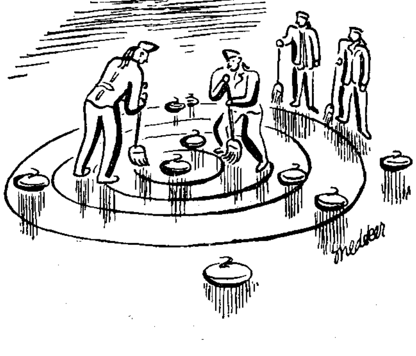
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The life of whatever party is Woody Allen, a wit unlike any other as he views the world through his morose-colored glasses. Along with him, at dinner and supper in the elaborate Royal Box, come the Bitter End Singers, who are frequently possessed by demons of both the rock and the roll categories. On Monday, Feb. 7, all hands will be replaced by Julie London, a caroller who can run a fairly high temperature. The orchestra of Lee Evans will continue to do its mighty best. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Seemly doings, seemly music in seemly surroundings—the ground-floor restaurant. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cubans execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.



El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—To be seen or not to be seen, and with whom—that is the question. The proper question-and-answer music is proffered in the throne room by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and one of our own regional groups; in the Champagne Room, people who are just taking a rest cure listen to fiddle and pianoforte. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun-and games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Dinah Shore, coming back to earth after all her aerial adventures, has been grounded in the Persian Room, where, at dinner and supper, she offers up a performance in which old Southern comfort is as important as songmanship. She takes off again on Tuesday, Feb. 8, so that Liza Minnelli can move in, loaded with ballads, next evening. Miss M. will, on her first night, appear only at ten. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On a clear night, you can see . . . Or you can dance, between courses, whenever the local trio sets to, which it does every so often from eight-thirty until one-thirty, Sundays not included.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Society for the Preservation of the Big-Band Sound meets every evening but Sunday. Its current pleader for equal time is the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, now under the direction of Urbie Green, curator. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The newly overhauled Maisonette is still making up its mind—is it a nocturnal library or is it an art gallery ablaze with murals?—but the guests remain single-minded; dine and dance is their purpose. The sound men—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

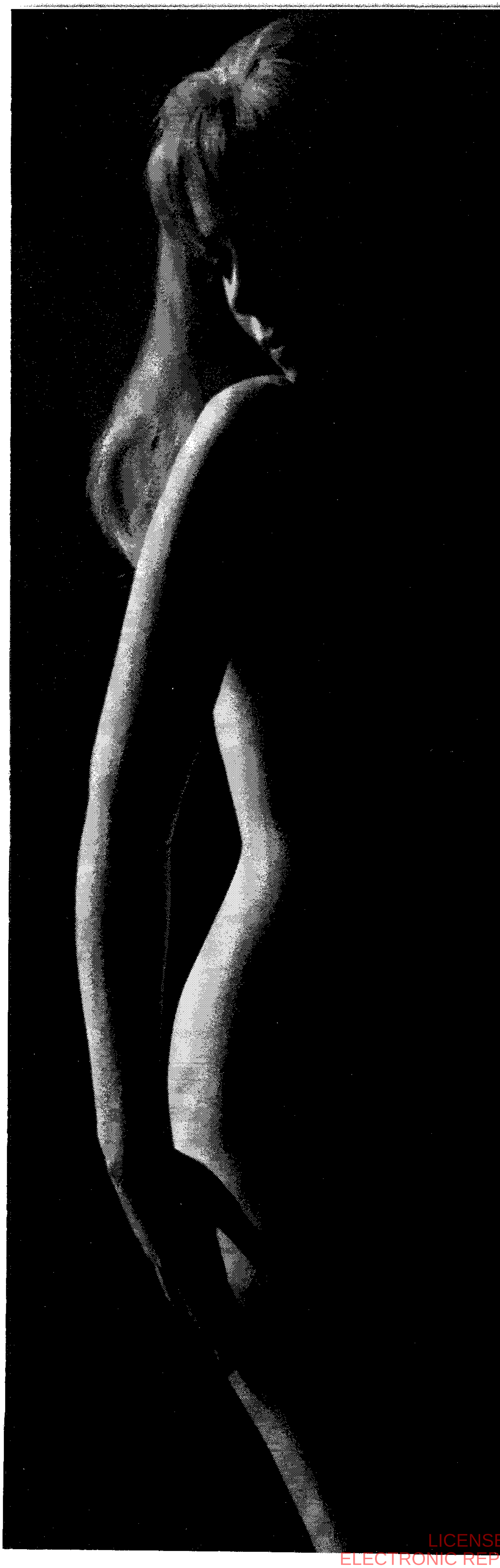
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley is at the keyboard in Peacock Alley, which resounds with his eclectic pianism from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

Note—At **roseland dance city,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), footing it featly is the only dance within the law; no fruggers or hugger-muggers need apply. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A rallying point for Tom, Dick, and Mata Hari, not to mention other interesting young ladies, all talking at once. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **frey's,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): A picnic ground for the landed young gentry, their loved ones, and

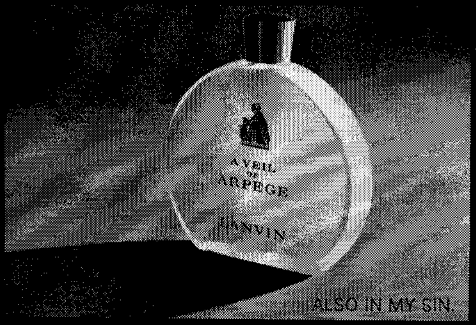


It's a long way

from a dab behind the ears

It clings like perfume,
goes on like a lotion,
and covers your body with
a scented veil.

'A Veil of Arpege'


A VEIL
OF
ARPEGE
LANVIN

ALSO IN MY SIN.

LANVIN

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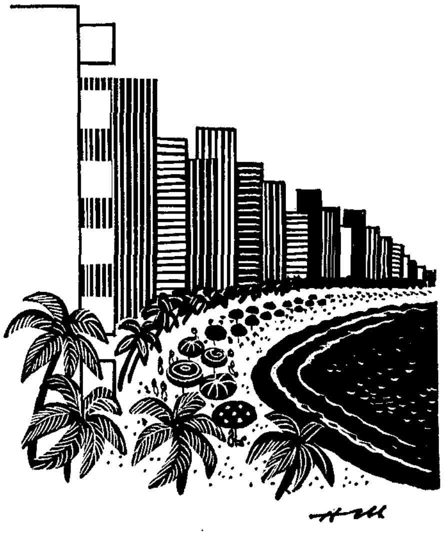
other town and gown characters. The piano of Carl Norman, who sits in one corner, runs on well into the lobster shift. No music Sundays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Youth calling unto youth, but from table to table, not on the phone, and in a manner that is certainly well-bred. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who works out from seven until a very small hour, even on Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It doesn't matter when the customers arrive, for if the musicians are not thumbing their way through Italian romance literature, some singer or other is giving Puccini his due. This music is delivered every night, and an easy-does-it dance band also operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): How to tell love from the less virulent maladies is one recurrent topic of Mabel Mercer's lyrics; the best thought on curative and preventive medicine is the other. Mme. Mercer, the dean of sopranos, has Sam Hamilton's piano as her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Bohemia old-style has not been completely ousted from the Village. Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; no music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is that noble seigneur Tibor Rakossy; the soprano really doesn't matter. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he must be in the prompter's box when his waiter happily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella,* into Siegfried or Klingsor. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Six characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Bob Emma, banging and chanting away at a condemned upright; among the rest are All the King's Men, who sing hill-and-dale. The humming begins around seven, and lasts and lasts, during the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Cecil Young, whose trio is doing the music at the moment, is on duty from ten until three, except on Sundays. On Monday, Feb. 7, Charles De Forest, whose collection of late-night songs matches anyone else's, returns to duty, with a bass player as assistant, on the same schedule. The Youngs may linger on for a while.

NOTE—The discothèque, a night-blooming phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. The music—seven-thirty to three or four during the week, Sundays until one—is insistent and glittery, since it is all freshly squeezed out of a tube. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free, and every man to himself, every girl to herself. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): An undergraduate gymnasium. The hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the music is prepacked, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name. The campus of this nondenominational university is only utilitarian, but the athletic program (nine-thirty to three or four, except Mondays) is superb, and the *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers (by Linda Benter in particular) are original and amusing. The music, partly storage battery and partly real, is repeated at Saturday and Sunday one-to-six matinées. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The extremely handsome arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. Rogelio Reguera, the guitarist of the occasion, is a classicist and a flamencan practically beyond compare. He performs intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Joe Moon (visible only once in a blue moon) is back in town, playing piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha.* She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Grandeur, thy name is Spain. The guitar, plied by Harold Morris, whiles away the dinner and supper hours every evening but Sunday with arias not only Iberian but international. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport.* The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the squadron of peregrinating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until about two is his speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a dulcet dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous, the piano (George Rudolph) is laudably venturesome. The music is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, a bar that takes only Sundays off, Tony Gorody, once of Havana night life, sits down at his piano around six, and does not wander far from it until around one.



BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The main fun is Jack E. Leonard, who gets up out of the wrong side of bed (never, at a guess, before dusk) and stays that way. Frankie Randall is the singer of the evening, and the Copa ballerinas are the gambollers. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and nobody thinks to turn it off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Paris when it sizzles, or at least when it comes to a boil, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive tripper. Jayne Mansfield, who studied everything but singing when she was at the

I love you
(continued)

Very old, those three little words. But how new they sound each time they're said! Just like these jewels. Very old. Yet they glow anew each time they're given. Take the ring. Probably first presented to a Dutch lady, circa 1820. Made of diamonds, on silver and gold, $2000. Or the English Victorian pendant. Opal, diamonds, Oriental pearls, silver and gold. $500. These, just two of the many old ways to say "I love you" anew. You'll find them here in Chicago. In Antique Jewelry, on One. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sorbonne, sings, and a lot of meaningful girls race on and off stage, among them a fine figure of a tigress called Betty Jo Alvies. Also on hand: a remarkable circus acrobat (Chris Heyl), a Hungarian-goulash ballet, trained poodles, etc., etc., and etc. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Gene Baylos, to whom the greatest frustration is the necessity of going on living, contributes gloriously surly conversation, and Johnny Rivers, a prom-time caroller, recites at length. Ram Ramirez is the solid intermission pianist. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is ever quite what it seems in "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, for every prank, every parable, every bit of poesy turns out to be a witty engine of destruction. Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, and Liz Sheridan are the avenging angels of the cast; Rex Robbins, John Keatts, and Bill Hinnant fill out a squadron of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles is putting his flamencan stamps of approval on the floor of the back room, and his troupe of gypsies does its best to follow suit; Felix Caballero, late of Los Chavales de España, does the chanting. In short, Latins at the work they love best. The performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar can always bemuse and beguile, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Cole Porter, the only sociologist who ever combined rhyme and reason, is memorialized (and to perfection) in a small revue (words and music by C. P.) inhabited by Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan, those blithe spirits of mockery, and by Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff, their estimable aides. Nearly all of what goes on in this, the second edition, did not go on in the first edition, so fluent was the Porter pen. Things happen at eight-thirty every night but Monday, as well as at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the new revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg, Kelly Wood, and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This establishment's new road to the future: Friday through Sunday, Feb. 4-6, the quintet of Miles Davis, whose trumpet is full of alarums and excursions; Monday, Feb. 7, Thad Jones and his seventeen-man band, in which Mel Lewis is included; Friday through Sunday, Feb. 11-13, the songs of the larksome Abbey Lincoln, for whom the Cedar Walton threesome is the background, and the rumblings of John Coltrane's crew of artillerymen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, Jaki Byard's forward-looking piano operates every night but Monday. In the grotto, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5, the delights (now so rarely offered) of the nomadic Modern Jazz Quartet, and the hubble-bubble of Cannonball Adderley's fivesome. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, Dick Gregory describes, not without humor, his days and nights in the front lines, and the Clara Ward Singers call upon high heaven to witness that theirs is the true gospel. The grotto is occupied on Mondays by Symphony Sid, a *Mad Magazine* sort of commentator, and a Latin band. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every note is fraught. The quintet of Art Farmer, a good and honest man, is on hand, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5, so will be Art Blakey's set of firecrackers, but on Tuesday, Feb. 8, the foursome of Sonny Rollins will replace the Farmers. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The sound and fury of Charles Mingus, who has extensive holdings of both commodities, is greatly in evidence. He and his Jazz Workshop seethe every night but Monday, when another band is in charge, and Toshiko Mariano, whose solo piano is generally exploratory, holds to the same schedule. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Shoot the works, but never the Professor at the piano. The nights of yore are recalled in toto by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones, and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. The inexhaustible Zutty Singleton is the springboard; the other operatives are Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Herman Autrey. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there is even a bagpiper on the podium, too. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. To top it off, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD ALTMAN—Etchings done in Paris; through Wednesday, Feb. 9. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

GIANFRANCO BARUCHELLO—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GEORGE BIDDLE—Landscapes, animals, flowers, and paintings having to do with death; through Feb. 19. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

BENNETT BRADBURY—Marine paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

MARY CASSATT—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings and pastels; through Feb. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Paintings; through Feb. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of sand and oil; through Feb. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MADELEINE GEKIERE—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 19. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY GORSKI—Figurative paintings and collages; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ZOLTAN HECHT—Collages; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN—Gouaches and pencil drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HOFMANN—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Feb. 26. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

JONAH KINIGSTEIN—Paintings; through Feb. 19. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT KIPNESS—Landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GASTON LACHAISE—Sculptures and drawings; through Feb. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CÉSAR MANRIQUE—Abstract paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EZIO MARTINELLI—Bronzes; through Feb. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL MATTHEWS—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER MURCH—Still-life oils and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

HUGO ROBUS—A memorial exhibition of his figure sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE SAVAGE—Drawings of figures in interiors; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JASON SCHOENER—Paintings of Greece; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES SCHREIBER—Watercolors; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

JOHN SLOAN—Paintings of places and people relating to his diaries of 1906 to 1913; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Fifty-three new Op paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

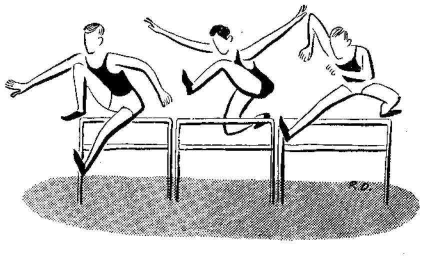
RUTH VOLLMER—Geometric metal sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

BRYAN WILSON—Flowers, birds, and beasts; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their twenty-fourth annual, containing oils, prints, watercolors, and sculptures; through Sunday, Feb. 6. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Calder, César, and other American and European artists; through Feb. 15. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Masks, statues, and utensils (in



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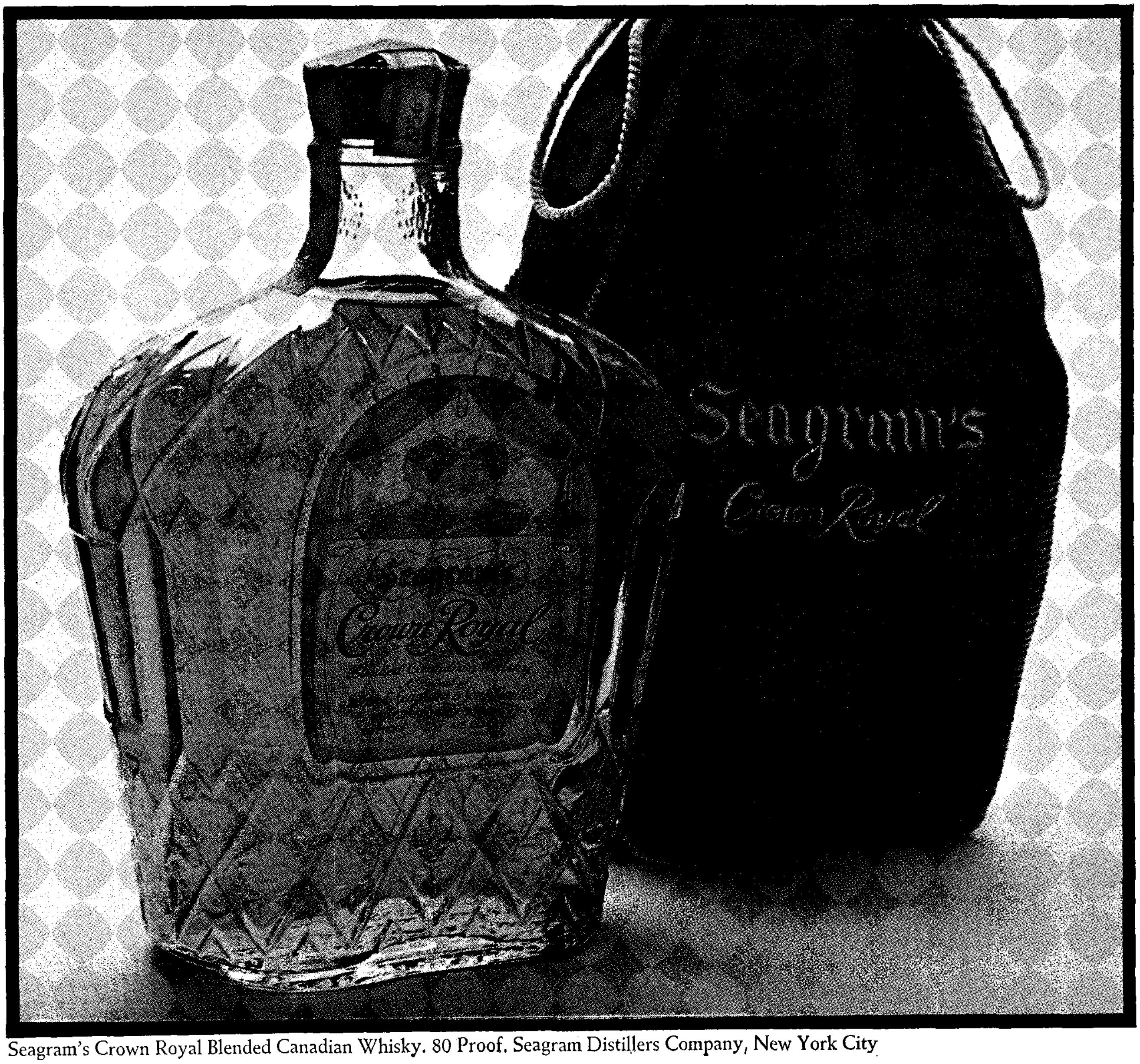
The King liked it. So will you.

When the King of England visited Canada in 1939, the Seagram Company wanted to give him a memorable gift. So, we set out to create Crown Royal. It wasn't easy. We sampled our whole Canadian whisky inventory. The largest in the world. And from the best of the best of these, chose a certain few with a wondrous luxury character to them. Thus Crown Royal was born. Bottled, bagged in a purple sack, and given to the King. The King liked it. Unlike the first lean years, Crown Royal is now available nearly every place in the United States. True, it will cost you about nine dollars a fifth. But once you taste it you'll call it a bargain.



Seagram's Crown Royal Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York City

wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia, Nigeria, and so on; through Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Robert Brackman, Frederick Frieseke, and Robert Philipp; through Feb. 25. . . . **LEWISON,** 35 E. 64th St.: Albert Bierstadt, Leonard Ochtman, and Theodore Robinson are three of the artists represented in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes, figure subjects, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **VALENTE,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and drawings by Henri, Luks, Shinn, Sloan, and Glackens; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BIANCHINI,** 50 W. 57th St.: Master drawings, Pissarro to Lichtenstein; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pastels by Milton Avery, Vuillard, Redon, and others; through Feb. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Saturday, Feb. 5.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Degas, Matisse, and Picasso are among the exhibitors in a showing of French drawings and watercolors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Metalwork," a new installation of objects dating from 1500 B.C. to about 1250 A.D., including sculptures, religious images, and jewelry, in gold, silver, and gilt bronze; starting Friday, Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A display of architectural drawings of projects and buildings by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in celebration of his eightieth birthday; through March 20. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "The Photographic Image," an exhibition of paintings by Richard Artschwager, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, and four other artists, whose work involves elements or themes suggested by photographs; through Feb. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold: Jewelry from the Age of Alexander," a loan exhibition of some two hundred items, the majority of them unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey; through March 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Ancient Art from Afghanistan: Treasures of the Kabul Museum;" through March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through March 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty-one paintings and drawings by Abstract Expressionist Philip Guston; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Large paintings-constructions by Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, Larry Rivers, and others; through Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ "The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Folk Artist in the City—Erastus Field in New York," an exhibit of portraits and subject pieces by this nineteenth-century artist; through March 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Graphic Art—"Five Centuries of Graphic Art," the initial showing of this new Museum, at present without a home of its own, is being held in temporary quarters at the Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. On view are woodcuts, etchings, engravings, and lithographs, ranging from Schongauer to Picasso. Through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Sunday, Feb. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas, from the Museum's collection; through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 3: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and Tito Gobbi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 4: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 5: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Mignon Dunn, Gladys Kriese, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 5: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 7: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb 8: "Salome," with Maria Kouba, Nell Rankin, Karl Liebl, William Dooley, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 9: "Fidelio," with Ludmila Dvorakova, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jess Thomas, Sherrill Milnes, Walter Cassel, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 10: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Jean Madeira, Gladys Kriese, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 11: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Jan Peerce, Geraint Evans, Theodor Uppman, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 12: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 12: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Barry Morell, and Tito Gobbi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A Bach-Prokofieff program on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 4, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 7, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin, and Harold Gomberg, oboe); and a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 11, at

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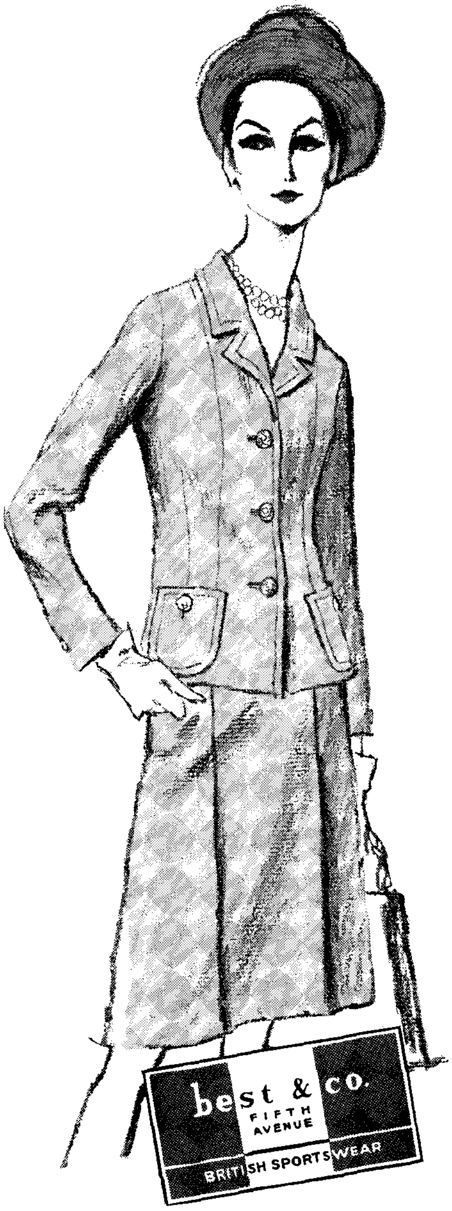

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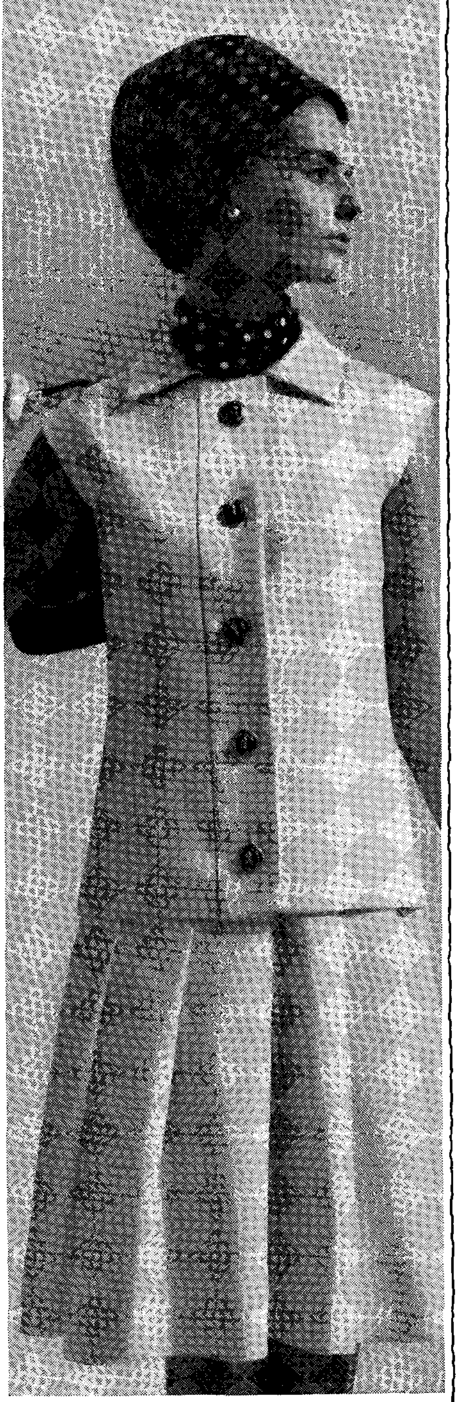

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:15; Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 14, at 7:30 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin).

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 3.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, the first two in a series of four concerts. Monday, Feb. 7, at 8:30: George Szell conducting a Mozart-Busoni program, with Pietro Scarpini, piano, and male voices from the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: Robert Shaw directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Cesare Valletti, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Lili Chookasian, contralto, and Richard Lewis, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting this chamber orchestra in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Late Late Concerts—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra, with Susan Bellink, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Susan Jolles, harp; and Theodore Weis, trumpet. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 11:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the third in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music, this one with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting a benefit concert, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

M.I.T. Concert Band—John Corley conducting. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Gettysburg College Choir—Parker B. Wagnild directing a program of sacred music. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 5:30.)

Concordia Choir—Paul J. Christiansen directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Boris Gutnikov—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

LaSalle String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 5:15.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schumann's song cycles "Liederkreis" and "Dichterliebe." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30. Latecomers seated at intermission only.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Gene and Francesca—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Julius Katchen—The first two in a series of four recitals presenting the complete solo piano works of Johannes Brahms. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:30, and Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—The second in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music, this one devoted to the music of Norway. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fourth in a series of six Haydn-Schubert-Bartók programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:40.)

Jon Vickers—Tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—The third in a series of four programs of new music, this one performed by Robert White, tenor, and Joseph Bloch, piano. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Szymon Goldberg and Victor Babin—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Julian Bream—Lute and guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Note—Szymon Goldberg, violin, and Victor Babin, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 7, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the Orchestra of America, conducted by Richard Korn, Joseph Eger, and Herman Neuman, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed envelope.)

Jazz Concerts—Sarah Vaughan's trio and Arthur Prysock and his group. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Gary McFarland's orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 6:30: San Francisco vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 6, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 1: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 12. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 5.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2:30.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings," "The Crowded House," and "The Shepherd and the Spider." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) ... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Brightest Moon of All." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Magic Weaver," a Russian film, with English dialogue. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 5-6, at 12 and 2.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—Louis Auchincloss reading from his new novel, "The Embezzler," and from his other works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 5, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 6, from noon to 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition *hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays* through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Feb. 5, at 1:45: English and other furniture, Tiffany and other glass, paintings, and rugs; from various owners.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 1:45: Oriental art, including K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung single-color porcelains, jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, and ivory carvings; from the estate of Mrs. Wendell P. Colton and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 19, 22, and 26, and March 1, 8, 11, and 13.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 14-15.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 16, 20, 23, and 27, and March 2, 6, 9, and 13.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships. (Iceland Rink. March 11-13.)

Track Meets—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** New York Athletic Club, Feb. 18.... ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 5.... **102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY:** Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 25.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Feb. 19-20.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: March 4-May 24.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 16.... **NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY,** New York State Theater (TR 7-4727): The season will open on Feb. 22, with Alberto Ginastera's "Don Rodrigo," and will run through March 27. ... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21.... ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 13.... ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Feb. 18 and March 6.... ¶ New York Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 20-21.... ¶ Peter, Paul & Mary, folk singers, Feb. 25.... ¶ Pilar Lorengar, soprano, Feb. 27. ... ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, March 1.... ¶ Boston Symphony, March 2 and 4.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 8.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 13, 14, 20, and 21.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 15.... ¶ Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, Feb. 16.... ¶ New Orleans Philharmonic, Feb. 17.... ¶ United States Navy Band, Feb. 20.... ¶ Inger Wikstrom, piano, Feb. 22.... ¶ The Romeros, guitarists, and the Esterhazy Orchestra, Feb. 26.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 27-28.... ¶ Bernardo Segall, piano, Feb. 27.... ¶ American Opera Society, March 1.... ¶ John Ogdon, piano, March 2.... ¶ Boston Symphony, March 5.... ¶ Norwegian Festival Orchestra, March 7.... ¶ Gina Bachauer, piano, March 9.... ¶ Chicago Symphony, March 10.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Netania Davrath, soprano, Feb. 13.... ¶ Julius Katchen, piano, Feb. 14 and 17.... ¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, Feb. 16.... ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, March 6.... ¶ Clarion Orchestra, March 8.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 9.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Richard Syracuse, piano, Feb. 18.... ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Feb. 19.... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (737-3570): Rudolf Serkin, piano, Feb. 19.... ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, March 4.... ¶ Albert Fuller, harpsichord, March 7.... ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, March 9.

Dance Programs—Hungarian National Ballet and Folk Ensemble, at City Center, March 2-13.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Philadelphia, Here I Come!," a Dublin play by Brian Friel, with Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford. ... ¶ Ray Milland in a London import, "Hostile Witness," by Jack Roffey.... ¶ Tennessee Williams' latest offering, "Slapstick Tragedy," two short plays starring Margaret Leighton and Kate Reid.... ¶ A comedy by David Rayfiel called "Nathan Weinstein, Mystic, Connecticut," in which Sam Levene, Zohra Lampert, and Estelle Winwood will appear.... ¶ A four-character drama, "First One Asleep, Whistle," with Salome Jens and Frank Converse in the leading roles.... ¶ William Inge's new comedy, "Where's Daddy?," with a cast headed by Betty Field and Hiram Sherman.... ¶ Paul Ford in "Bascom Barlow," a comedy by Jerome Chodorov. based on a French original, "Oscar." ... ¶ "The Lion in Winter," a play about Henry II by James Goldman; Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris are the principals.... ¶ A musical entertainment, "Wait a Minim!," which originated in South Africa and has been running in London, with a cast of five men and three girls.... ¶ Barbara Barrie and Gerald S. O'Loughlin in a comedy, "Happily Never After," by J. A. Ross.... ¶ Gwen Davis's comedy "The Best Laid Plans," with a cast that includes Edward Woodward and Madlyn Rhue.

Poetry Readings—Robert Lowell. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium. YU 8-6783. March 8.)

Other Dates—Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 16.... ¶ Washington's Birthday is Tuesday, Feb. 22.... ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 22-March 3.... ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 23.... ¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 5-13.... ¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 5-13.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Feb. 7.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 9.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Ably directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 8, last showing that day at 4.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Feb. 4.)

King and Country—Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde in a grim story of the First World War, brilliantly directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Feb. 3. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Feb. 6.)

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MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—More death-defying high jinks à la mode de Bond, with James Coburn in the title role. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Shop on Main Street—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—A strong, old-fashioned, no-nonsense melodrama, with an intricate plot and excellent acting by Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director was Martin Ritt. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The 10th Victim—A very witty Italian movie about the twenty-first century, when murder has become a form of useful play. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, and directed with zest by Elio Petri. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Thunderball—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course, and directed by Terence Young. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, 563-4350; Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 4-7.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 8.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 9.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—A study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 4-7.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 8.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 3.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 3.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 8.)

Yanco (1964)—A picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Feb. 3.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Feb. 9, tentative.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Feb. 6 (continuous showings weekdays from noon, Sundays from 2; last showings at 5:30, Thursdays at 8): "Animation—Films from Many Nations." . . ¶ Feb. 7-8 at 2 and 5:30: "Passion" (1919), with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Die Puppe" (1919), with Ossi Oswalda, and excerpts from "Gypsy Blood" (1918), with Pola Negri. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Through Feb. 4: "Stage Struck" (1936), with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ Feb. 5-6: "Men Are Such Fools" (1938), with Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane. . . . ¶ Feb. 8-9: "Comet Over Broadway" (1938), with Kay Francis and John Litel. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.). . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Flight of the Phoenix," James Stewart, Richard Attenborough.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OUR MAN FLINT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
THUNDERBALL.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 8: "The Hill," Sean Connery.
From Feb. 9: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 8: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**
From Feb. 9: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder Most Foul," revival, Margaret Rutherford.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Feb. 3 at 2, 4, and 8:30: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Rudolph Nureyev.
From Feb. 4: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft; and "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Italiano Brava Gente," Arthur Kennedy, Peter Falk.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THUNDERBALL.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Feb. 3 at 2:15 and 8:15: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.
From Feb. 4: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Sandra," Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
OUR MAN FLINT.

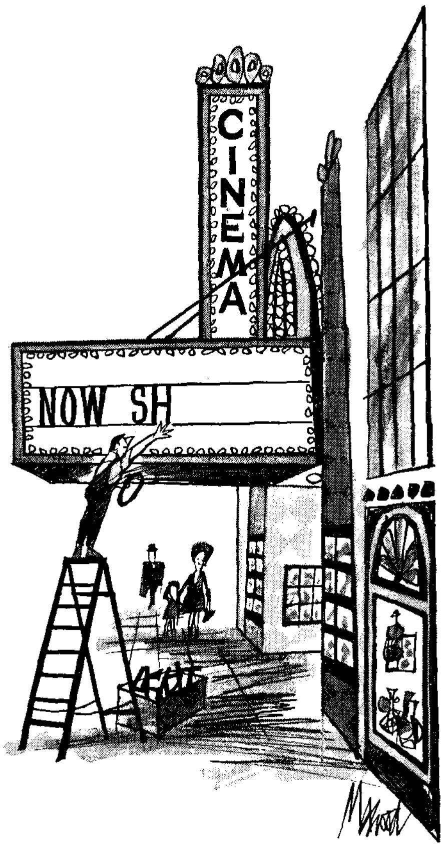
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THUNDERBALL.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE LOVED ONE.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Feb. 6: **THE KNACK**; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Feb. 7: **DARLING**; and "Red Desert," revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.



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6	7	8	9			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Where the Spies Are," David Niven, Françoise Dorleac.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 8: **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Feb. 9 (tentative): **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
(Saturdays and Sundays, features are shown only after 4.)
Through Feb. 8 (last showing that day at 4): **THE IPCRESS FILE.**
Feb. 8 at 8 and 10: "Lilac Time" (silent), Colleen Moore, Gary Cooper.
Feb. 9-10 at 2:30 and 8:30: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Feb. 3 at 2:15 and 8:15: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.
From Feb. 4: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft; and "Finger on the Trigger," Rory Calhoun.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 3: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC**, revival; **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS**, revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.
Feb. 4-7: **BREATHLESS**, revival; "A Woman Is a Woman," revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "My Life to Live," revival, Anna Karina.
From Feb. 8: **THE SOFT SKIN**, revival; "Contempt," revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; a François Truffaut episode from "Love at Twenty;" and a Jean-Luc Godard episode from "7 Capital Sins."

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Feb. 5: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
Feb. 6-8: "The Men," revival, Teresa Wright, Marlon Brando; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
From Feb. 9: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Feb. 3: **THE KNACK**; and **YANCO**, revival, a Mexican film.
From Feb. 4: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft; and "Harlow," Carroll Baker.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 8: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**
From Feb. 9: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 8: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Feb. 9: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 5: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder Most Foul," revival, Margaret Rutherford.
Feb. 6-8: "Master of Terror," Robert Lansing; and "Master of Horror," Narciso Menta.
From Feb. 9: "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "The Music Man," revival, Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 8: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.
From Feb. 9: "Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Feb. 3 at 2:15 and 8:15: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.
From Feb. 4: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Mermaid" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Italiano Bravo Gente," Arthur Kennedy, Peter Falk.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
KING AND COUNTRY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Flight of the Phoenix," James Stewart, Richard Attenborough.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Ohayo" (in Japanese); and "Eroica" (in Polish).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 8: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," revival, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From Feb. 9: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 3: "The Young and the Passionate" (formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik," revival, Alberto Sordi.
Feb. 4-7: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival; and "That Man from Rio," revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Feb. 8: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Anatomy of Love," revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 8: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.
From Feb. 9: "Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

You bought it in '57. It's perfectly good. How'd you like a legitimate excuse to buy a new one?

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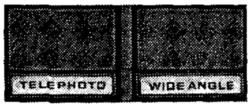
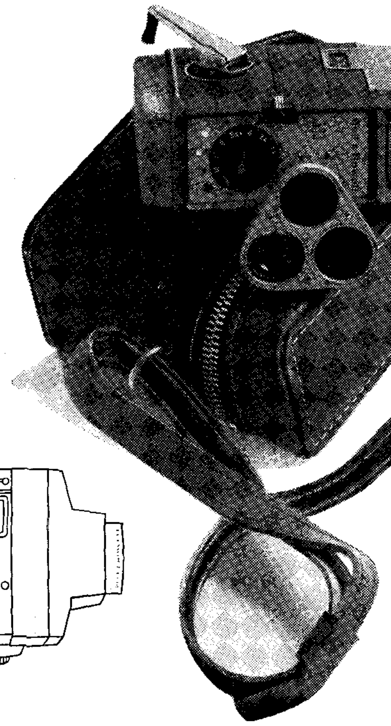
You see, we have a tradition of making cameras that are precision instruments.

For instance, we don't buy lenses and try to fit them to our cameras the way other manufacturers often do. We grind our own, to space-age computer specifications. And we coat our lenses two ways. One would do. Two give you the truest, warmest color pictures you've ever seen. Then, there's the effortless way you zoom in and out on your subject, from telephoto to wide angle at the push of a button. It's the smoothest power zoom in the business. We've put a separate motor in so you can compose your shots perfectly before you start running film.





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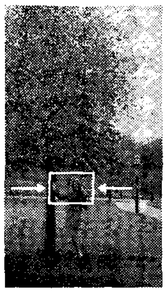

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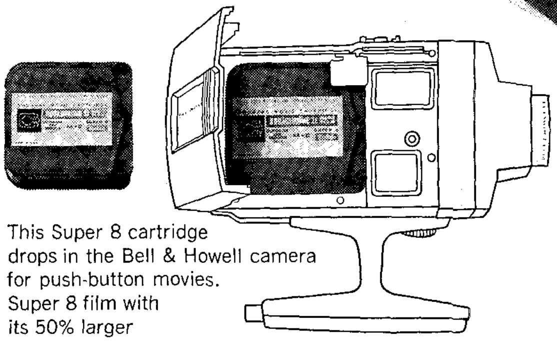
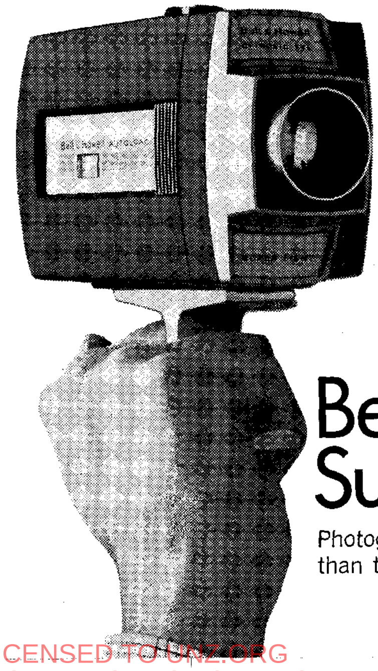
If you get the impression that we're determined to give you the world's finest Super 8 movies, you're right. But then, what else would you expect of Bell & Howell?



This Super 8 cartridge drops in the Bell & Howell camera for push-button movies. Super 8 film with its 50% larger *picture area can only* be used in Super 8 Cameras and Projectors.



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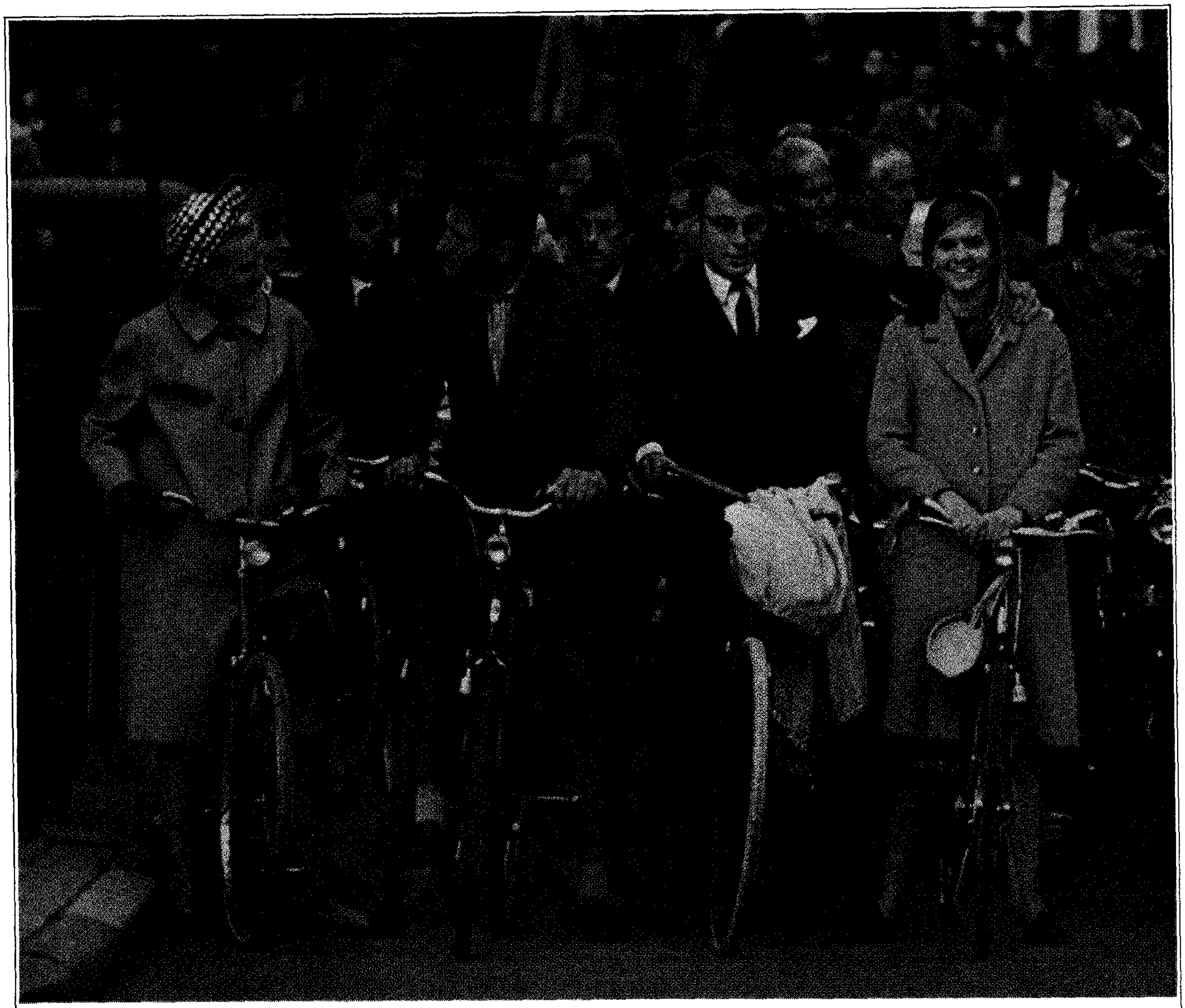

The nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. In Holland, everyone rides bicycles.

Everyone. Grandmothers, students, executives, nuns, doctors, lovers with their arms around each other, farmers—even Her Majesty the Queen.

Cycling is more than just a convenient way to get from one place to another. It's a whole attitude about life.

First of all, it's pretty hard to be stuffy or pompous or pretentious pedaling down to the corner for a beer. And bicycles are people-sized. They won't let you roar through life at sixty miles an hour ignoring everything in your way. Which might be why the Dutch insist on being surrounded with lovely houses, sparkling canals, and billions of flowers.

Cycling makes sure you don't get too big for your britches, too. And in more ways than one. It not only keeps your figure in shape, but it helps to keep you thinking young. Holland is an old country but the Dutch have about the youngest ideas in the world. (Look at Holland's avant-garde painters, listen to Dutch jazz.)

Being on a bicycle also teaches a healthy respect for economy. The Dutch insist on value. You'll appreciate that the first time you stop in a broodjeswinkel for lunch. Broodjes, Dutch for delicious sandwiches, is hard to say, but all you'll have to do is point at what you want from the tempting display of cheeses, meats, fish and salads. Two incredibly thick sandwiches and a glass of great Dutch beer will run about 60c.

But the nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. But don't take our word for it. Join Holland's bicycle brigade (75c a day to rent a bike—we *told* you the Dutch were thrifty) and find out for yourself.

Find out how traveling in luxurious Dutch style aboard a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's hospitable entrance. Clip the coupon for a free copy of "Welcome To Holland."

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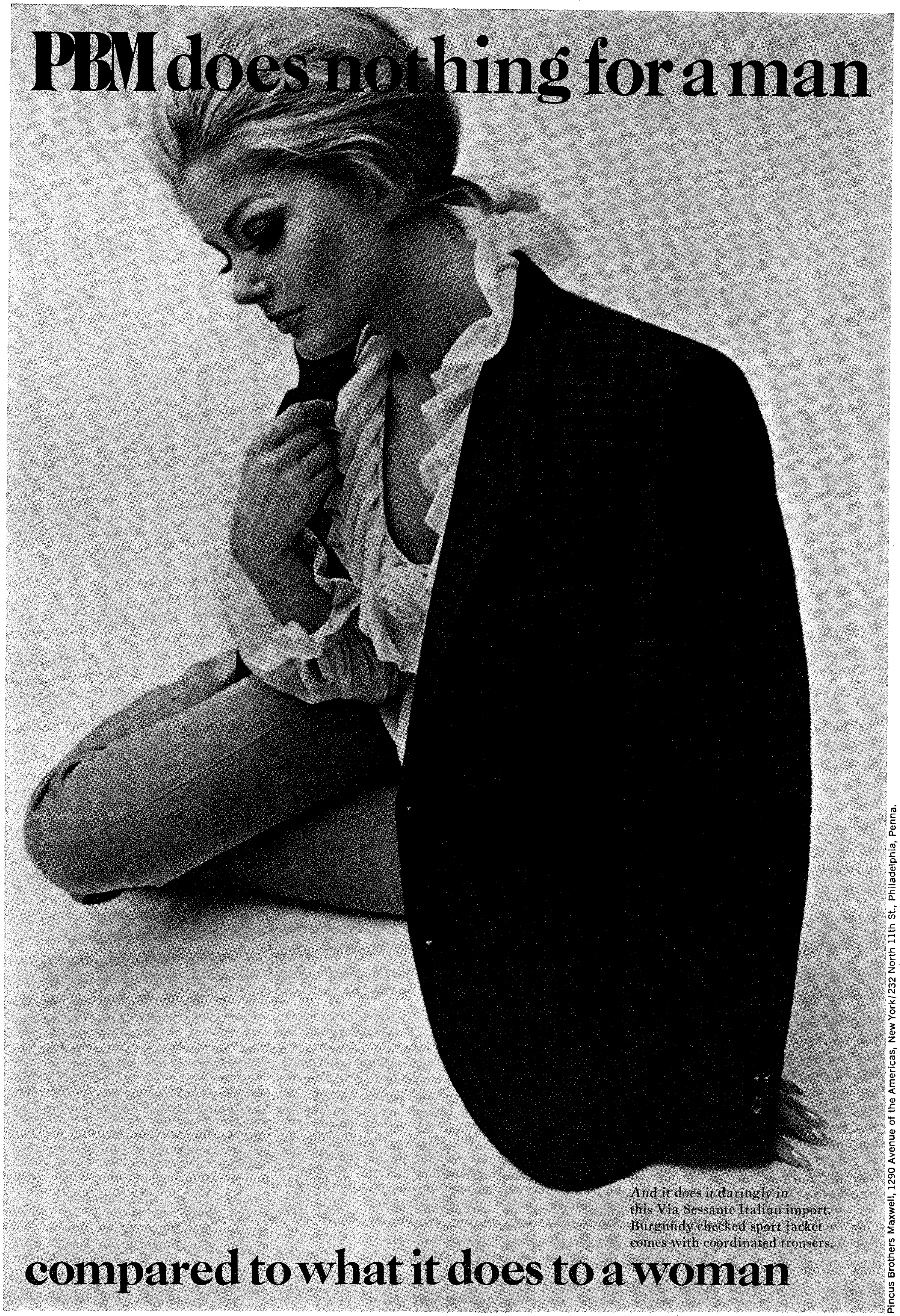
PBM does nothing for a man
And it does it daringly in this Via Sessante Italian import. Burgundy checked sport jacket comes with coordinated trousers.
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One reason your Bell phone will do even more for you in the future is that Western Electric is part of the Bell System.

Some time in the future you'll be able to: (a) dial frequently called numbers using one or two digits; (b) have your telephone calls follow you when you visit across town; (c) add a third party to your phone call simply by dialing his number; (d) eliminate busy signals: you'll hear a "beep" that tells you a second call is waiting; and (e) do a lot of other things with your phone you never dreamed possible.

But if all this is in the future for you, it's very much in the present for Western Electric. It has been, for some time.

Making major changes in anything as vast and complex as the nationwide Bell telephone network takes a lot of advanced planning and an enormous amount of work. That's why, together with Bell Telephone Laboratories, Western Electric has devoted so much time and money to bringing these services to you.

We have developed equipment for modifying existing dial offices. We have also put in over 2000 man-years of work and spent more than $100,000,000 developing a revolutionary new Electronic Switching System (ESS).

And today we are spending more millions setting up to manufacture the complex and precise equipment the system requires.

A big risk for a manufacturer to take? Yes, but only by such substantial investments can we bring constant improvements to your phone service.

This goal is as important to Western Electric as it is to your Bell telephone company. We're on the same Bell System team. We have been since 1882, working together with the same purpose: to bring you the world's finest telephone service at low cost.

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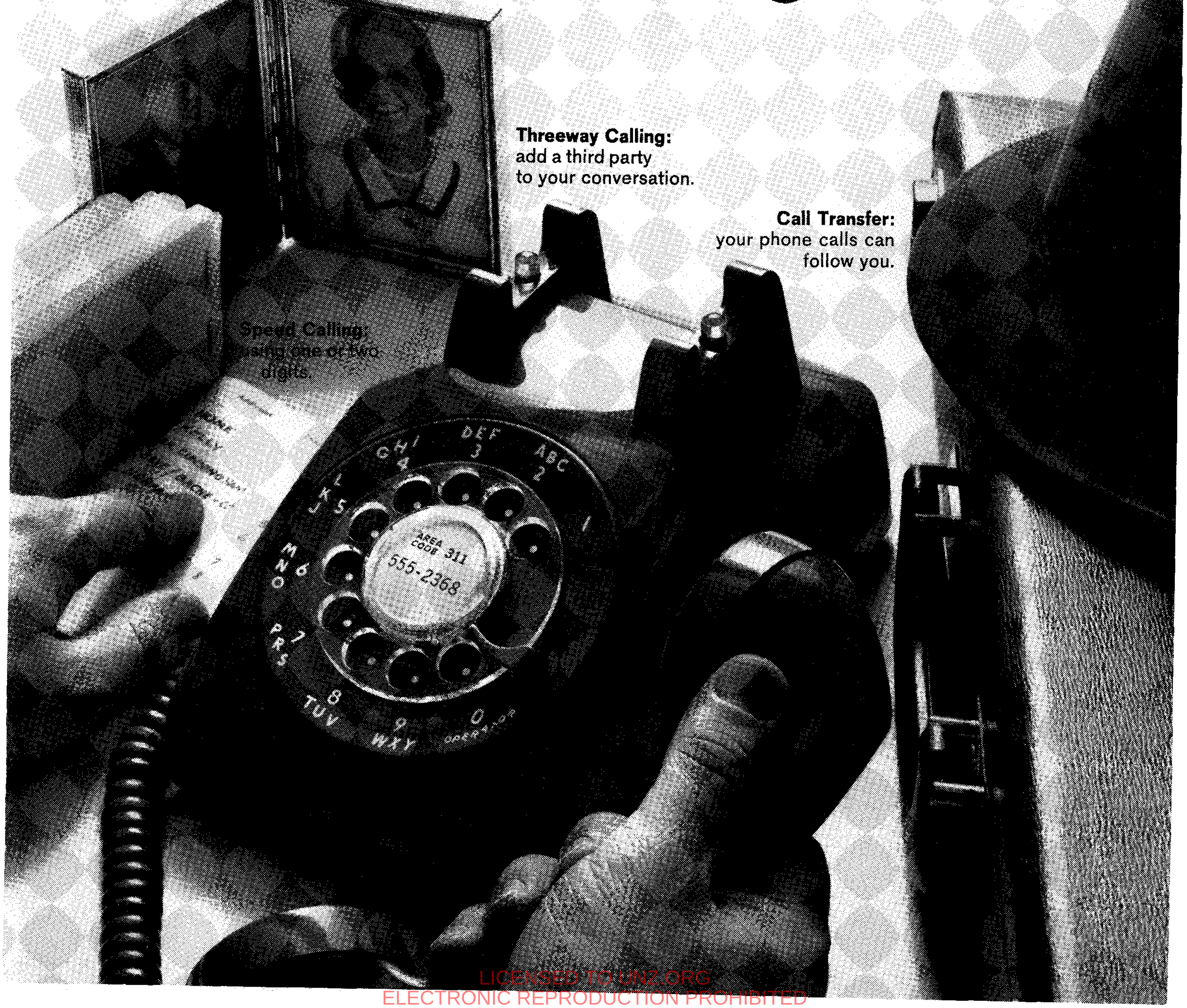
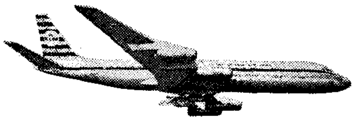


Threeway Calling: add a third party to your conversation.

Call Transfer: your phone calls can follow you.

Speed Calling: using one or two digits.

Surprise! Amsterdam is now one of the 4 most popular cities in Europe.



Here–from reliable KLM–are some surprising reasons why.

Amsterdam has 636 picturesque bridges—and twice as many miles of canals as Venice.

LONDON, Paris, Rome—and now, by George, none other than Surprising Amsterdam.

Each of these cities attracts over a million visitors annually.

Why is KLM's hometown suddenly "in"? One reason: more and more *Europeans* are beginning to take their own vacations there.

Amsterdam—one of a kind

Amsterdam has the same appeal for Europeans that New Orleans, San Francisco and New York have for Americans. It is one of a kind. Fascinatingly different. Indeed, it is surprisingly unlike any other city in Europe.

Amsterdam *looks* different. Many European cities have plunged headlong into the 20th century in recent years. But Amsterdammers are a sentimental lot. They refuse to allow one brick in the central part of town to be moved without permission.

The heart of Amsterdam is still a picturesque blend of tree-lined canals, graceful, arching bridges, and ornately gabled patrician houses. It looks virtually the same today as it did to Rembrandt in the 17th century.

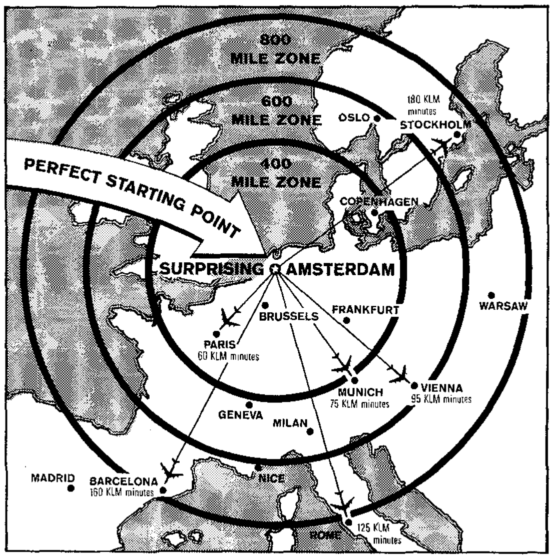
This is why Arthur Frommer, the popular travel writer, calls Amsterdam "the most intensely European of all cities." Amsterdam is brimming with the old-world flavor that so many American tourists *expect* to find everywhere they go in Europe—but no longer can.

A lively city of bargains

Beneath the surface, Amsterdam is anything but old-fashioned. In fact, it offers some of Europe's highest living—at some of Europe's *lowest* prices.

A "night on the town" needn't cost you over $6.50. This includes a *rijsttafel* banquet of *twenty-one* dishes, drinks, and floor shows with Amsterdam's sultry ecdysiasts (see sample ecdysiast at right).

Surprising Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs—many of them with surprising ecdysiasts (above).



Surprising Amsterdam—the hub of Europe.

Incidentally, Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs and 300 fine restaurants. There are even 200 *sidewalk cafés.*

You can rent a car in Amsterdam for just $3.75 a day, plus 6½ cents a mile. A glass of Dutch jenever gin costs about 25 cents. A good seat at the orchestra: $2. A good hotel room: under $8.

A city of music

Amsterdam *sounds* different from other European cities, too. You hear the put-put of motor scooters and the cheerful jingling of bicycle bells. (Amsterdam has more bikes than any other city.)

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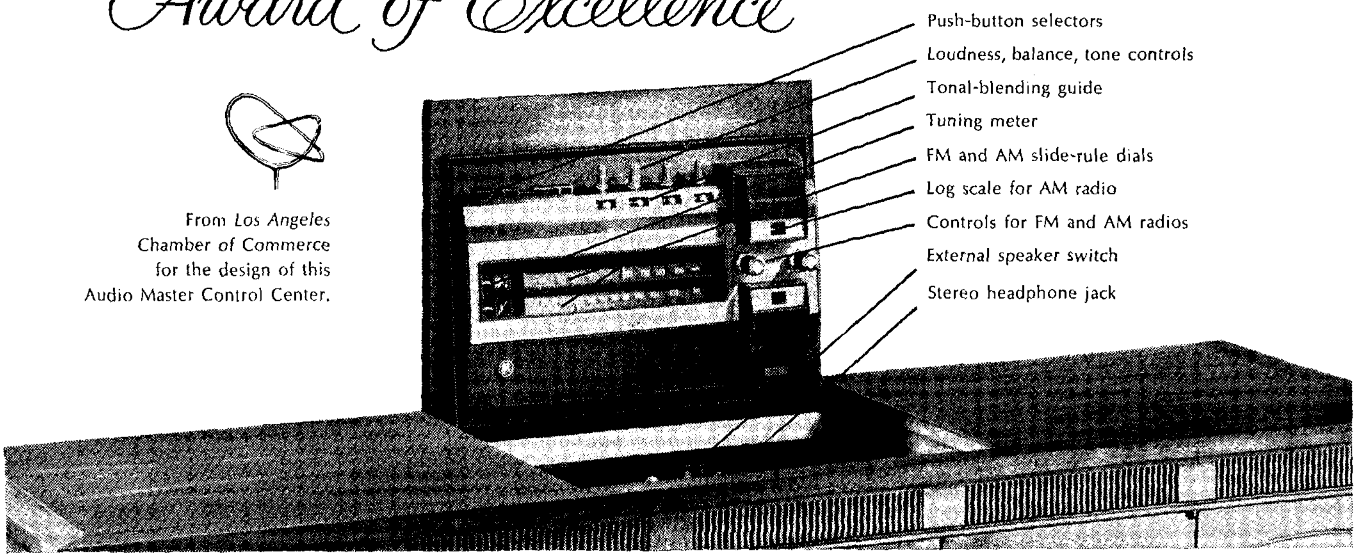
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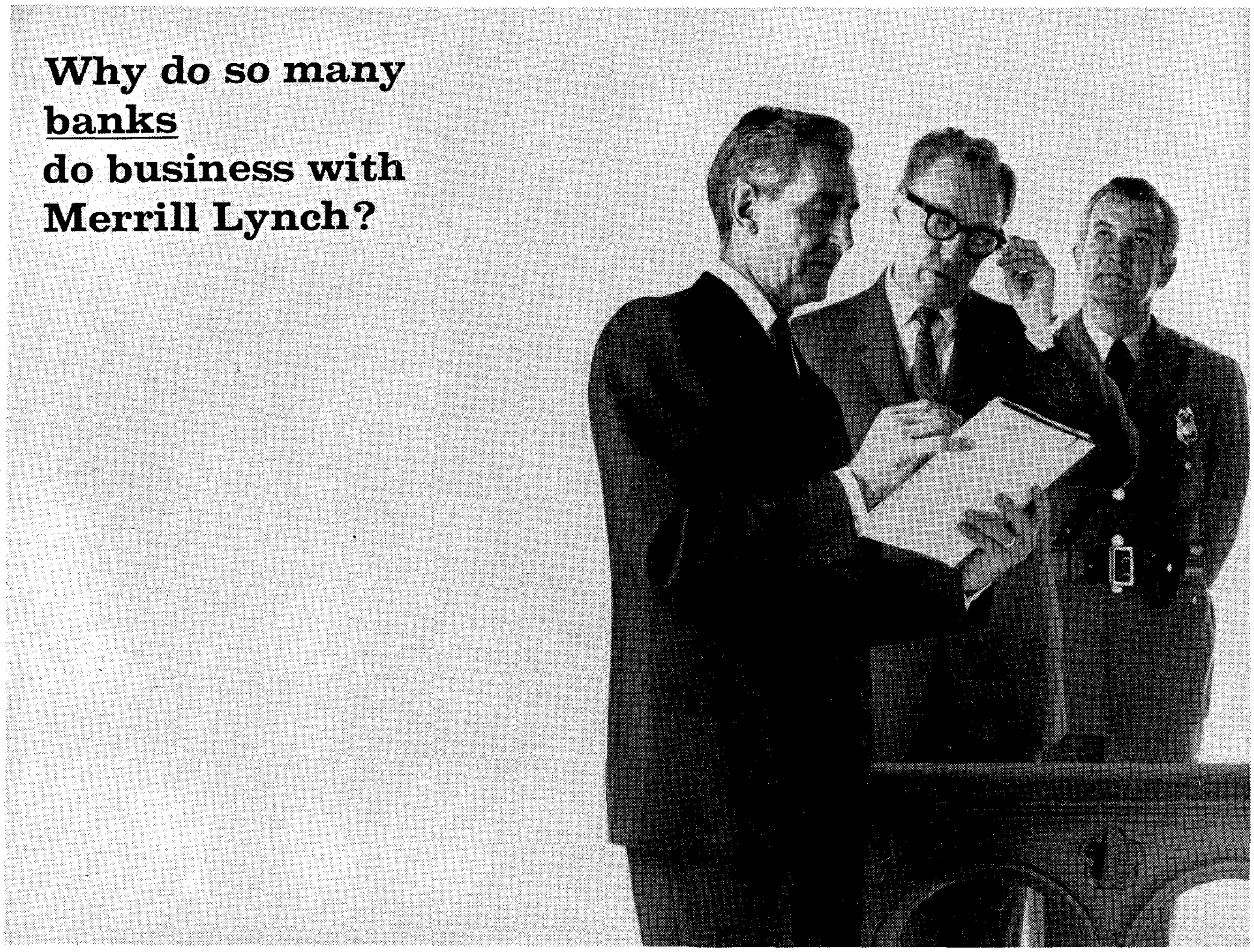
Why do so many banks do business with Merrill Lynch?



Because we're one of their good customers?

Certainly, that's one reason. No realist can ignore the importance of reciprocity in any business relationship.

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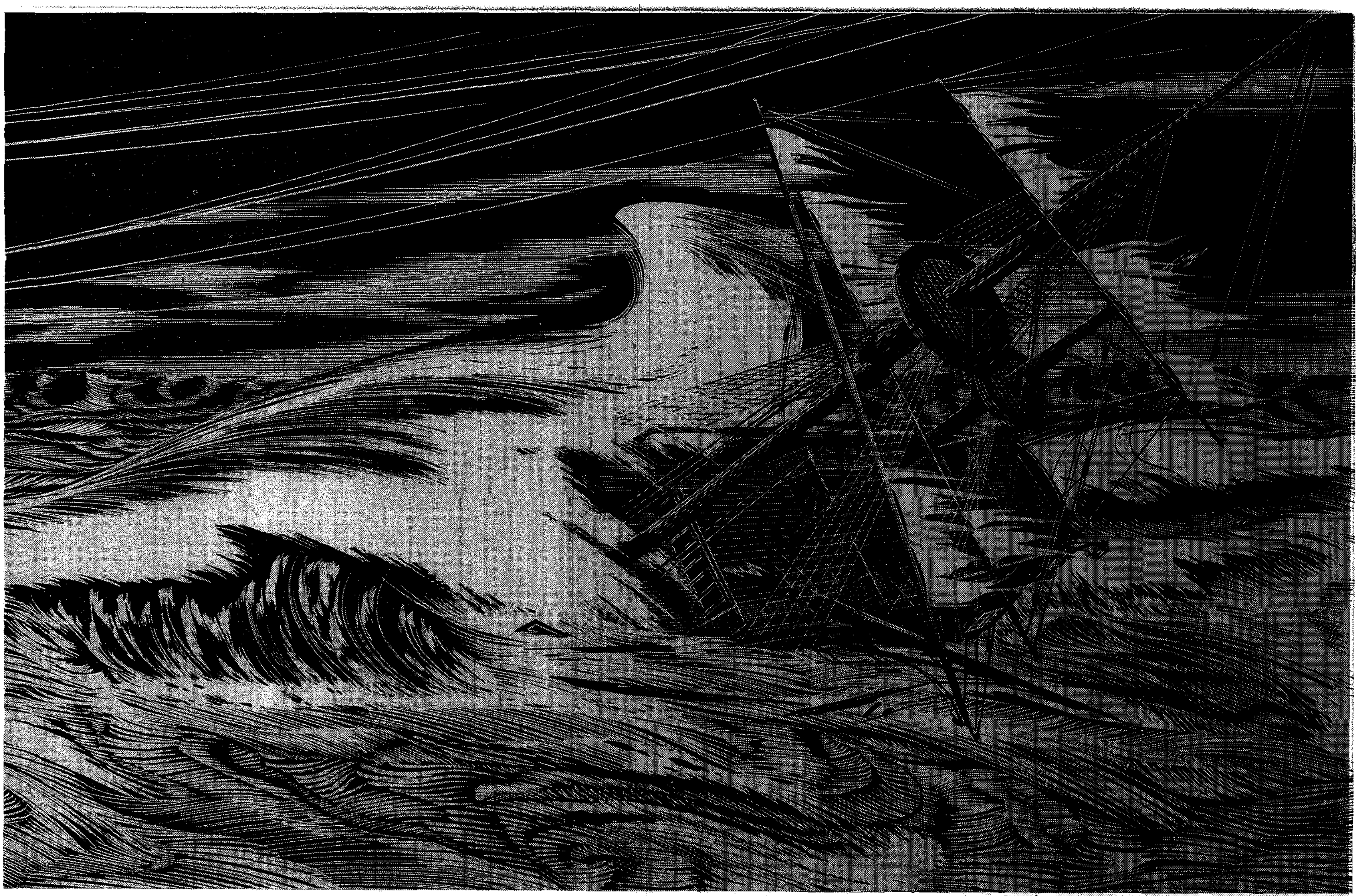

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From sunken Spanish treasure, a collector's edition of the Parker 75. It costs $75.

On the morning of July 30, 1715, the Spanish Treasure Fleet was homeward bound from Veracruz, carrying gold and silver for the royal mint of King Philip V.

As the eleven proud galleons proceeded up the coast of Florida, the sky blackened. All that day rising winds and a stinging spray signaled an approaching storm.

That night the wind shifted to east-northeast and the great hurricane struck. Shrieking like a thousand banshees, the titanic winds mauled the rolling ships, shattering them against the treacherous Florida reefs. By dawn over 1,000 crewmen and more than $14 million in gold and silver had vanished into the sea.

Now—2½ centuries later—this fabulous treasure is being salvaged from the ocean's floor. Enough of the prized silver has been purchased by The Parker Pen Company to craft a limited collector's edition of the Parker 75 fountain pen.

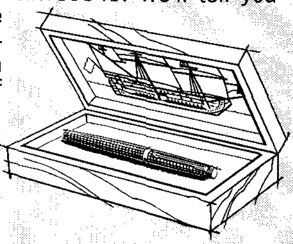
This unusual pen is distinguished by the mint mark of Mexico City which appears on the cap. The "eagle of purity," a quality hallmark established by Philip V of Spain in 1715, is coin-stamped in the base. The barrel itself is engraved with the words "Sterling Silver, Spanish Treasure Fleet, 1715."

Even without its rare silver, this 75 would be a once-in-a-lifetime sort of pen. Write with it: you'll sense immediately that *here* is the world's first personal-fit pen. You can adjust the 14K gold point to the exact writing angle you desire . . . a relaxed, comfortable angle that you will never lose, thanks to the 75's sculptured grip. Your fingers nest in its curvature in exactly the same way every time the pen is picked up.

This collector's edition of the Parker 75 comes to you in an attractive hand-rubbed walnut gift box.

When the supply of these limited edition pens is exhausted, there won't be any more. Ever. So this could well be the rarest pen of all time. It costs $75.

Intrigued? For the name of your nearest dealer, write to The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin 53545. We'll tell you where to see the pen with a heritage that began two and one-half centuries ago.



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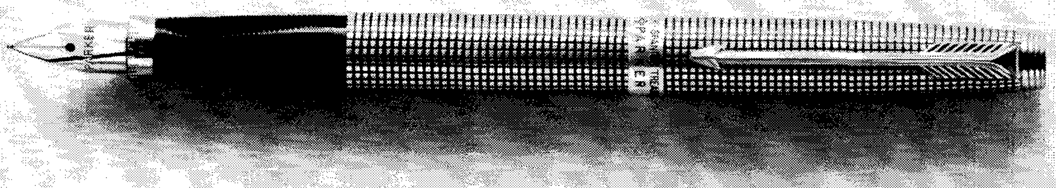

A limited edition of the Parker 75 crafted of silver from the sunken Spanish Treasure Fleet. $75.

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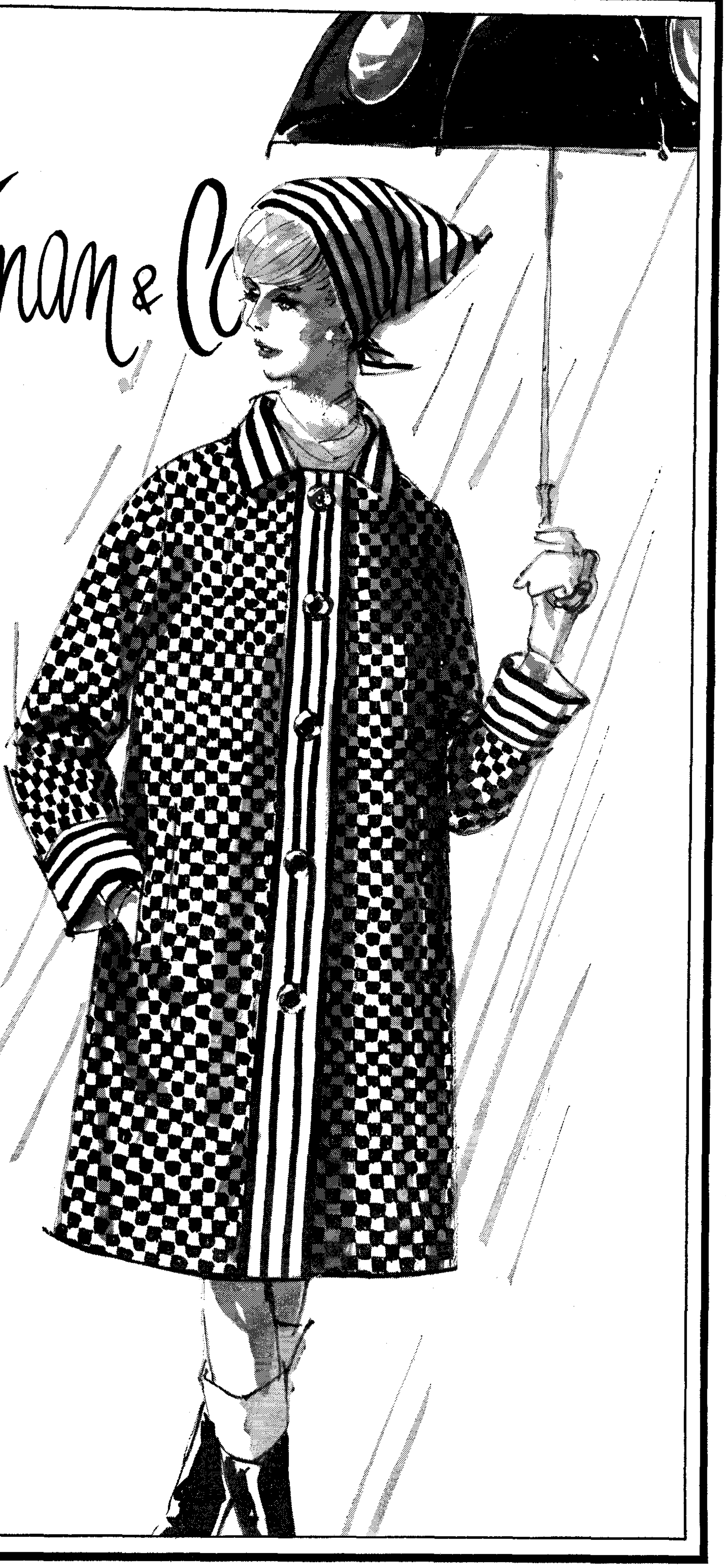

Weather forecast: op-timistic!

Should a sunny day turn showery . . . you still look your best in this artfully designed coat and triangle. Complete with sash belt. Double-faced woven cotton . . . black and white. 6 to 12. **40.00**
Third floor rainwear,
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The vinyl port-hole umbrella, [main floor] **7.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

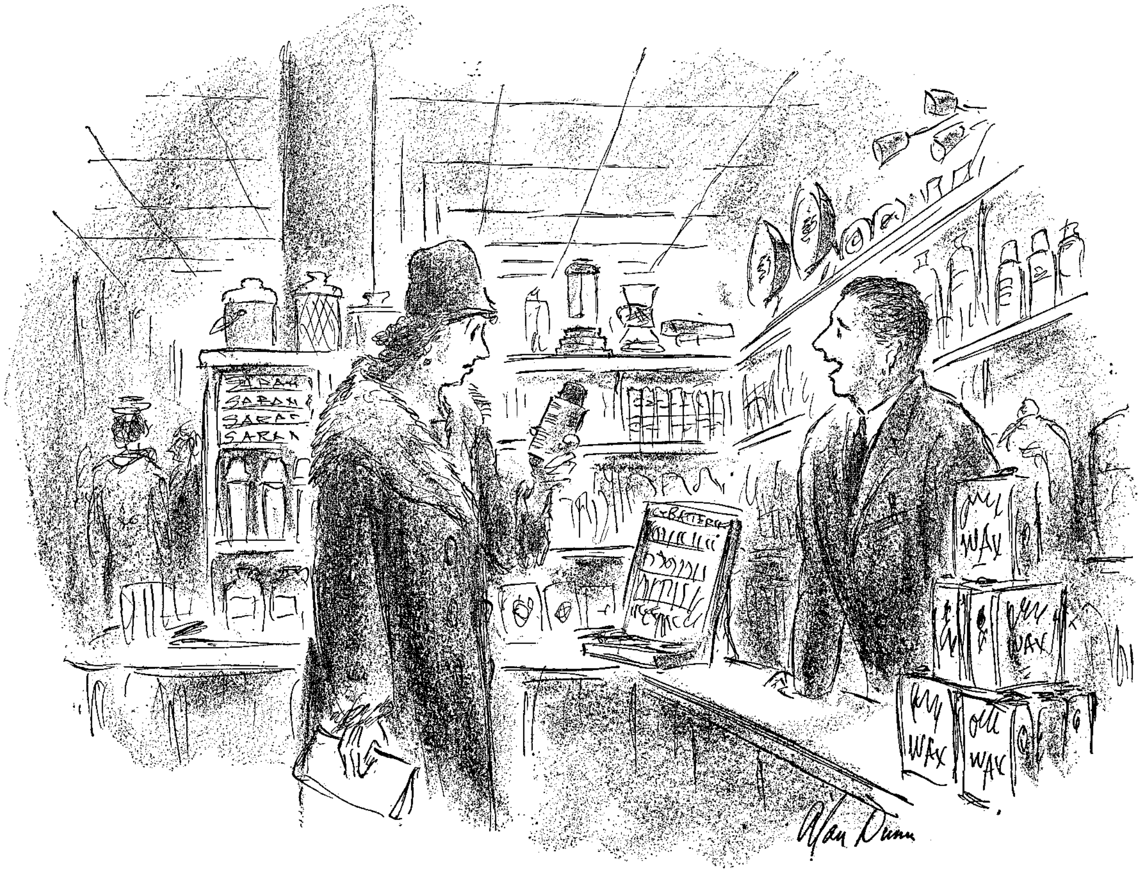
Notes and Comment

WE have had occasion in the past, in this space, to take note of the words of ex-Presidents, our living repositories of history, our oracles without portfolio. Some days ago, in Independence, Missouri, former President Truman, at the dedication of the Harry S. Truman Center for Advancement of Peace, in Jerusalem, delivered himself, with an unblinking pungency that belied his eighty-one years, of a melancholy pronouncement indeed. "It all seems to have been in vain," he said, speaking of his own Presidential career, in which he dealt—rather successfully, it appears in retrospect—with the international ambitions of the Soviet Union. "Memories are short and appetites for power and glory are insatiable. Old tyrants depart. New ones take their places. Old differences are composed, new differences arise. Old allies become the foe. The recent enemy becomes the friend. It's all very baffling and trying." It saddens us to think of Mr. Truman baffled. We hope he does not really believe that his courage and resourcefulness at the frigid height of the old Cold War were in vain. Since Heraclitus, mankind has been in possession of the truth that everything flows. Flux is the ground whereon men and states alike achieve their provisional victories, which are not meaningless because they become obsolete. The search for peace is a search not for a fixed object but for a temporary adjustment, a balance of aggressions; we do not agree with those who view a master of patchwork—like, say, Metternich—as somehow absurd because an eventual holocaust unravelled everything. In an interim of truce, thousands of babies can be born healthy and thousands of old people can die in their beds. There is nothing undignified or futile about buying time; it is the only item on the counter.

Namaz

RAMADAN, the thirty days of fasting between sunrise and sunset that every devout Muslim observes if he can, ended this year with the sighting of the first sliver of the new moon in the month of Shawal, 1385 A.H. (for "Anno Hegirae")—or, according to our calendar, on January 22, 1966. The next day was Eid al Fitr, a holiday that is celebrated throughout Islam, and the Islamic Foundation of New York, which attends to the religious needs of the city's Muslim community, had arranged for a *namaz*, or prayer service, to be held in the Albert Hall of the Americana Hotel at nine-thirty on the morning of the twenty-third. We were invited to attend by a friend of ours from Bengal, Nazre Moin Neazur Rahman, who was planning to take his seven-year-old son, Abu Mahmoud. It was a little before nine on that gray Sunday morning when he picked us up, and we drove through deserted, snow-lined streets to the corner of Fifty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue, where we parked. Abu was wearing a brown duffel coat, and he had put on a new *dupali topi*—a starched white cap, shaped like an Army garrison cap, that is worn for prayers. The lobby of the Americana was full of families who had come for the service, and in their company we headed for the Albert Hall, which is in the lower lobby, opposite a gold escalator. There was a long line waiting to go through double glass doors into the temporary prayer hall—a large room, with squat cream-colored columns and blue-damask-covered walls, that is ordinarily rented for banquets or press conferences. The Islamic Foundation had provided a registry book inside, and everyone who entered stopped and wrote his name and address. The improvised mosque was by then half full. About twenty long rows had been formed by men sitting cross-legged on the blue wall-to-wall carpet. Behind them, sitting either on the floor or on chairs, were their wives, daughters, sisters, and mothers. Phrases from the Koran were being recited over a public-address system. Here and there a man was performing his *namaz* privately, first standing, then prostrating himself in the space between his row and the row ahead. We removed our shoes and, in our stocking feet, stood waiting to descend a wide flight of stairs leading down to the room. The landing was crowded with people. Some of them stood on one leg, tugging at galoshes; others were slipping out of their shoes; and still others were bending over to untie their children's shoelaces. There was a row of shoes on each step. As we descended, we saw workmen's heavy shoes, thin-soled Italian-style shoes with pointed toes, brogues, desert boots, red high-heeled shoes, low patent-leather slippers, shoes still inside their rubbers, children's new shoes, the thin sandals worn by Indian women, and a pair of white boots.

We took our place at the end of a row near the front and gazed about us. The congregation looked as if it had gathered from all over Islam. There were dark-haired, dark-eyed men with olive skins who had probably come from the Arab countries; there were Africans, wearing



"Don't worry. It's perfectly safe if used as directed. Just don't breathe the vapor or spraymist, avoid contact with the skin, keep the mist from your eyes, do not spray near a fire or open flame, store under a hundred and twenty degrees and out of the sun's rays, keep the can out of reach of children, and do not incinerate or puncture."

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cloaks held at the shoulder by a pin; there were Indonesians, some of whom wore long wraparound skirts of printed cotton, and carefully spread bright-colored cloths to sit, and later kneel, on; there were Turks, with fair hair and light eyes and ruddy complexions; and there were Indians and Pakistanis, a number of the latter wearing wide-bottomed white cotton trousers and long, buttoned-up black coats. There were Europeans—people from Yugoslavia, Albania, and Russia—and we saw men with flat faces and Mongoloid eyes and very pink cheeks, whom we took to be descendants of the Tatars. There were also quite a few people whom we took to be Negro Americans. Nearly everyone wore some kind of head covering. There were several men wearing the white cloth headdress bound at the temples by silken cords that we have learned to associate with the Bedouins; red fezzes with long black tassels, which we have learned to associate with the Shriners; the high black velvet *pitji* of Indonesia; turbans of every variety, some tight and neat, and some large and conspicuous; small embroidered hats like pillboxes; and knitted skullcaps. The men we took to be Tatars were wearing small caps with needlepoint flowers on a white background. Some worshippers had tied pocket handkerchiefs over their heads, knotting them behind. Only Abu had on a new *dupali topi*, and he kept touching it cautiously as we waited for the service to begin.

At nine-thirty, the *imam* who was to lead the prayers appeared, wearing a loose-fitting, long-sleeved robe of gray and white, and a small white turban. A lectern and a microphone had been set up at the front of the room, and after tapping the microphone with his fingertips the *imam* began the *namaz*. After he had given the congregation some instructions, it rose, and he repeated the Arabic words "*Allah akbar*" ("God is great") seven times, with his back to the congregation; everyone was facing the east and Mecca. The members of the congregation repeated the words after him, raising their hands to a position slightly below their ears, with the palms forward and the thumbs extended toward the earlobes. After the seventh repetition, everyone clasped his hands in front of him as the *imam* began reciting the opening verse of the Koran: "*Al hamdu Lillah Rabil Alameen*" ("Praise be to God, the Lord of the Universe"). The *imam* bent over, put his hands on his knees, and spoke the words "*Subhana Rabil Azim*" ("Glory be to God the Almighty"), and then, after straightening up, prostrated himself twice, each time touching his forehead to the floor and saying "*Allah akbar.*" As he did this, the rows of men followed his example, and so did the women behind us. The *imam* read another verse from the Koran, and the prostrations were repeated. He then recited still another verse, and when he had finished, everyone, now in a half-kneeling posture, turned his head first slowly to the right and then slowly to the left, speaking words of greeting: "*Asalaam u aleikum*" ("Peace be upon you"). Then the congregation settled back into a more comfortable position in order to hear the sermon.

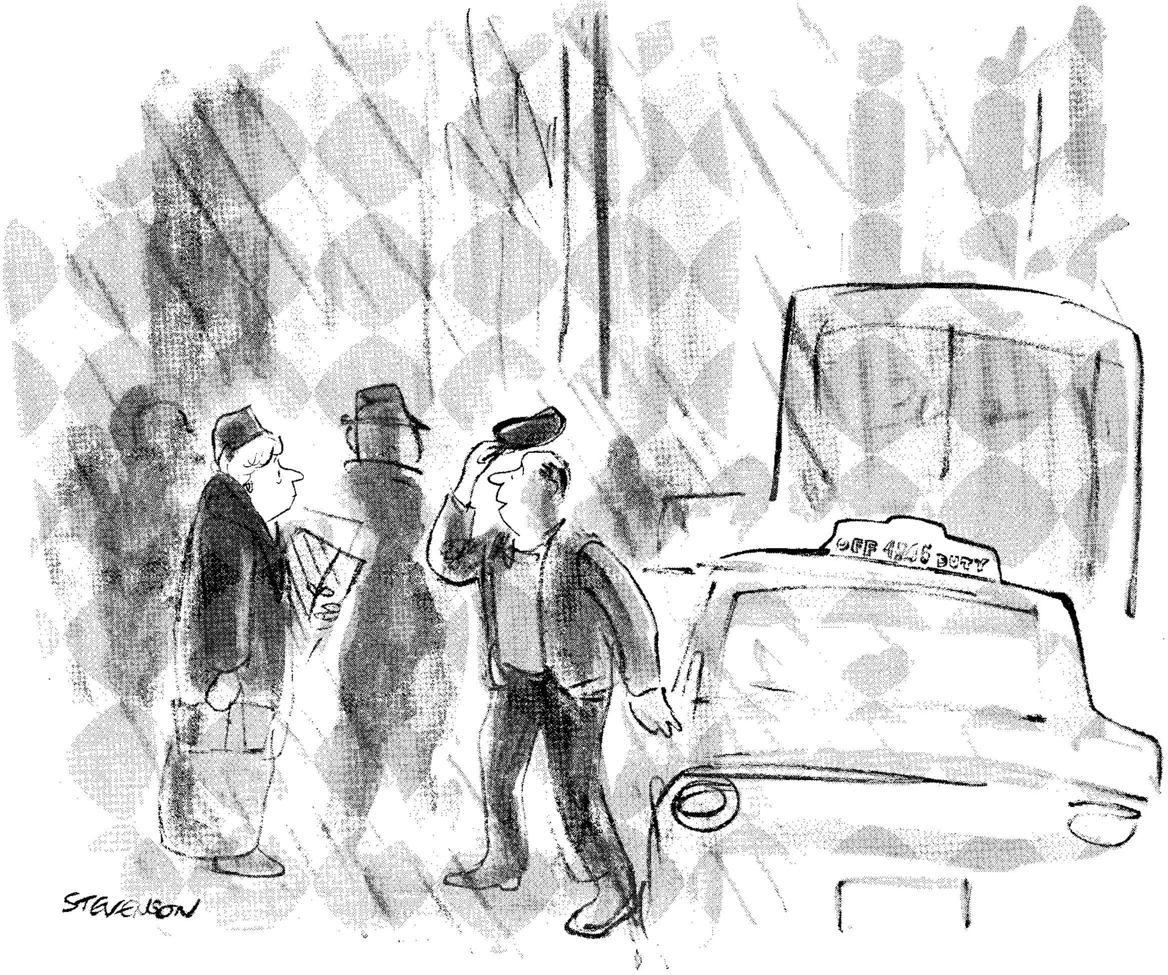
The *imam* looked down at some papers on the lectern and began addressing us in lightly accented English: "My dear Muslim brothers and sisters, welcome! Though we may be far away from the holy shrines associated with the life of our Prophet Mohammed, we are all united here in this great city in the brotherhood of our faith. Some of us have not seen for many years those holy places and the lands of our birth where our brethren are congregating today, across the ocean, thousands of miles away. Some of us present this morning have never seen those places at all. But we are all brothers, wherever we are on this day, whoever we are. As you kneel next to your brother, you do not say, 'Oh, his skin is black,' or 'His skin is light,' or 'He is from this country,' or 'He is from that one,' or 'I am so rich and he is very poor.' No, you greet him as a brother with the beautiful words '*Asalaam u aleikum.*' I know all of you are good Muslims, and because you are good Muslims you have no quarrel with your brothers, or with those whose faith is different from your own, or with those who govern the community in which you live." When the sermon was finished, the people got to their feet and began to converge on the rows of shoes, and on piles of coats that had been stacked on the floor near the stairs.

We went up to speak to the *imam*, a man of medium height with a long face, heavy black eyebrows, and a forthright manner. We learned that his name was Dr. Mohammed Abdul Rauf, and that he was from Cairo and had been in this country a very short time. We asked him who the people are who make up the Muslim community of New York. The diplomatic representatives of the Middle Eastern countries are the largest group, he told us, but there are also many Muslims in business here, and there are a great many immigrants and descendants of immigrants from countries like Russia, Yugoslavia, and Turkey who are very devout Muslims. We said we had observed a number of Negro Americans, and wondered whether they were recent converts. The *imam* said no, and went on to explain that although there are recent American converts, some of whom are Negro, most of the people we had noticed were descendants of African Muslims who had come to the United States generations ago. We had one more question to ask Dr. Rauf: Why, at the end of the prayers, did each member of the congregation look first over his right shoulder and then over his left? The *imam* told us that this was because on the right shoulder there is an angel who records a man's good deeds and on the left there is an angel who records his evil ones. As a man turns his head, he greets the angels with the words "*Asalaam u aleikum*," and that salutation is intended for his brother on each side as well, no matter who he may be. We thanked Dr. Rauf and joined our friends, who were waiting for us at the foot of the gold escalator, and together we went out into the slush of Seventh Avenue.

T.S.U.

"THE radio-equipped motor scooter is a comparatively slow-moving protective device that fills the gap between the foot patrolman, who covers a neighborhood in depth but cannot always get to the scene of a crime fast enough, and the patrol car, which moves rapidly but has a limited field of observation. Scooters provide mobility and flexibility. They reduce the opportunity for crime, because they can reach any part of a precinct in a matter of minutes." This pithy pronouncement was made to us by Inspector Johannes Spreen, the man in charge of the experimental motor-scooter program launched last summer by the Police Department. The scooters have proved so effective in dealing with parking violations and with crime on the streets that the Department has decided to expand the program, and the 1966 budget has asked for funds with which to acquire a total of six hundred and eighty-five scooters, the present total being fifty-nine. The expansion has included a nod in the direction of Johannes Spreen, a huge, rather rumpled-looking man who, as a captain and later as a deputy inspector, fought for the scooter program over a period of five years; as a sign of his and its success, he was promoted to full inspector late in November.

"Scooters have been used in Central Park and Prospect Park for the past two years," Inspector Spreen told us. "At the moment, we have nine scooters patrolling the parks, thirty on traffic duty in midtown Manhattan, and twenty assigned to what we call our Tactical Scooter Units, for experimental work. Each T.S.U. consists of seven men and six Vespas—the spare man fills in when a regular rider is off duty, sick, or in court. The men wear the usual police uniform, plus a light-blue Fiberglas helmet, and they have a two-way Motorola radio slung over the shoulder, and carry a nightstick, either in the hand or fitted into a rack on the Vespa. The scooterman is basically a more mobile foot patrolman. He takes his orders direct from the precinct house, unlike the radio prowl car, which is controlled by a borough-wide communications unit. The scooter itself is very nimble. It can weave through stalled traffic, jump the curb and travel along the sidewalk, cut through a narrow alley, and patrol a park that is chockablock with benches



"Pardon me, Madam. As I was going home just now, I couldn't help noticing you standing here, wet and weary and a little distraught, and it occurred to me that you, too, might be longing to get home, so . . ."

and playground equipment. Moreover, it is relatively cheap. I estimate that a man on a scooter, which costs us three hundred dollars, and equipped with a two-way radio, which costs us seven hundred, can patrol from ten to fifteen foot posts in a quarter of an hour. We may never be able to afford sufficient manpower to put a policeman on every corner, but, with scooters, we can have a policeman coming *around* every corner. This could cut our crime rate by as much as thirty per cent."

Inspector Spreen suggested that we watch an experimental T.S.U. in action, and soon we found ourself in the back of an unmarked patrol car with Sergeant James P. Marron, of the Central Park scooter squad, who had been assigned to evaluate the unit. The unit was operating, for the first time, in the Seventh Precinct, on the lower East Side; on this occasion, only four of the scootermen happened to be on hand, the others being off duty (the unit operates from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. seven days a week) or in court to testify on arrests made earlier in the week. Sergeant Marron said that the four men, working in pairs, would have to patrol the entire precinct, an area of about twenty blocks. "At first, they'll be working out sweep patterns," he said. "This helps them to learn the neighborhood and also to test the reception on their radios—sometimes we run into dead spots. In any event, we like to keep them moving around as much as possible; we think they reduce crime simply by being so visible."

Sergeant Marron's car was equipped to pick up scooter calls, and the first call we heard was for Scooter 20 to check on a noisy motor reported to be outside 54 Ludlow Street. By the time our car reached that address, Scooters 20 and 59 were parked at the curb, and the men had dismounted and were rapping on the windows of an enormous refrigerator truck, whose motor was indeed making a fearful racket. The scootermen roused the driver, who was taking a snooze, and advised him to move his truck along to a non-residential area. As they remounted, another radio call ordered them to the site of a sidewalk injury, at 94 Orchard Street. Our car followed the scooters as far as the corner of Canal and Orchard Streets, where a trailer truck that had failed to round a sharp turn was blocking the intersection. The scooters nipped up onto the sidewalk and disappeared down the street. The trailer truck eventually unscissored itself and freed the intersection; by then the scootermen had long since reached 94 Orchard Street, and we found them giving first aid to a young truck driver who had injured himself in an unloading accident.

In the course of the next couple of hours, the scootermen flagged down a woman who had driven through a red light, and handed her a summons; broke up a disorderly group of winebibbers at the corner of Suffolk and Broome Streets; checked a complaint by a woman that her black raincoat had been spattered with paint from a painter's bucket standing on a windswept scaffold; and completed a special sweep of the warehouse district down by the river—a favorite dumping ground for stolen automobiles. We were just about to call it a day when Sergeant Marron's radio crackled into life and we heard one of the scootermen asking precinct headquarters for a license-plate check of two automobiles parked on Monroe Street. A few minutes later, the precinct dispatcher reported that one of the plates belonged to a stolen car. "Mobility and good communications," Sergeant Marron said. "That's what it takes, and that's what the scooters give us."

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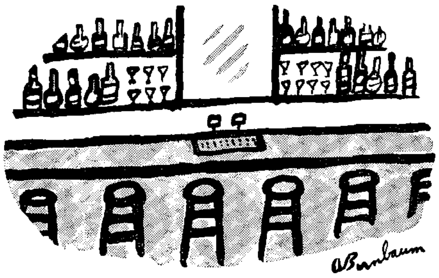
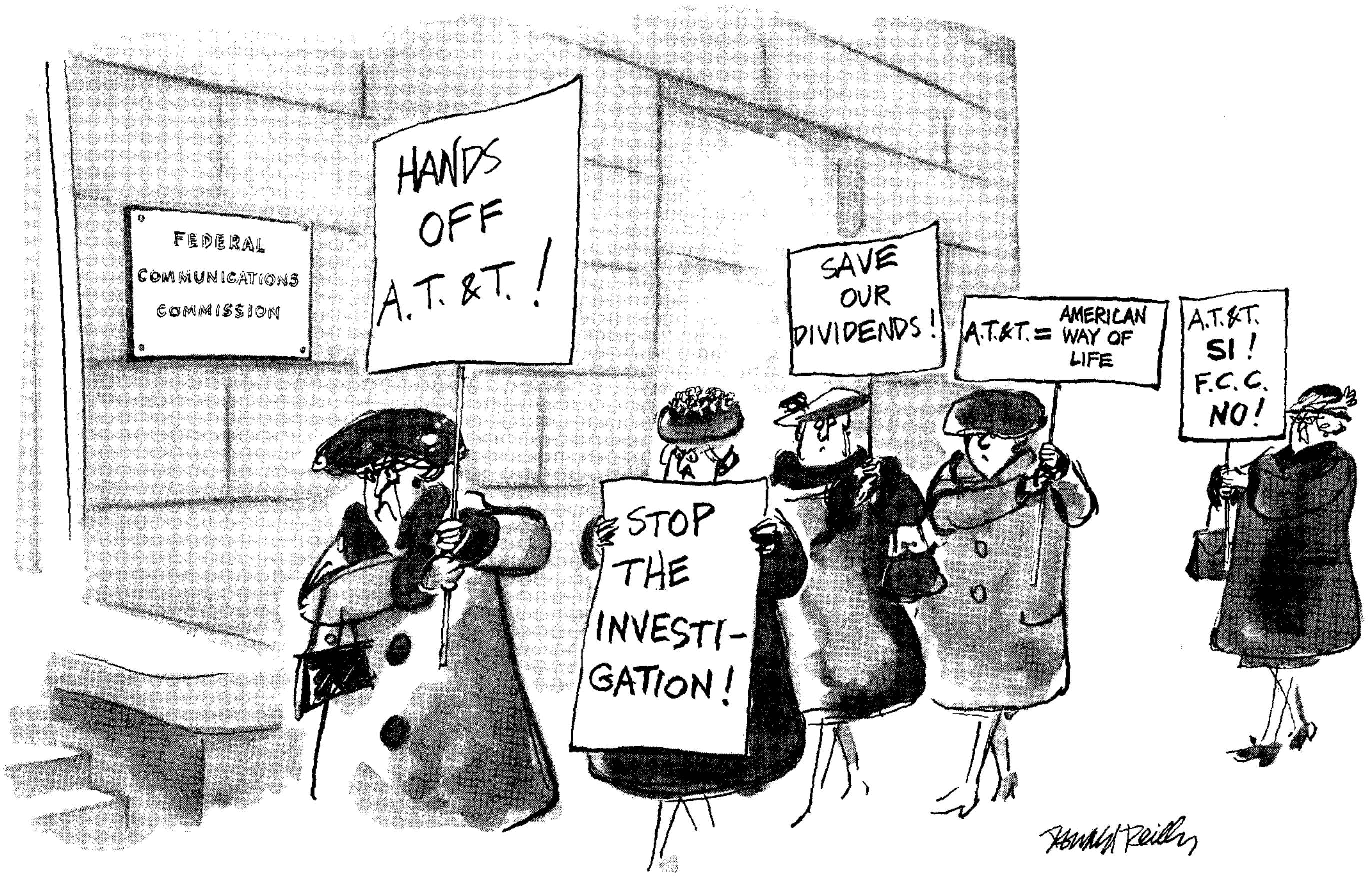
OVERHEARD beneath a Scarsdale movie-theatre marquee advertising "The Pawnbroker," eight-year-old lad to friend: "You got to be an adult or over to see it."

Ambassador

A YEAR ago, when Justice Arthur Goldberg was in the Supreme Court, he lived in a house, strolled to work through residential Washington, and had time to read, reflect, and even spend a quiet evening with his wife. Now that Ambassador Goldberg sits in the General Assembly, on the Security Council, and wherever else he may be needed at the United Nations, he lives in a hotel (the Waldorf Towers), dodges Manhattan traffic in a government limousine, and is so busy trouble-shooting and problem-solving that during the three-month plenary session of the Assembly just concluded he has been able to spend a total of five evenings at home. In his first six months as our Ambassador to the United Nations, Mr. Goldberg has been through a U.N. money crisis, a Kashmir crisis, a Rhodesia crisis, and a China-representation crisis; he has shuttled between Washington and New York with the aplomb of a New Canaan commuter; and he has recently returned from a whirlwind trip to Europe on a peace mission for the President. From time to time during the latest session of the General Assembly, we watched the Ambassador at work, and we found him to be a remarkably energetic man, with a tough, eager mind, a walk that suggests important business just around the corner, a delivery that is reasoned, clear, and to the point, and a matter-of-fact manner, which is particularly refreshing at the United Nations, where diplomats are apt to behave more like courtiers than like highly placed tacticians of peace. His black-rimmed glasses, which somehow help him to look either judicially objective or fiercely partisan, as the occasion demands, and his head of thick, wiry white hair have made Ambassador Goldberg one of the most instantly identifiable diplomats around. In fact, last fall the reporters in the press gallery of the General Assembly took to using the Ambassador's head as a sort of guide to less conspicuous delegates sitting near him on the Assembly floor. "Most heads tend to blur when you look down on them from here," a reporter in the gallery remarked one day during the China debate. "But if you can spot Goldberg, way over on the right, then you can count two rows over and see if Fedorenko's there, or three rows over and two down for Pakistan."

Shortly after Ambassador Goldberg returned from his European trip, we learned that he would be at his desk long enough to receive an afternoon visit, and we called on him at his office in the United States Mission, which is directly across the street from U.N. Headquarters. We arrived outside the Mission just as the Ambassador's black limousine pulled up at the front door, and we followed him into the elevator and up to his office suite, on the eleventh floor. The Ambassador's private office is a spacious, sunny corner room, with two walls of windows and two walls that are wood-panelled. There are gray carpets and a bright Persian throw rug on the floor, two flags, photographs of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, several green leather armchairs, and a New Frontier rocker. Mrs. Goldberg is a talented painter, and the Ambassador, who is an




FEDERAL
COMMUNICATIONS
COMMISSION
HANDS OFF A.T.&T.!
STOP THE INVESTI-GATION!
SAVE OUR DIVIDENDS!
A.T.&T. = AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
A.T.&T. SI! F.C.C. NO!

• •

ardent fan of hers, hangs only her paintings on the walls of his office. While Mr. Goldberg went through a stack of mail that had accumulated during lunch, jotting notes on incoming letters and signing outgoing ones, we admired the paintings and then glanced over at a bookcase, where we noticed several fat legal texts, a book called "Negotiating with the Russians," and a book called "Everyman's United Nations."

After a few minutes, Mr. Goldberg put down his pen and picked up the pile of letters he had signed. "*This*, along with dictating, seems to constitute the better part of my day," he said, rocking back and forth.

We recalled that before his appointment to the Kennedy Cabinet as Secretary of Labor, which preceded his appointment to the Court, he was special counsel to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. On several occasions lately, he has compared his old work in labor negotiations with his new work at the United Nations, and we asked him about that.

"Well, in labor disputes—in this country, anyway—no one's trying to overturn the established order," he said. "Both sides accept the system. Oh, unions have their demands, but they're pretty much in tune with the structure of the society. Now, this is not true in international disputes. At the U.N. there is—to use the jargon of the place—great ideological disorder, and that makes negotiating quite a different sort of thing. Still, maybe *because* of this disorder, we have to rely more and more on accommodation to settle our differences—on a kind of mediation. What I learned as a labor lawyer helps. I don't think that being absolutely overwhelmed by one's own cause necessarily makes you a good diplomat, any more than it makes you a good lawyer or a good negotiator. In both fields, what you have to have is objectivity."

The Ambassador sat back, and we asked him how he was enjoying his new job.

"I wouldn't call this business exactly *enjoyable*," he replied, chuckling. "International affairs are much too frustrating to actually *enjoy*. Now, the Supreme Court, where I could mull things over and write—that's my idea of the enjoyable. But this work, here at the U.N.—this I'd call interesting, fascinating, satisfying, what-have-you, but I'd never say *enjoyable*. You know, I left the Court with considerable reluctance. I think it is a great force in perfecting democracy. And then, too, it is an independent institution, whereas here I'm part of an administration, and that makes my job more difficult in many ways. What motivated me is my real conviction that *the* great issue today is the issue of war and peace. When I was a judge, I tried to bring some rule of law into the country, and now, the way I see it, I'm trying to bring some rule of law into the world. The U.N.'s job is really the making of international law. Now, that's a long-range goal and we're far from reaching it, but it's my idea of what the United Nations is all about. There's a lot of misunderstanding as to what international law is. The common idea of what constitutes the law is too narrow. People often can't see the U.N.'s role as an international lawmaker and an international court of law. But law, really, is conduct—conduct that has sanctions behind it and agreement behind it. And that means that any and every agreement between nations is part of international law. 'The treaties of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land.' That's what our Constitution says, you know. Of course, in international law you have completely different problems of enforcement. What makes a country represented here abide by a U.N. agreement or resolution is purely and simply an instinct for self-preservation, for survival. That, and world opinion. Governments know that world opinion and national interest just can't be separated anymore."

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THE Del Sol Hotel, in Mexico City, offers its guests "self-conducted tours."

BARNETT FRUMMER IS AN UNBLOOMED FLOWER

THE efforts of Barnett Frummer to become a successful radical were so consistently fruitless that his mentor, Roland Magruder, finally said, "Barnett, I'm afraid you might be one of the thousand flowers that's not going to bloom." (Magruder, who had been protesting Mao Tse-tung's tendencies toward revisionism, was nevertheless fond of paraphrasing him.) Frummer felt like a flower not only unbloomed but also under attack by severe blight. He had spent months trying to impress Rosalie Mondle, whom he worshipped, with his radicalism, and Rosalie still treated him so much like part of the scenery that he sometimes imagined that someday, in an absent-minded moment, she might paint "Get Out of Vietnam" across his chest and shoulders. His sacrifices on her behalf had been awesome. One August day in Moline, Illinois, in a protest demonstration against discrimination in the Moline Housing Authority and Portuguese colonialism in Angola, he had gone limp for so long on the main street that he fell asleep; two hours after the other demonstrators had left to chain themselves to the door of the Moline City Hall, he was awakened by the spray of a street-cleaning machine. His weak arches had been so tortured by hundreds of miles of protest marching that he had been forced to wear his old Army boots everywhere, until Magruder reminded him that they were a symbol of the military-industrial complex; at that point, he had taken to wearing high-top orthopedic shoes, which embarrassed him when he crossed his legs. And still the closest he ever seemed to get to Rosalie Mondle was in that brief moment when they passed each other while walking back and forth in a picket line—"like two ships in the night," Frummer lamented one afternoon to Roland Magruder.

"That reminds me," said Magruder. "They need an extra pair of feet tonight to picket the Liberian ships loading grain for the Royalists in Yemen. Think your arches are up to it?"

"I just don't know anything anymore," said Frummer, eying the hated orthopedics. "I can't seem to *act*. Like I was going to refuse to pay my taxes as long as the tax money was used for weapons. Yesterday it turned out *they* owe *me* thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents, and I don't know what to do about it. If I accept the refund, I'm dealing with them. If I refuse it, they'll use it for weapons, or at least some ammunition."

"Maybe you're not really alienated," Magruder said.

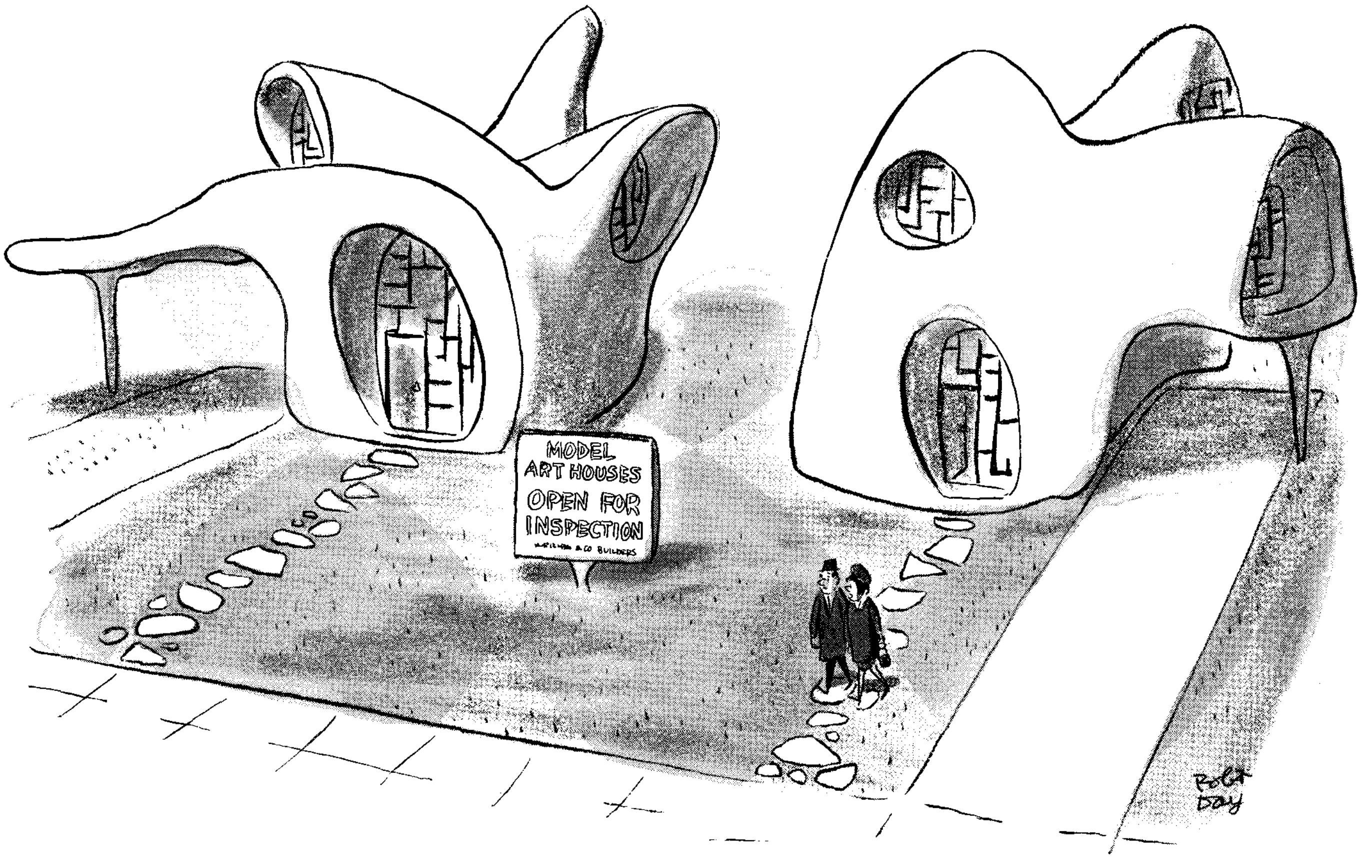
"I don't think that's fair, Roland," said Frummer. "I'm as alienated as the next guy. It's just that I try to concentrate on the total bankruptcy of the American political structure, and all I can see is Rosalie."

"Why don't you take my place as leader of the Liberian freighter demonstration?" Magruder said. "If your feet get tired from picketing, you can talk everybody into throwing themselves across the path of the boat, and then you can float."

Frummer tried to refuse the offer, but Magruder insisted, explaining that he himself was spending the entire evening picketing two Nationalist Chinese newspapers on Mott Street. Although he was still known in some circles as the brains behind the famous acerbic pamphlet "They're Selling Hot Buttered Popcorn in the China Lobby," Magruder had long ago lost interest in Nationalist China. So far, however, he had been unable to find any Communist Chinese newspapers to picket.

"Not now!"

IT was a cool, misty evening on the Hoboken docks. Rosalie was the last person Frummer expected to see there, carrying a placard for the Committee to Protest American Commercial Involvement in Arab Wars (known also as the December 5th Movement, since the committee had been ejected without due process from its offices on December 5th for non-payment of rent and telephone bill). It was not that Rosalie disagreed with the committee's aims. She agreed it should oppose the Royalists and support the efforts of a small deviationist faction of the Rebels led by Mohammed (Hands Off) Ahmed, a fiery leader who had earned his nickname by an alleged proclivity for cutting the hands off recalcitrant prisoners. However, not long after December 5th, the committee president had put his views in a telegram of protest to Washington, and Rosalie had immediately resigned, charging, in a celebrated letter, that "To send a telegram is to use the Establishment's own tools of communication and therefore to regis-



"I don't know anything about architecture, but I know what I don't like."

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ter an empty protest; you might as well campaign for the Democrats." But there she was, dressed in blue jeans and a paint-splattered sweatshirt, wearing a simple circle pin made of protest buttons, and carrying a sign that said "Hands Off Hands Off!"

Frummer was struck dumb by her grace and beauty. For several minutes, he could do no more than wave his placard weakly as he and Rosalie and half a dozen other pickets formed a moving oval on the dock. He was seriously considering the possibilities of approaching Rosalie directly and murmuring his "ships in the night" line—could he get in all those words in one pass?—when it occurred to him that militant leadership, not romanticism, was the most likely route to her heart. Summoning all of his courage, he suddenly shouted, "What about lying down in the path of the ship?"

It worked. Rosalie nodded vigorously, and said, "The Power Structure has to be confronted where you find it."

Frummer suddenly began to worry about the consequences of a float-in. The ship was not scheduled to leave port for two days, so lying down in its path represented a long-term commitment. He could not swim. But the picture of Rosalie following him into the oily water pushed these thoughts to the back of his mind. Her leader!

There was an enthusiastic buzz among the demonstrators as Rosalie crossed over to talk to Frummer. "A float-in's activist as hell," she said. "Shock those wishy-washy liberals, I say. Separate true radicalism from lip-service protest!"

"Right you are," said Barnett, beginning to wonder if the use of an inner tube would come under the heading of compromise. A few of the demonstrators had already discarded their shoes in preparation for the float-in. Frummer was now more worried about unlacing his orthopedic high-tops in front of the group than he was about not being able to stay afloat. But he was resolved to lead the pickets into the water. He would win the heart of Rosalie Mondle even if he drowned doing it.

At that moment, another group of demonstrators suddenly appeared on the dock—twenty neatly dressed young men and women marching in a neat column of twos. One of them walked up to Frummer and said, "You must be Barnett Frummer, of the December 5th. I'm Howard Melton, of the Mid-Sixties Reform Democratic Club. This is Cush Townsend, of the Mid-Sixties Modern Republicans. We've decided to work as a team to protest this grain business."

"Hi, guy," said Cush Townsend, stepping out of the line to grab Frummer's hand.

"I think it's important and democratic to have coöperation among militant protest groups," said Melton. "What we're hoping to do is to have both political parties adopt a pro-Hands Off policy in their 1968 Presidential platforms. We thought for a start we might lie down in front of the ship."

"Right, guy," said Townsend. He had already stripped down to a pair of madras swimming trunks. "Some of the guys brought masks. They thought they might get in a little scuba at the same time."

Frummer could not speak. Rosalie, however, was at no loss for words. "I'm surprised you forgot to call in the League of Women Voters," she said to Frummer. "I hear they're a regular bunch of bomb-throwers over there." Dropping her "Hands Off Hands Off!" placard at Frummer's feet, she stomped off the dock.

"HOW are things with you and Rosalie?" Magruder asked the following afternoon.

"I didn't seem to handle the demonstration very well," said Frummer, unwilling to burden Magruder with the disappointing details after all the trouble he had gone to.

"Have you heard from her?"

"At noon, a messenger brought me an application for the Ford Motor

Company executive training program," Frummer replied sadly. "I think it was from her." Actually, the application, which might have been meant as the final cut, cheered Frummer a bit, since he had not previously been certain that Rosalie knew his name.

"Barnett," Magruder said, "I think your trouble is that you don't have enough group militancy."

"There's only one of me," Frummer said.

"There is no room for smart-alecks in the movement," said Magruder. "Being cool is no longer cool, Barnett. Not being cool is cool."

"I'm sorry, I was upset," said Frummer. "How do you think I can get some group militancy?"

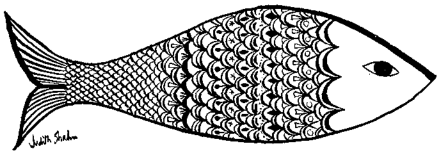
"Lead them right to the White House and go limp, naturally," said Magruder. "Go to the Power Structure's main gate and lie down like a man. Let dozens of flowers bloom with you. Believe me, Rosalie will never be able to resist it."

Frummer had doubts about lying down at the White House, but he found it hard to resist anything that might give him a chance to impress Rosalie. Also, Magruder had thought of a perfect occasion for going limp. The President had invited twenty bankers, four architects, and the film critic of the Dallas *Bulletin* to a Celebration of the North Atlantic Cultural Renaissance. What better time to demonstrate to the world the true radical's opposition to the American Establishment?

Frummer approached the administrative problems of the demonstration with a new-found ability to act. He scurried around to make arrangements with the chartered-bus company and the placard-maker; he notified the press and the Nazi Party. In a few weeks, the demonstration was ready. Fortunately, it was a bright, if somewhat chilly, day, and—even more welcome—Magruder had apparently prevailed upon Rosalie to join the demonstration. She was, in fact, the first one down as the group spread itself across the White House driveway to block the Cadillacs carrying those invited to the celebration. Frummer was ecstatic.

The cars had been held up for about twenty minutes when two White House guards approached Frummer, ascertained that he was the leader of the demonstration, and told him that the President would like to see him. The demonstrators were jubilant as Frummer walked away with the guards. "Tell him, Barnett!" they shouted. "Give it to him, Barney baby!" Barnett waved and pulled his blue jeans lower, to cover his orthopedic shoes. Pressed against the gate, the demonstrators saw a tall man come out of the White House to meet Frummer. He shook Barnett's hand and walked him back to the White House with one arm draped paternally around Frummer's shoulder. The demonstrators strained to hear the conversation, but all they heard was "We just want to hep you, son," and then the two figures disappeared into the White House.

Thirty minutes later, Frummer emerged and walked to the gate to address his followers. "I think we've reached a good agreement," he said, speaking with unaccustomed confidence. "I have told the President that I will remove the demonstrators from the gate, and in return he has agreed to schedule a Festival of Radicalism in America at the White House sometime next fall. He suggested we join him in a Crusade Against the Establishment."



"Sellout!" somebody yelled.

"Fink!" yelled another demonstrator.

Frummer was stunned. "I don't think you realize what kind of help a man that important can give us in fighting the Power Structure!" he shouted.

But the demonstrators were outraged. They would have refused to leave, except that Frummer had already ordered the buses, and there was no other way to get back to New York free. Some ladies from the White House served hot chocolate and chili to the demonstrators as they lined up to file onto the buses.

Rosalie Mondle seemed the angriest of all. She refused to board the bus, and she would have had to spend the long day in Washington alone, except that Roland Magruder happened to be in the area interviewing some Albanian revisionists. He and Rosalie went limp together in a small anteroom of the South African Embassy, where it was cozy and warm. —CALVIN TRILLIN

IRRECONCILABLES

How to explain that on the day
we knew disease had invaded her
who had brought us into the world,
that death had cornered her like a weapon
she would not escape for long,
the winter sun spread vastly
and with utter ease
giving sharpness to each thing,
making all things stand out
as usually they don't:
a line of ships rooted like rocks,
and people in the frozen streets
free and light as the breath
that clung to them like clouds.

Along the edge of the cold sky
a strip of deep lavender ran
like a streamer in a wind
pulled by an invisible string,

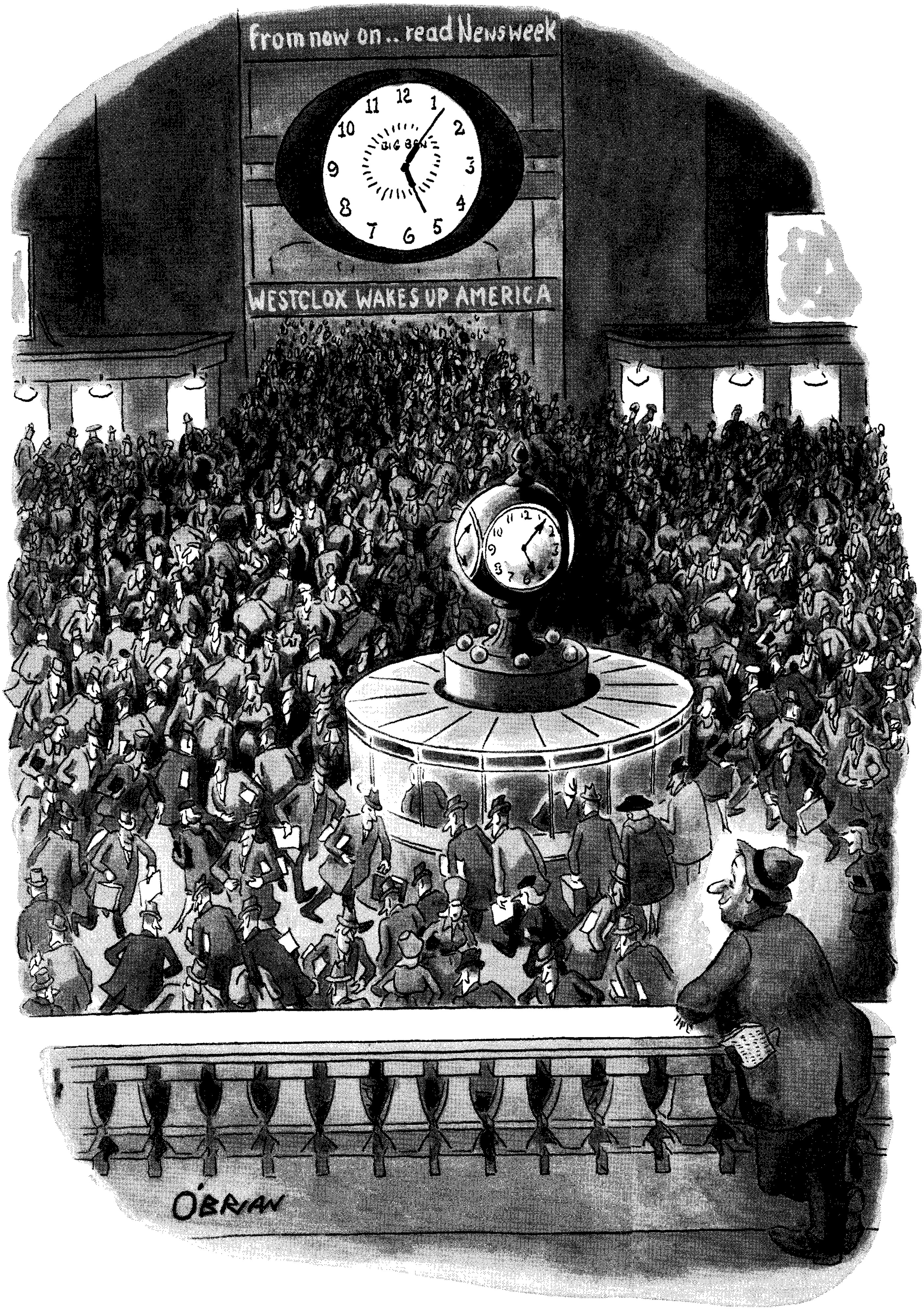
and the water in the port
made over by days of cold
looked chopped but permanent, as if
the sea were chunks of bottleglass.

And everywhere surfaces
giving off the winter sun
in a sort of game of catch,
throwing at each the light
that each received, so that
the effect was a jubilation,
a juggler's feat so fast,
so intricate a trick, the full
extent of its multifarious display
escaped our eyes. But the sense
that it was there, and that
it meant not to deceive
but to reveal a joy
did not elude us.

Yet we were driving to get to her
who we feared might soon be gone.
And how were we to reconcile
exuberance with what we were about?

That a car was taking us
to the condition we call death,
that extinction could occur
when the day showed itself
in a display so bright
it seemed a game of light,
that disappearance should
make sense when all about us
objects we could not name
flared up in a cold winter sun
and shone until we had to turn
from them as from a flame,
nothing in us could reconcile,
nothing in us could explain.

—ARTHUR GREGOR


From now on.. read Newsweek
BIG BEN
WESTCLOX WAKES UP AMERICA
O'BRIAN

THE CANDLES

IT was weather to be expected in January. The wind had backed from southerly to due east, turning the drizzling rain to sleet, then to snow. During the morning, only three people visited the Abbey Antique Galleries. Two came, hopefully but vainly, to try to sell Christmas presents they didn't want. The third was a dealer, who eventually decided not to buy a Sheffield candelabrum. All three quoted the proverb that as the days lengthen, the cold strengthens, and observed that there were a lot of colds about. Mr. Edom said to his assistant, Mr. Collins, whom he now from ripening esteem as often as not addressed as George, that they might as well shut up and go home for the afternoon. Mr. Collins thought not. His turn of mind inclined him to believe that it is darkest before dawn and that it was out of a snowstorm that some stranger was likeliest to walk in with a musical snuffbox. The lid would fly open, the tiny bird would open its beak, fill the air with a brief ecstasy of song, and vanish again, the lid falling after it with a faultless snap; the stranger would remark that his great-aunt had had quite a lot of such oddities—he set no store by them himself. Mr. Collins did not go into all this, but got his way by saying submissively that, if Mr. Edom did not object, he himself would come back in the afternoon, just in case. Mr. Edom then said very well, but in that case they would close from one to two, and George must come and lunch with him at the Abbey Grill.

The force of the wind hurried them down the street under a darkening sky. More snow was imminent. Before they had finished their meal, people were crowding in, badged with snow and talking in loud voices, as people do who come indoors after contending with rough weather. Mr. Edom said they would wait for the worst to go over, and ordered two glasses of port.

Against the wind, they struggled back through a scene that was unrecognizably hushed, unrecognizably noisy. One or two cars with their headlights on groped by; others were at a standstill. The air resounded with rattles and jangles and the screeching of overhead wires. They entered the shop, and it was as if they had never felt warmth before. When Mr. Edom had recovered his breath, he said conversationally, "Well, that was quite disagreeable." This came out pretty much as he intended, but even so, his teeth chattered and he felt an inclination to hold on to the nearest solid piece of furniture. Mr. Collins stood by the door and dripped.

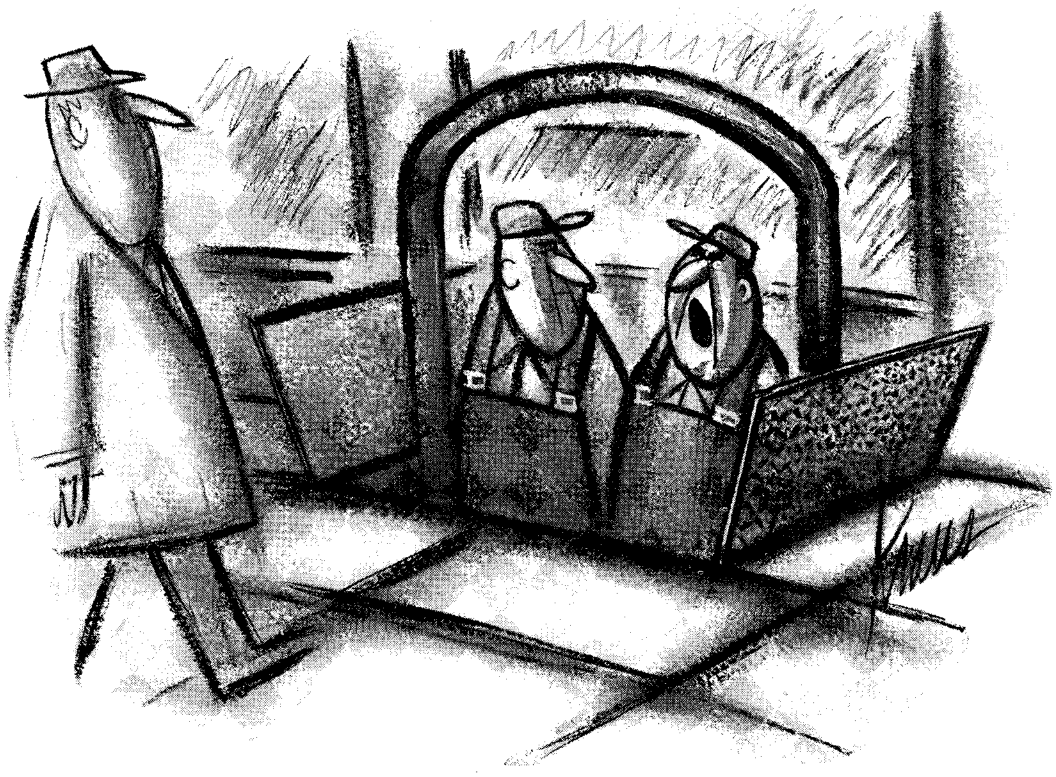
There were times—this was one of them—when Mr. Edom could have wished his assistant hadn't got such long legs. When long legs are not actively engaged, they give an impression of standing about—which doesn't do. Still less does it do if they attract attention by rushing about on impulses of helpfulness and good will. In the antique trade, one should aim at being functional: an existence aloofly yet watchfully there, ready to come forward if required, meanwhile in reserve, partially obscured by a *bonheur-du-jour*, perhaps, or looking out of the window; but always unobtrusive as an angler, with legs fading into the landscape until called for, and with good will—if that article cannot be discarded—directed impersonally toward men but never to particular customers. Customers don't like good will; it makes them feel inferior. Similarly, it does not do to look pleased when something has been sold. It is for the customer to look pleased; the vendor's part is to acquiesce—as with cheeks and kisses. But for all that, George, smiling like a Cheshire cat and with his good will constantly needing to be checked with a "Down, Ponto!," was no fool; and when it came to handling things he was as deft and reliable as a retriever dog.

While these thoughts were going through his mind, Mr. Edom, though he did not know it, was also smiling—not because of the mitigating merits of his assistant but because his feet were beginning to get warm. They seemed to be doing so at a distance and independently of him, but the development pleased him—as though they were beings far removed and no real relations of his, yet he felt a disinterested satisfaction at their well-being.

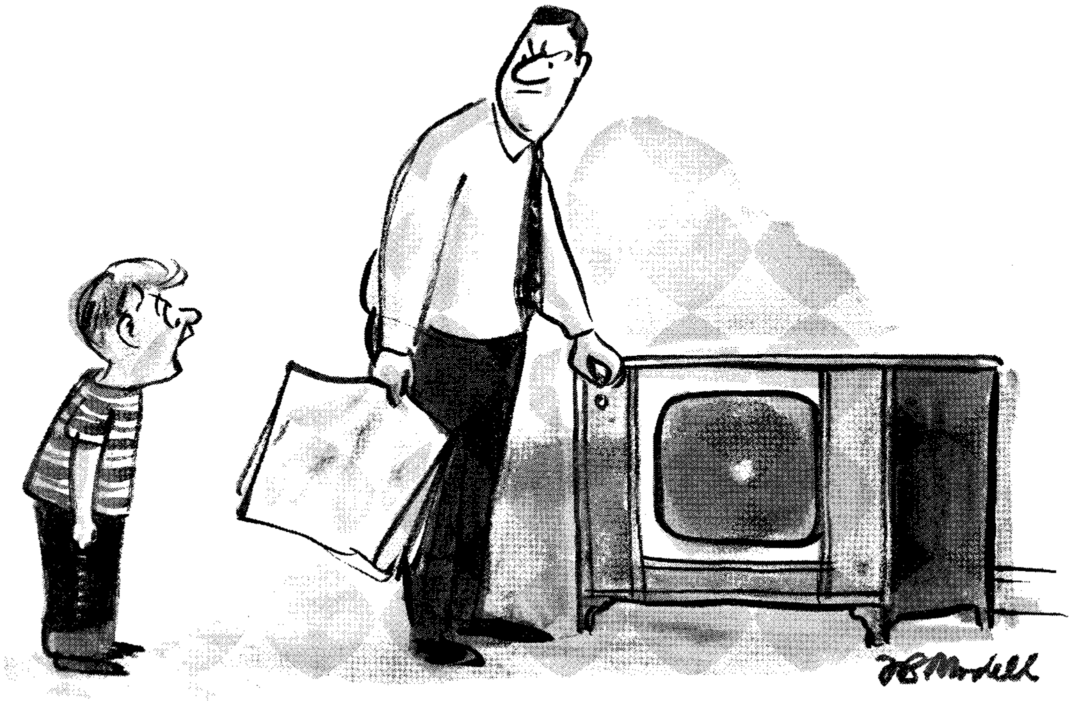
"Beginning to thaw, George?" he inquired.

Before Mr. Collins could reply, the lights went out. In the houses opposite, the lights had also gone out. Only the two electric fires retained a fading glare. While Mr. Edom was still finding words to say what he thought of the Electricity Board, Mr. Collins struggled into his wet overcoat and rushed from the shop.

Mr. Edom wrapped himself in a tigerskin and sat down in the bergère to conserve his vital heat—what there was of it. The glow faded from his feet as it had done from the two electric heaters. He wished



"*Street level! Fear . . . avarice . . . vanity . . . and the human comedy unfolding.*"



"*Not even Channel 13?*"

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he had not decided against oil heating. He wished his assistant had not gone mad. Dementia seemed a kinder supposition than heartless desertion: one should not think the worst of a man until one is categorically forced to. The room seemed to congeal about him like black ice. The wind kept up a steady screech. Looking out of his darkened box at the darkened housefronts opposite, he watched the driven snow horizontally twirling past, like the ghost of an unending rope. He rearranged the tigerskin, which was a poor fit. It was all very well to be charitable and suppose that Collins had gone mad, but it couldn't stop there: madness involves more than charitable suppositions. Someone would have to bear witness as to when he went mad, and how, and if he had previously shown signs of doing so. As a first step, he would have to telephone the police. At the thought of squandering his last illusion of keeping warm, Mr. Edom groaned. He began to founder in the cold of the room, the black ice was closing over his head, when the room became immeasurably colder. Mr. Collins had come in. His expression was elated; he positively appeared to glow. (Madmen, Mr. Edom had read, are often insensible to extremes of heat or cold; they live by the raging of their blood.) Under each arm he held a parcel.

"Candles," he said. "I was just in time to get the last two packets at Gay's."

"Candles," repeated Mr. Edom, his voice sounding a little wan after all he'd been through. "Candles. What a good idea."

"The moment the light went off, I thought to myself, Now's the time to sell candlesticks!"

It was another of those impulses of good will. Except for that inrush of cold air, nothing was likely to come of it; if those who sat in darkness had candles, they would stick them in bottles rather than go out to buy candlesticks. But the deed was done, so, repressing a "Down, Ponto!," Mr. Edom said again, "What a good idea," and added that it was lucky Beales hadn't taken the candelabrum. By the light of one candle, two candles, they assembled seventeen candleholders of various kinds and values, stuck candles in, and lit them. At first these were grouped together. The effect was dissatisfying, so they began to disperse them about the room, standing back to judge the effect, having better ideas, trying experiments, giving a rub-up here and there. All this took some time, and was animating; and when everything was arranged to their joint satisfaction, and two long-nosed candle scissors in their gadrooned trays laid ready for use on the sofa table, they sat down and agreed how nice it all looked, and what a pity it was people didn't sit oftener by candlelight—it was so restful. And if at that point Mr. Collins' imagined customers had stormed in to buy candlesticks, they would have been unwelcome.

For in the diffused candlelight, everything had become mysteriously beautiful and enriched. The polished surfaces reflected the little flames with an intensification of their various colors—amber in satinwood, audit ale in mahogany, dragon's blood in tortoise shell. Glass flashed, silver asserted its contours, a tapestry bloomed into life. The depth of the room seemed to be asleep. The candlelight was an acceptance of darkness; the hideous daylight beyond the window was a blue dusk, the driven snow a flicker of May flies. Mr. Edom sat gazing at his assembled wares. For all his knowledge of them, for all his connoisseurship, he had never realized their beauty before, nor their quality of character. The candlelight had freed them from being wares in an antique shop. They were back at home in it; they basked in the light of their best days; they were possessions, serene inmates of a household. He has more feeling than I give him credit for, thought Mr. Collins, studying his employer's face and the candlelight's new reading of its wrinkles. They sat in silence. At intervals, Mr. Collins would get up and trim a candlewick, just for the pleasure of doing so.

The door was opened. The candle flames streamed sideways; Mr. Edom stiffened. But it was Major Barnard who came in, saying, "I don't want to disturb you, but may I come in for a bit? It looks so cozy from outside, and so uncommonly pretty. I don't know that I've ever seen your things looking so pretty before." And he sat down as a friend does, and presently snuffed the air with pleasure, and remarked how agreeable the smell of candle wax is, and that it was a pity people didn't use them more often. "Warm, too," he went on. "At least it seems warm to me. But perhaps that's just by contrast."

"Candles do give out heat," said Mr. Collins. "It can be quite noticeable." He broke off, but the other two waited for him to go on. "When I was a boy," he went on, "I was sent to live with my London uncle. My parents had quarrelled, you see, and the home was broken up. We were all sent off to different relations—anyone who'd take us—and I went to this uncle, to mix in with my cousins. It was the Christmas holidays, and I thought it would be wonderful, to be in London with so much going on. But it wasn't. They lived in Lambeth, and there wasn't much going on in Lambeth. So I took to going out by myself. I used to go across the river, and look into Gamage’s windows and think what I’d buy out of them. Or to Liverpool Street Station, and fancy what train I’d take to where. But this particular day—it was biting cold; I’ll never forget the wind over Blackfriars Bridge—I hadn’t the heart to go so far, so I went into a church. It had a lot of things to look at—carved wood and gilding and flowers in vases; it even had a grand piano. But what caught my eye was an iron stand with sockets for candles, and three or four candles burning, and a tray with dozens more, and a notice saying ‘Candles Twopence.’ Well, I could afford two. And I began to feel a bit warmer when they had got going. But by then the others were beginning to burn down. I knew you lit candles for dead souls—I was inclined to be religious then—”

“One is at that age,” said Major Barnard.

“—so I set to and thought of every dead person I knew of, or had heard of; and in no time I had every one of those candles alight. It was glorious. As good as a coal fire.”

“Not bad for fourpence,” said Mr. Edom.

“Don’t suppose the boy had any more money,” said Major Barnard.

“Threepence halfpenny, and I put that in. In the new year I was fetched away by my grandmother in Belfast, and I didn’t have a chance to go back till 1945. The church had been burned out—a Wren church, too. The roof was gone; it was all boarded up. But there was a collecting box for rebuilding, so I paid in the end.”

WINTER IN ÉTIENBURGH

One imagines the lives of the Prince
And the principality
Will never be over,
That they will go on forever
Into the next chapter
Simply by shifting tactics,
Making alliance
With all enemies, ancient
And modern,
In a mutually profitable defense.
So when, in his car, the Prince
Rides out into the early
Medieval morning
Of Étienburgh, the shops, the post office,
The casino, etc., wink
As he motors by;
From a thousand windows,
The sun, alternately gold and silver,
Flashes back over
The Mediterranean. Just so.

In the castle, unlike other princesses
In castles, the Princess is
A former Hollywood star
In an ordinary
Sleep—but she does not dream.
What would she dream
About, what would she wish for?
Some extraordinary
Dream in which she is ordinary?
She has let down her hair.
But there is nothing to be saved from,
Nothing to become.
Already her melodramas,
Or herself, among orange cabañas,
Are, to affectionate
Subjects, matters of fact.
The State rests. Old women
Beat clean their clothes
At the edge of the sea, which foams
Like Rinso, blue.

So Étienburgh prospers, under the Prince,
As if all nature has an interest.
The sea has come to terms,
Washing the beach
As white as confectioner’s sugar
For the newly rich,
And as pure
For the fastidious.
Women, wearing bikinis,
Walk in the skins
Of the long wealthy.
Beach umbrellas
Lean like parched flowers.
Should evening come, the shops, the houses
Open wide their mouths.
Signs blink.
The casino beckons;
A visiting prince
Accelerates, in his black Lincoln,
Toward a night of heroic
Losses. All night,
The surf scrubs and mutters
Like an old servant
After the guests have retired.

The Prince and the principality
Are not without principle;
Perhaps the defense
Of accommodation is the best
Principle if the enemy
Attacks, if there is an enemy.
Who is to say?
Meanwhile, the sky warms,
The light
Is extravagant,
Everywhere there is
Music from hidden transistors.
Within the impeccable coach-
Work of a Porsche
Ride the Prince and the Princess.
If one knew what to do
One could stay here,
Opening, perhaps,
A little shop,
A business, some small concession,
If one knew what to do
With oneself
Here, for just a season,
Among these clever citizens.

—Stephen Parker

• •

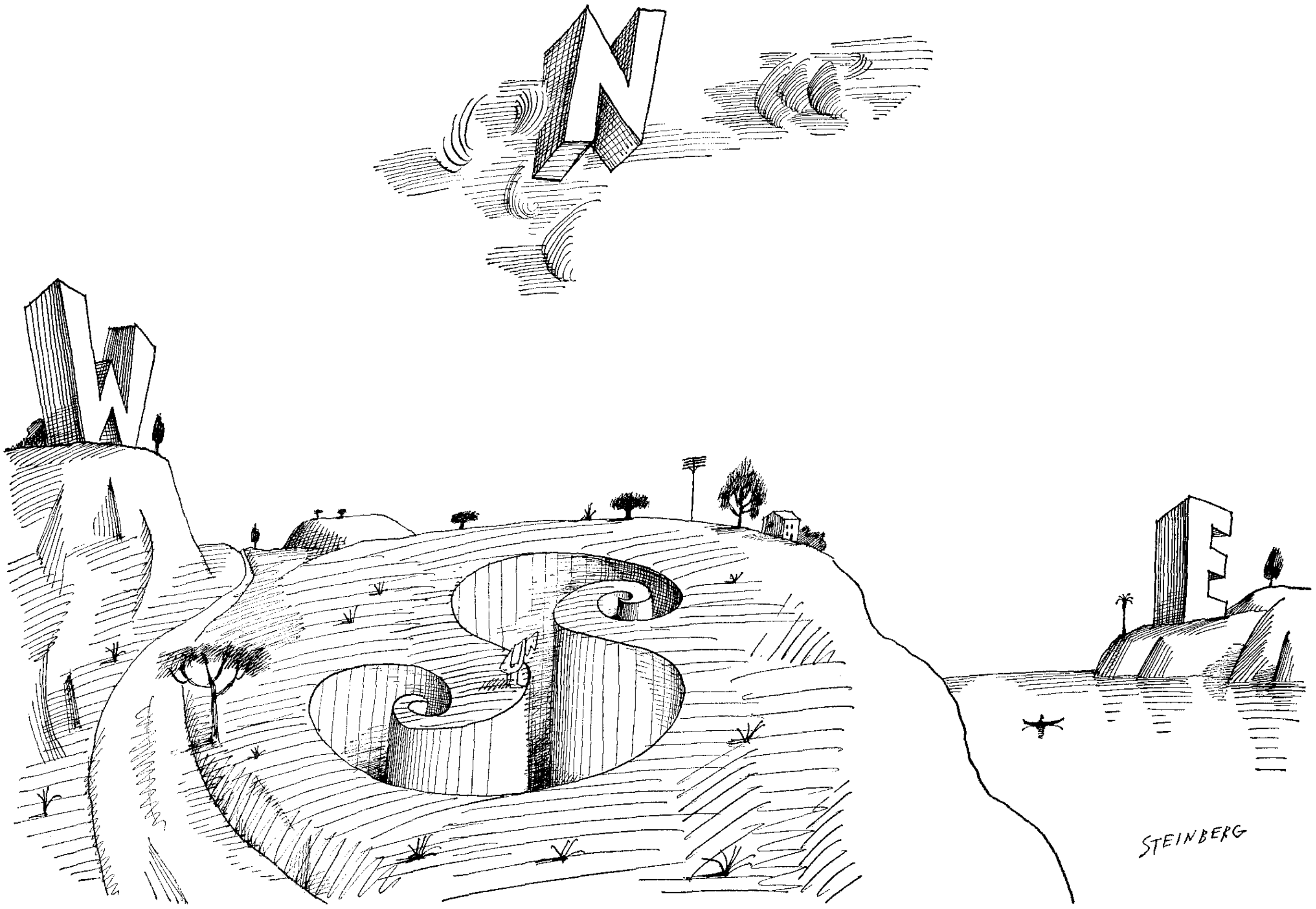
Overcome by embarrassment, Mr. Collins got up and trimmed every candle. When he recovered himself, Mr. Edom and Major Barnard were telling each other when and where they had been coldest. Mr. Edom had also been coldest in his boyhood. Major Barnard had never really known what cold was till he was a young man and got caught in a blizzard on Schiehallion. “Where’s that?” asked Mr. Collins, and was told it is in the Highlands. Mr. Edom nodded gravely. “Speaking for myself,” he said, “I never go out for anything you might call a walk without taking a bar of chocolate with me. Which reminds me—”

Taking up a bedroom candlestick, he disappeared into his office and returned with a bottle of brandy. He put this down on the sofa table, selected three wineglasses—not from the Waterford set but from the next best—and filled them. “To our host,” said Major Barnard.

“Good luck to him,” said Mr. Collins. Mr. Edom bowed, and let a polite interval pass before he drank himself.

“All this is uncommonly pleasant,” observed Major Barnard. “I really don’t know when I’ve spent a more agreeable afternoon. I suppose you would still call it afternoon, though from the look of things outside it might as well— What’s that?”

That was a shape plastered to the windowpane. Black and shiny, with a pinched face and eyes reflecting the



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light within, it looked like some kind of portentously large bat. It was in fact a small boy in an oilskin cape too large for him.

"It's a boy," said Major Barnard. "We can't leave him outside, you know. Come in, boy."

Major Barnard was still under the influence of Mr. Collins' story, told in that flat cheap accent, with the echo of a child's lonely defiance still hanging about it, or he would not have made so free with his host's hospitality. His mind misgave him at the boy's first words, which were "Don't mind if I do." This was one of those alarming new children, born into a nuclear age and scornful of everything not potentially destructive.

"Why have you got those lights on, all over the place like that? Nobody else has."

"They're candles," Mr. Collins said. "Haven't you ever seen candles before?"

"No. Do they run off a battery?"

"They burn by themselves. With a wick, like an oil lamp; but instead of floating in oil the wick is fed by the wax melting round it." Mr. Collins saw his explanations quite disregarded. "Look," he said, proffering a candle. "Blow this one out, not too hard, just a puff, and I'll light it again." The boy drew back, compressing his lips. Mr. Collins blew out the candle and relit it.

"Do you have to do all that?" said the boy. "Matches, and all. Haven't you got a lighter?"

"Matches are tidier," said Mr. Edom. "If you use a lighter, it makes the wax run, and spoils the look of the candle."

"I don't see why that matters, if the wax melts anyway."

"I wouldn't suppose you did." Mr. Edom's voice was glassily urbane, and the boy instantly subsided. Major Barnard seized the advantage. "Why aren't you at home, boy? This is no weather to be out in."

"Going to visit my Gran. She's old-fashioned. She's got a coal fire." To cancel the disgracing admission, he went on, "And a canary bird. And a horn gramophone. And a hand sewing machine. And the works of William Shakespeare. And a cataract. And—Hi!" The electricity had come on. Everything looking as usual looked as if it had been flayed. "That's more like it!" shouted the boy. "No bloody Gran now!" He was off like a bird out of its cage.

Major Barnard, turning to Mr. Edom, said, "I'm sorry about that. Not a very nice boy."

"Ignorant," Mr. Edom replied.

Mr. Collins was going to and fro putting out the candles. A sweet smoke hung on the air and was like a sigh. He carried the candlesticks to the back of the shop, removed the candles, laid them on a sheet of brown paper, and began to chip the cooling wax off the sconces with his nail.

"Leave them till tomorrow, George. We'll be off now. There's nothing to stay for," said Mr. Edom.

Major Barnard gathered up the tigerskin and smoothed it. "Where does this—"

The lighting staggered, and went off.

Major Barnard produced his pocket torch. By its beam Mr. Edom put the valuables away in the safe, locked his office desk, turned off the switches, set the alarm. They went out together, exclaiming at the depth of the snow. But the storm was over. Mr. Edom and his assistant went their ways, Major Barnard went his, thinking how pretty the candles had been, and of their warmth still gently dying in the darkness. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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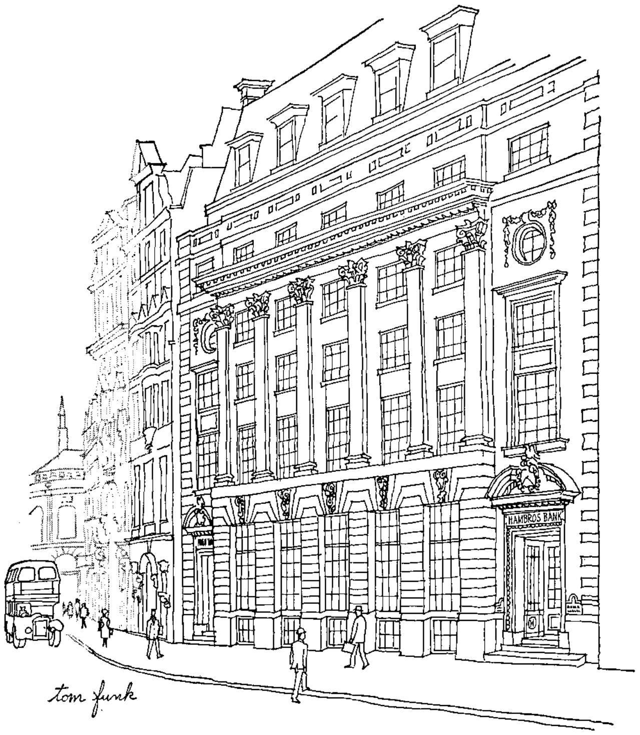
Thomas J. Wood named project engineer for Rader Pneumatics is Thomas J. Wood.—*Oregon Journal.*

He'd darned well better be!

PROFILES

AN ACCEPTING HOUSE

MEN have always been fascinated by the spectacle of other men making money, and there could be no more colorful setting for that spectacle than the City of London, a square mile of buildings on the north bank of the Thames that has been the financial center of Great Britain for centuries—and, for a good part of that time, the financial center of the world. East of St. Paul's Cathedral, in an area that had already been described as "a busy emporium for trade and traders" in the first century by Tacitus, the London Stock Exchange, the commodity markets, the headquarters of Britain's big commercial banks, the offices of its venerable merchant banks, Lloyd's insurance underwriters, and the Bank of England are all within a few minutes' walking distance of each other. Every morning, almost half a million people from other parts of Greater London and its suburbs crowd into the City, whose nighttime population is less than six thousand, and the narrow, labyrinthine streets become full of men dressed in dark suits and bowlers, carrying umbrellas and copies of the *Financial Times*. There are other traditional uniforms to be seen. The doormen at Lloyd's wear red cloaks and high silk hats, just as the doormen at Edward Lloyd's coffeehouse in Tower Street did more than two hundred and seventy-five years ago. And every evening a detachment of the Brigade of Guards, in scarlet and gold with black busbies, marches into the City, to the beat of a drum, in order to protect the Bank of England against a recurrence of the riots that took place in 1780, when a mob attacked the bank after destroying Newgate Prison. The threat seems remote, and since the mounting of the Guard nearly always creates a traffic jam, the War Office proposed a few years ago to abandon the practice. But the governor of the Bank of England expressed the City's dismay, and the Guards are still there.



In 1873, Walter Bagehot, who was both a banker and a writer, called the City "by far the greatest combination of economical power and economical delicacy that the world has ever seen." The City has lost some of its power but none of its delicacy. Lloyd's underwriters sit at uncomfortable wooden benches in what has always been called The Room, but the most up-to-date computers have been installed elsewhere in the building—rather out of sight, as though they were something to be a little ashamed of. (In Britain, it has been said, everything changes except appearances.) The City is a man's world, and at noontime the women are banished to teashops, while the men gather in pubs to discuss gradations of risk down to one sixty-fourth of one per cent over half a bottle of champagne before, or instead of, lunch. There are special pubs for bankers, stockbrokers, insurance men, discount brokers, and diamond men, and in many of them it is still possible to get the impression, from listening to accents, that the City is nothing but a postgraduate course for men who have attended the better public schools. But while most of the power concentrated there is Conservative in outlook and background, the Labour Party also respects the City's importance to the British economy, and what Bagehot called "the rough and vulgar structure of English commerce" shows up quite often in the City these days. "You won't become a director just because you're the son of a rich father anymore," a prominent merchant banker told me one day. "It helps, but you also have to prove your ability." The sterling area gets smaller and smaller, but the City is still the most smoothly functioning money market in the world.

Of all the City's institutions, the merchant banks—or accepting houses, as the largest and most prominent among them are officially known—are generally agreed to be the least understood but, to those who do understand them, the most interesting. The late Sir Oscar Hobson, a twentieth-century counterpart of Bagehot as both an economist and a man of letters, called the merchant banks "among the more 'mysterious' phenomena of the City," explaining, "The names of some of them are almost household words, synonymous with great wealth. But what they actually do, and how they make their money, is a sealed book to most people outside the City and many people in it." The French *banque d'affaires*, the German *Handelsbank*, and the pre-New Deal American investment bank possessed some—but by no means all—of the features of the classic merchant bank. Japan's big trading companies are similar, and that is no accident, both Britain and Japan being islands that have always depended on trade for survival. Essentially, however, the merchant bank, as it has developed over the centuries, is a uniquely British phenomenon. And while the risks of commerce no longer involve East Indiamen and tea clippers or the fate of governments ("Every loan . . . seats a Nation or upsets a throne," wrote Byron, with only a modicum of poetic license), there is still drama in merchant banking, as I have learned in the course of spending some time in the offices, at 41 Bishopsgate, of Hambros Bank Ltd., the world's largest accepting house.

LATE one Friday afternoon, while I was talking with a blond Norwegian in his early thirties named Otto Norland, who was then the manager of Hambros' Norwegian department, the calm of an hour that is often devoted to the pleasant contemplation of the weekend was broken by an urgent long-distance call from Norway. A prominent shipowner needed help at once. One of his ships had undergone repairs at an Amsterdam shipyard, and the operators of the yard had just called him to say that they would not release the ship until they had received payment in cash for the full amount of the repair bill. Unless they got the money within the next half hour, the ship would be tied up for the weekend and the owner would lose several thousand pounds—the cost of two days' charter plus expenses for the crew. Norland looked at his watch and said, "It's getting late, but I'll see whether I can catch anyone in Amsterdam. Stay on the phone." Over a second phone, he dictated to a secretary in another office a message to be sent by Telex to Amsterdam, asking a bank there to inform the shipyard operators that their account would be credited with the amount of the repair bill immediately if the ship was released. Then, putting down the second phone, he picked up the first to urge patience on the shipowner in Norway. Within a few minutes, a call from Amsterdam came in on the second phone. After confirming Hambros' arrangements with the bank in Amsterdam, Norland went back to the first phone and told the shipowner, "You can call up your captain and give him his sailing orders." Norland listened, smiled, and said, "Oh, no bother at all. Glad we could do it." He hung up and looked at his watch. "On Monday we'll get confirmation," he told me. "And until then I'm not going to worry about it."

I said that even the slight knowledge I had of the careful procedure that most commercial banks follow in making large loans suggested to me that the transaction I had just witnessed was quite unusual, and Norland explained, "If I'd had to wait, to check the shipowner's credit, to be sure that it wasn't somebody imitating his voice on the phone, to get the approval of my superiors—if I'd had to do all that, it would have been too late to arrange the credit in Amsterdam, our customer would have lost a lot of money over the weekend, and we might have lost the customer. I couldn't tell him, 'I'll call you back.' That's what one of the big joint-stock commercial banks would have done. It would have taken one of them days to process his request through channels and committee meetings. Here I make my own decision, and tell him either we'll do it or we won't. This sort of thing happens all the time. A freighter strikes a pier and causes damage. The port authorities want a promise of indemnity before releasing the ship. The shipowner asks us to issue a guarantee that if he's found to be liable, we'll pay what he owes. Of course, we know that he's insured with Lloyd's, but that may not be good enough for the authorities. They may not trust the shipowner, but they trust Hambros—we've dealt with them for many years. So the ship sails, and nobody worries, because Hambros has promised to pay no matter what happens."

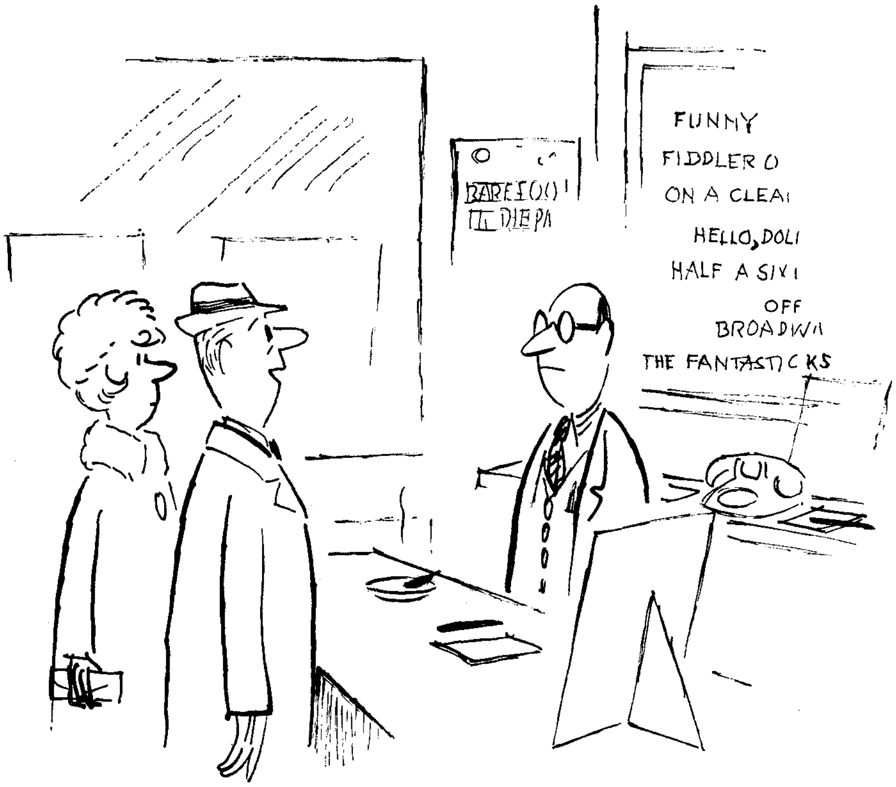
I asked why the Norwegian shipowner had not called the Amsterdam bank directly. Surely he was known there.

"He may be known there, but the bank wouldn't accept his word over the phone as security for a large loan," said Norland. "It will accept ours. Actually, the risk isn't a great one. I know the company, I know the ship, I even know the cargo. It's my job to know all these things. Of course, one has to be careful. Banks have been known to burn their fingers in this business. One has to keep a lot of information in one's head, including where to get the money at once."

Hambros has been doing business with Scandinavians for more than a hundred and fifty years, and knows all about ships and shipping. To build a new vessel these days may cost as much as five million pounds—the equivalent

"Miss Welch, please bring in the files on the Hanlon and Baxter accounts, and the watering can."

of fourteen million dollars. The Scandinavian shipowners Norland deals with rarely put up more than twenty-five per cent, and borrow the rest. Because they can't find that kind of money in Scandinavia, they follow the example of their fathers and grandfathers and come to London. Hambros will not put up all the money—such loans are repayable in ten or twenty years, and merchant banks don't handle much long-term credit—but it will arrange for a loan elsewhere. "Norway's imports are paid for by shipping," said Norland. "Norway's merchant fleet has over twenty-nine hundred freighters in operation—nearly as much tonnage afloat as the United States has. Not bad for a country with a little over three and a half million people. Norway has both the tradition and the skill. Sweden, on the other hand, is a great shipbuilding country—the Swedes are outstanding engineers. So we at Hambros arrange the financing that will bring together the good Norwegian shipowners and the good Swedish shipbuilders. That's the way we work. I'm always on the phone to New York, Hong Kong, Oslo, Brussels, Stockholm, Toronto. And I sign letters written in five languages. But that's nothing—the bank corresponds in fifteen. We think internationally here."

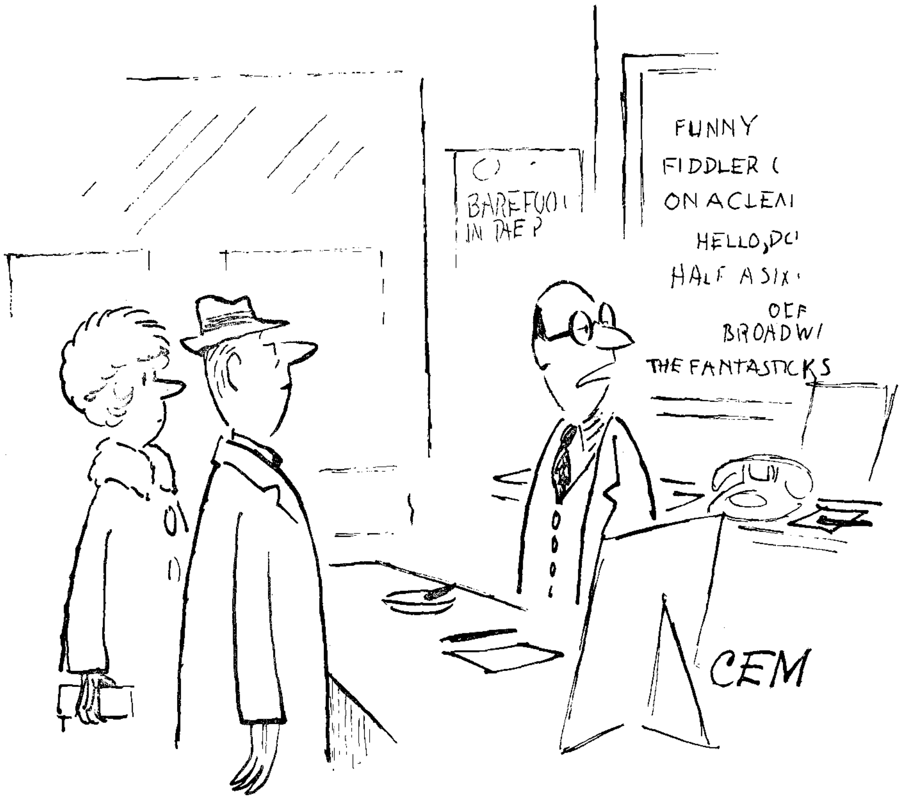


"Would you have two in the orchestra for 'The Persecution and Assassination of Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade'?"

Several young managers of foreign departments at Hambros are, like Norland, natives of the countries whose affairs they are primarily concerned with, and have become experts in both the business conditions of their homelands and the mysterious workings of the City. As a result of their ability to "think internationally," the bank, on one typical day not long ago, arranged financing for a chain of shopping centers on the Continent, some greenhouses in Denmark, an English furniture-maker, a Swiss film producer, a food-mix business in Holland, and a manufacturer of electrical appliances in Scotland. Hambros advised another client that day on the changing eating habits of the French and recommended the establishment of a chain of snack bars in the country of Brillat-Savarin. The traditional operations of merchant banking—granting short-term mercantile loans, acting as an underwriter for companies that go to the public for capital, and dealing in commodities, bullion, and foreign currency—are by no means ignored at Hambros, but, as several of the people there informed me, with satisfaction, something new is always cropping up.

Despite the cosmopolitan nature of the bank's business, its offices are pervaded by an atmosphere of ancient City tradition. An old merchant bank such as Hambros seems to belong "in tales of fog-coated streets and hansom cabs, with tea clippers coming softly up the Thames," according to Paul Ferris, in an excellent book called "The City." "The gas lamps are burning in the banking parlour where all the partners sit together, a rich foreign banker has just been sent away with a flea in his ear, an emissary from a distant king waits by the bright coal fire in the outer hall, a pigeon is arriving on the roof with a dispatch from Dover, and the carriage that is pulling up outside contains the senior partner's beautiful young wife, who is closely related to four Cabinet Ministers and the Archbishop of Canterbury." It is not difficult for a visitor to conjure up such romantic scenes amid the deep rugs, mahogany panelling, and subdued voices on the second floor of Hambros, where the partners' room, the boardroom, and the executive suites are situated. An old man who comes every week to wind the Windmill and Whiteman grandfather clocks is a fifth-generation clockmaker, which puts him nearly on a par with Jocelyn Hambro, the recently appointed chairman of the bank's board of directors, who is a sixth-generation banker. In the second-floor entrance hall, there hangs from the ceiling an old model of the sort of sailing ship that made a fortune for Joachim Hambro, an eighteenth-century silk merchant in Copenhagen and the founder of the banking dynasty. Next to one of the doors opening out of this hall, there stands a glass case displaying a model of one of the world's largest motor tankers, the 91,375-ton Berge Bergesen, for which financing was arranged by Hambros, and the modern ship seems almost an anachronism in that setting. A teleprinter has been carefully camouflaged in a polished mahogany cabinet. Visitors are received by a butler named Constable, impeccable in morning coat and striped pants, who carries himself with a stern dignity befitting forty years of faithful service.

Constable has seen dark days when panic raged in the City, but there has never been anything of that sort on the executive floor. One day, after I had become something of a regular caller, he unbent to the extent of reminiscing about a time, early in the Second World War, when the bank's ledgers and files had been evacuated to an estate in Bedfordshire, along with a few of the older employees. Every evening, he told me, two messengers—one from the bank in Bishopsgate, the other from Bedfordshire—would meet



"Oh, Mac, have we two in the orchestra for 'The Persecution and Assassination of Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade'?"

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in the Cockfosters station of the Underground and exchange dispatch cases. Constable said that although many terrible things happened in London during the terrible days and nights of the blitz, the two messengers never failed to keep their rendezvous, and business—or what little there was of it—went on as usual.

To be bidden to lunch at Hambros is to be taken right back to the nineteenth century, the *belle époque* of merchant banking, when the Barings, the Rothschilds, the Schröders, the Lazards, and the Hambros possessed the power of monarchs. (Queen Elizabeth had lunch at Hambros two years ago, and the bankers contrived to amuse her by building in their vault a pile of gold, silver, and platinum worth a million pounds.) Sherry is served on the second floor at a quarter past one. If an important client or a friend of the house has been asked, all the directors who are in town will be there. Business may be discussed over sherry, but after one steps into the elevator that takes one to the dining room, on the fifth floor, any mention of money is taboo. The walls of the dining room are hung with beautiful old prints of Paris, showing historic buildings along the Seine. Lunch—a simple English meal—is prepared by an elderly woman in a small kitchen that adjoins the dining room. Constable serves water and ale, and claret on request. A businessman in search of a large loan may be invited to lunch, and if he is unfamiliar with the City's customs he may not realize that he is being carefully scrutinized during the meal. I have seen an interesting painting that the bank owns called "Lunch at 41, Bishopsgate," by Edward I. Halliday, which shows the five Hambros who were directors of the bank in 1961 seated around a table that is covered with beautiful goblets and old silver cups; they all look somewhat bored, as if their thoughts were elsewhere. At Hambros, they like to say that merchant banking is not a science but an art, and I gather that by the time Constable has served the traditional fruitcake and old port, a guest's casual comments on farming or families will often have led his hosts to an intuitive agreement on whether or not he represents a risk worth taking.

HAMBROS is one of sixteen banking institutions in London that are members of the Accepting Houses Committee. These sixteen are the only true merchant banks, and they are called accepting houses because of the service they perform when they guarantee that a seller will be paid and that a buyer will receive his goods by "accepting" the bill of exchange as an obligation of their own. The paper they sign then becomes a thing of value in itself that can be bought and sold. Despite the wide and ever-growing variety of Hambros' activities, financing the movement of goods in international trade is still the bank's primary business, and last year the face value of its acceptances reached an all-time high of more than forty-five million pounds.

Bills of exchange were used to obtain credit as early as the fifth century B.C. Herodotus mentions the practice, and so, later, does Cicero. Acceptance credit was known in Florence, Siena, Venice, Hamburg, and Augsburg in the twelfth century, and, in a sense, medieval merchant princes like the Fuggers and the Medicis were the first great merchant bankers. Nearly all the families who are now connected with London's great merchant banks can be traced back to seventeenth-century European entrepreneurs. The Barings, *doyens* of the group, came from Bremen, the Rothschilds from Frankfurt, the Schröders from Hamburg, the Brandts from St. Petersburg, the Browns from Ireland, the Lazards from France, the Hambros from Denmark. These families, possessing the knowledge of foreign lands, foreign languages, and foreign ways that was needed for the worldwide banking system that grew up with the British Empire, had all been merchants before they became bankers. As their reputations expanded, they discovered that they could borrow money more cheaply than other merchants could. It was easier to sell one's signature than a bale of silk, and it was also more profitable. In spite of wars, revolutions, embargoes, blockades, and defaulting governments—to say nothing of the slow communications that exacerbated the effects of all of them on trade—merchant bankers made enormous profits, and in the process of evaluating the risks they took they built up a worldwide intelligence system with their own networks of agents. The early files of an old merchant bank like Hambros contain information on the rice trade in Java, gold shipments from Russia, the China tea trade, exports from Manila, the Amsterdam waterworks, trade in Shanghai, sales of Siam sugar, prices of textiles in Mexico, insolvencies of firms in Austria, sales of Russian goods on consignment, the production of beet sugar in Central Europe, the names of American ships passing the Sound of Copenhagen, the cultivation of coffee in Brazil, sales of cotton at Le Havre,

"You really expect me to believe that you're a prince?"

• •

and regulations proposed by the Druggists' Club for the weighing and taxing of drugs sold in London. Nothing was too insignificant to be noted. Today, only government agencies compile such vast stores of economic information.

England emerged from the Napoleonic Wars as the most financially secure country on earth—the only one that never borrowed abroad. Consols became the world's finest securities; sterling became the world's currency, synonymous with gold. London was the great clearing house, and after Waterloo all nations that were in need of money—France, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Portugal, Spain—sent emissaries to the City, where the merchant bankers listened to their propositions and either arranged loans or didn't. In 1818, Armand-Emmanuel du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, is reported to have said, "There are six great powers in Europe: Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the Baring Brothers." Richelieu, France's Chief Minister under Louis XVIII, had good reason to be grateful to the merchant bankers, for after Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo they had handled the gigantic indemnity loan that saved his country from chaos and occupation. The Barings also made the arrangements for the Louisiana Purchase, and throughout the nineteenth century they always had an American partner on the board; to most people in the City of London in those days, the United States was looked upon as Baring country. The Rothschilds concentrated on the Continent, the Lazards were experts on the Far East, and the Hambros, who have done business all over the world, were known to be especially "at home" in Scandinavia.

Long before a Hambro bank was founded in London, in 1839, the Hambros had been bankers to the kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Joachim Hambro died in Copenhagen in 1806, but the date of his birth is unknown, and so are the circumstances that led him to add banking to his silk business. It was a logical step for him to take, however, because buyers of luxury goods were usually granted long-term credit, which meant that a successful silk merchant had to be resourceful about evaluating risks. A blue leather volume entitled "Pedigree of Hambro," in which the entries have all been made in copperplate script, is sometimes shown to visitors at the bank in Bishopsgate. The first Hambro mentioned is Joachim's son, whom the "Pedigree" describes as follows: "Joseph Hambro of Copenhagen in the Kingdom of Denmark and of Upper Portland Place, co. Middlesex. Sometime Councellor to the King of Denmark. Born 2 Nov 1780 at Copenhagen. Died 3 Oct 1848." When Joseph Hambro took over the family business affairs in Denmark, he switched from silk to food, becoming first a provisioner of sailing ships and later an exporter of flour and bacon. He bred his own pigs, and he built a salting house, a flour mill, and a bakery. At the same time, he carried on the family banking business at Kongens Nytorv, in the center of Copenhagen. It prospered, like his other enterprises, and at the age of forty Joseph Hambro

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Germaine Monteil

became court banker to King Frederick VI of Denmark. The country was in bad shape at the time. In 1807, Denmark, then neutral, had rejected an alliance offered by England. Thereupon, the English had shelled Copenhagen and forced the Danish Navy to capitulate. The King had then joined the French—a fatal mistake. The Napoleonic Wars were disastrous for Denmark. Not only was Norway lost to Sweden, and Helgoland to Britain, but as the nation's trade was reduced, inflation mounted. Joseph Hambro, however, continued to do well. In 1827, his holdings were worth sixty-seven thousand pounds, and five years later they amounted to one hundred thousand pounds. He had enlarged his food business, and his bank had more than four hundred different accounts. Meyer Amschel Rothschild, of Frankfurt, and his son Nathan Meyer Rothschild, of London, were doing business with his bank. And so was Count A. W. Moltke, a Danish government official who later played an important part both in the history of his country and in that of the Hambro family.

Joseph Hambro's only son, Carl Joachim, was born in 1808. After attending school in Copenhagen, he studied in Bremen and Le Havre and later came to America for a kind of postgraduate inspection tour of one of the world's most rapidly expanding economies. What he saw in the United States apparently fired his imagination, and he returned to Denmark with many new ideas, and very much aware that ideas are a merchant banker's lifeblood. Carl Joachim Hambro became honorary American consul in Copenhagen and a junior partner in his father's bank. In the years that followed, the bank financed the first Danish railroad, from Copenhagen to Roskilde, and the first steam bath in Copenhagen. (For many decades thereafter, Hambro steam baths were an important local attraction.) As for the father, he was primarily interested in his food business, but he had to give a good deal of time to the bank whether he liked it or not. Count Moltke had been named Finance Minister in 1831, and when the Danish government decided to negotiate a loan abroad, he approached Joseph Hambro. "Your . . . honest will, your experience, and your skill in adapting yourself to difficult conditions is to me the best promise that you will obtain the best results," Moltke wrote him at the time, succinctly listing the characteristics most highly valued in a nineteenth-century merchant banker,

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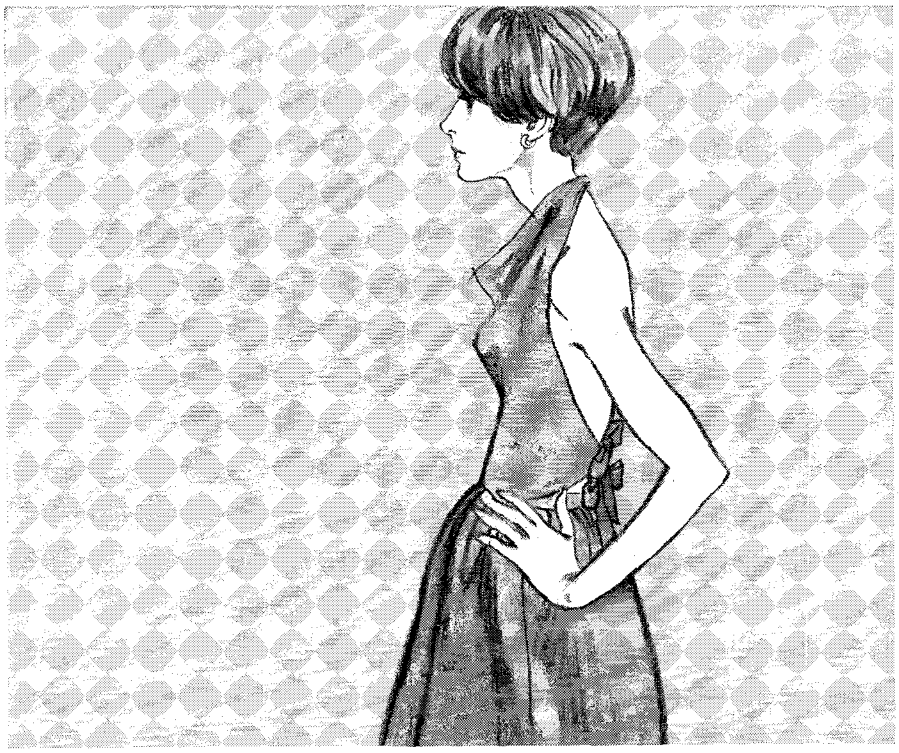

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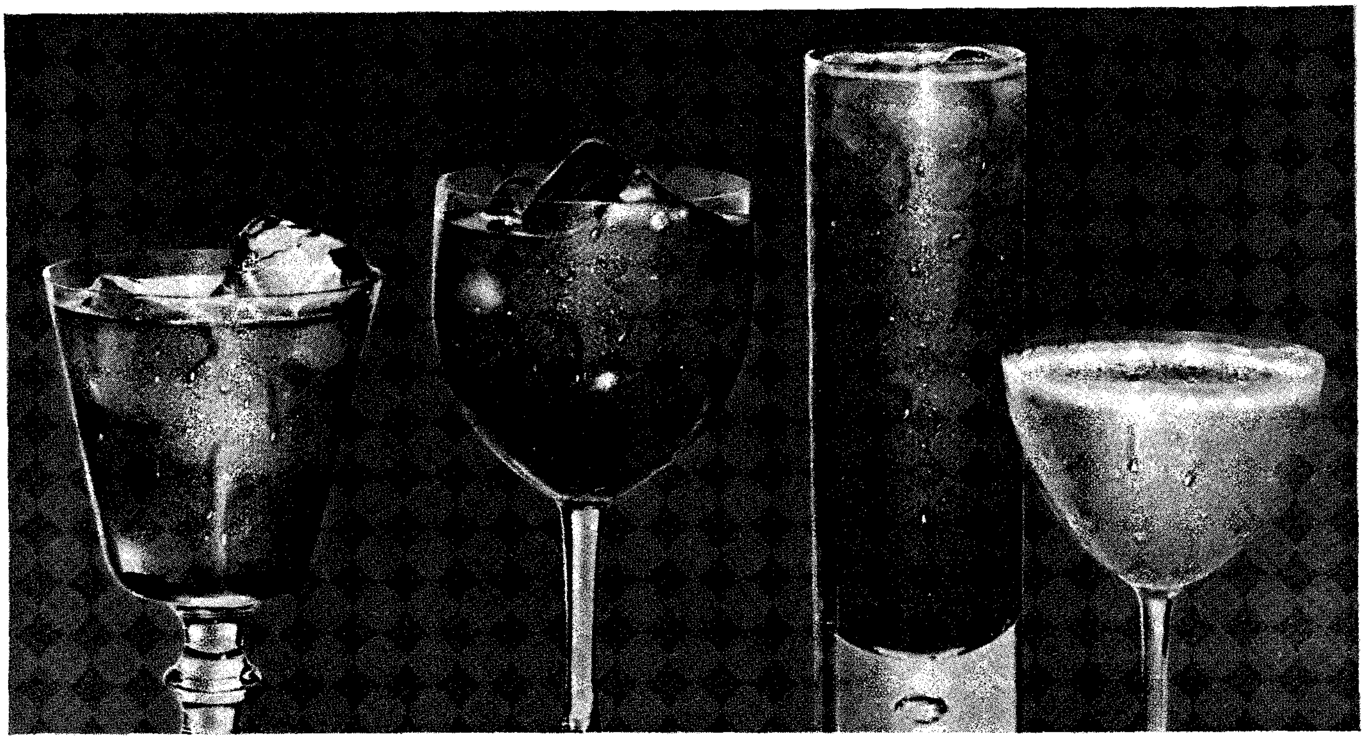

With dusk a breeze has sprung up. Out beyond the garden the tree frogs are calling. The moonflowers are opening.

An evening to sit out and watch the light fade. To welcome guests with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Perhaps Singapore Slings (1 oz. Hiram Walker Sloe Gin, 2 oz. Hiram Walker's Crystal Gin, 1 oz. Hiram Walker Cherry Flavored Brandy, 1 oz. lemon juice, 1 tsp. powdered sugar. Shake well with cracked ice, pour without straining into 12 oz. glass, fill with seltzer. Decorate with a slice of orange or pineapple.)

After dinner, enjoy the coolness of Green Creme de Menthe or Blackberry Flavored Brandy on the rocks. Perhaps Alexanders (1 oz. Hiram Walker Brown Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Crystal Gin, 1 oz. fresh cream. Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Dust with nutmeg.)

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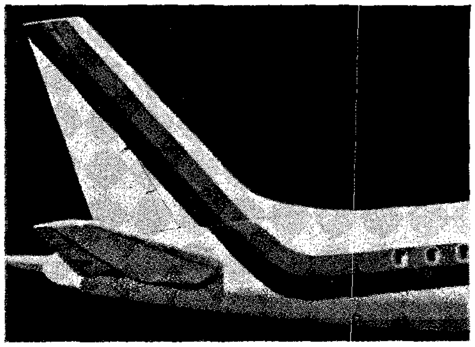

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and he went on to recommend that Hambro get in touch with the Rothschilds in London.

The Rothschilds liked Joseph Hambro, but they made it clear from the beginning that he wasn't in their class. As negotiations for the loan dragged on, the Rothschilds indicated at one point that they were surprised at finding themselves misunderstood by Hambro, whom they described in a letter as "a businessman to whom one should only have to indicate the main points without further clarification." Joseph Hambro didn't mind the Rothschilds' patronizing tone, but it made his son angry. He admired the Rothschilds for their wealth and power, but that didn't give them the right to treat his father like a clerk. In the light of subsequent history, the Hambros owe a lot to the Rothschilds for that minor affront.

In 1837, Carl Joachim Hambro went to England on a business trip, to sell foodstuffs and other products in Liverpool. He found that he liked the English and their way of doing business, and he heard alluring stories about how the great London bankers lived. ("The name London banker has especially a charmed value," Bagehot wrote a few years later. "There has probably very rarely ever been so happy a position as that of a London banker and never perhaps a happier one.") He was especially interested to discover that many newcomers were finding it possible to make a go of it as merchant bankers in the City. The Barings, Rothschilds, Schröders, and Brandts were already firmly established, and half a dozen other firms had recently opened for business. And so, in 1839, Carl Joachim Hambro moved to London, founding the merchant banking house of C. J. Hambro at 70 Old Broad Street, with a capital of fifty thousand pounds. It was not an auspicious moment to establish a new bank. The Panic of 1837 had spread from the United States, and Carl Joachim Hambro seems to have suffered some heavy reverses. At any rate, in 1840 his father had to come to London to straighten things out. Louis Bramsen, a former clerk at the London bank, reported that "Carl was almost deranged, and in any case found the situation too much for his spiritual strength." But then Bramsen had admitted that he didn't like Carl Joachim Hambro. A man who did, Hans Christian Andersen, later described young Hambro as a man with a good sense of humor. Andersen paid more than one visit to his friend in England, and when they went out together Andersen, who was

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Old twist

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quiet and withdrawn, was often thought to be the banker, and Hambro, who was outgoing and full of jokes, was taken to be the writer of fairy tales for children.

In 1848, Joseph Hambro died, leaving an estate of close to three hundred thousand pounds. Carl Joachim Hambro thus became, at forty, a rich and independent man. Parliament had passed a bill making him a British subject, and his bank had lately done so well that King Charles XIV John of Sweden, the former Marshal Bernadotte, had appointed him court banker. Carl Joachim Hambro was beginning to look forward to retirement, but as things turned out, his career as a merchant banker was just beginning.

War had broken out in 1848 between Denmark and the Germanic Confederation over the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, and wars were a costly business even then. Premier Moltke considered levying an income tax to pay for this one but rejected the idea as "extremely inquisitorial." The government would have to inquire into the private lives of citizens, and once something like that got started, no one could say where it might end. Nor did Moltke like the idea of an enforced internal loan. The best solution, he decided, was a foreign loan. He sounded out bankers in St. Petersburg and Amsterdam, but he was turned down, and the situation didn't look promising in London, either. Denmark was known to be in a precarious situation, and when rumors about the Danish request for a loan were heard in the City, a leader writer in the *Times* suggested that "one of the best preservatives of peace will be found in the impossibility of raising supplies in our market." But Moltke, though he had already been refused by the Barings and the Rothschilds, sent an emissary, a Count Treschow, to see Carl Joachim Hambro, who turned out to be more optimistic than most people in the City about the possibility of arranging a loan, provided only that the terms were such as to attract what he called "serious investors." Hambro suggested a bond issue of eight hundred thousand pounds, and said that he himself would take half of the bonds, which were to have a par value of one hundred pounds, at the generous price of eighty-four. He asked Treschow to publish the terms in Denmark, for he didn't want people in his homeland to think that he had "done well out of the war." The remaining half of the issue moved slowly, and at one point it looked as if Hambro would never be able to sell the last hundred and fifty thousand pounds'

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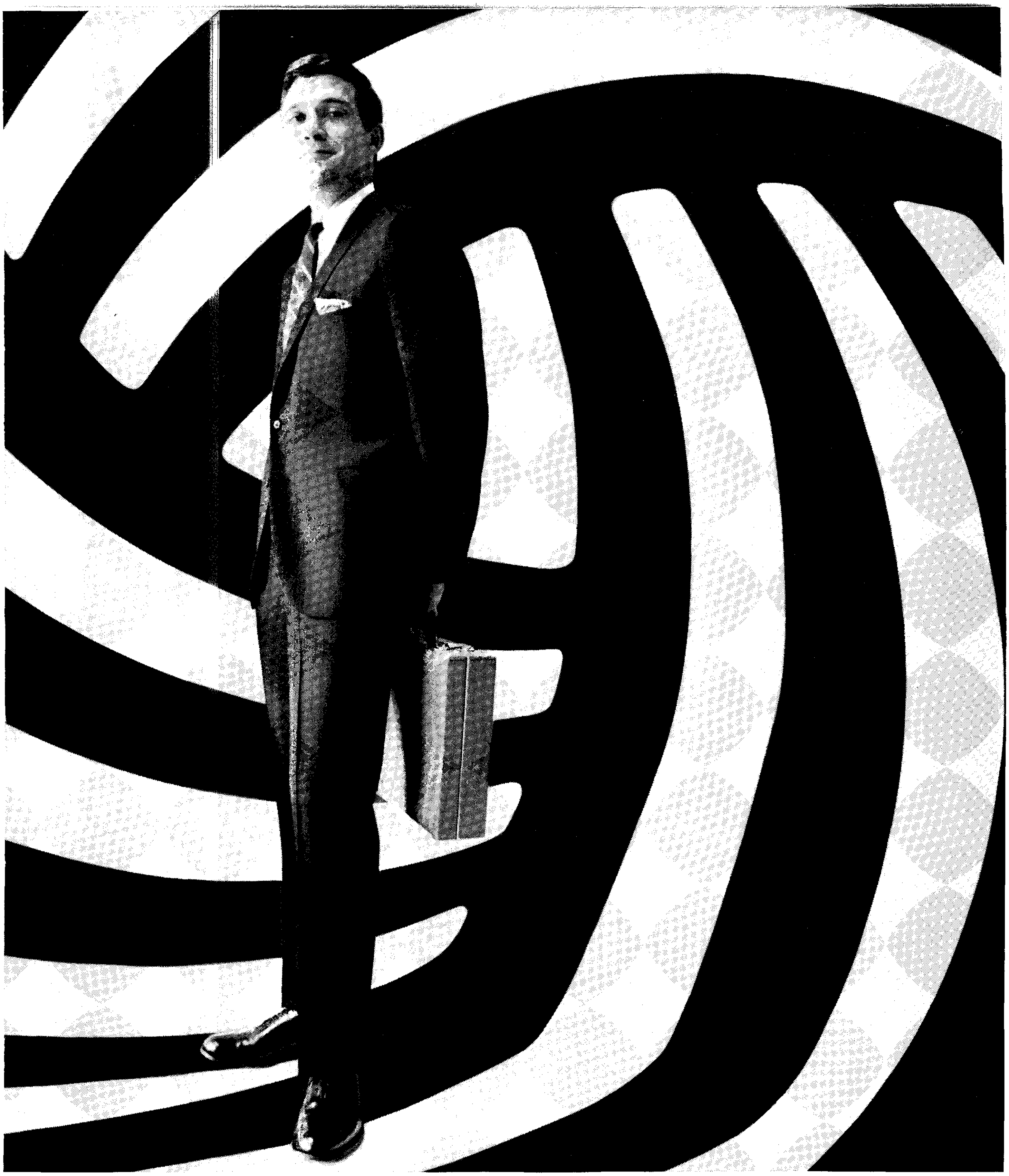

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worth of bonds. He went to the Barings, who said that they would take the bonds but would pay no more than seventy-seven and a half for them. Expecting no better treatment from the Rothschilds, Hambro offered interim bonds in the market, as a private venture, at eighty-six. They were six times oversubscribed. Treschow offered congratulations in the form that he was sure Hambro would appreciate most: "I should think that Rothschilds and Barings were *gnawing their fingers.*" A few days later, the bonds were at a hundred. Hambro had made a fortune, but, as the Danish Finance Minister reported to King Frederick VII, "Hambro's glory is in no way lessened because the swing of the market has turned into an unexpectedly large profit for him." Carl Joachim Hambro was made a Danish baron by royal patent on October 6, 1851. (The Royal College of Arms in London gave Hambro permission to use the Danish crest, somewhat modified, in Great Britain, and today a copy of it hangs above the fireplace in the boardroom of the bank.) Now a very rich man indeed, Hambro purchased the estate of Milton Abbey for a quarter of a million pounds and settled down to collecting paintings, but before long he was presented with another opportunity to make the Rothschilds gnaw their fingers, and couldn't resist it.

When Count Camillo Benso di Cavour became Finance Minister of the Kingdom of Sardinia, in 1851, the Apennine Peninsula was a jumble of separate, bickering states. Among the men who created modern Italy, the colorful revolutionaries Mazzini and Garibaldi were better known in London than Cavour, but it was he, a liberal monarchist, who in the end unified his country, starting with a tiny kingdom, generally known as Piedmont, that included the island of Sardinia as well as mainland territory at the foothills of the Alps. The new Minister of Finance took office at a time when Piedmont was bankrupt, having been left with a budgetary deficit of three million pounds after losing a war against Austria. In order to restore prosperity to Piedmont, Cavour pleaded for public education, new industries, new railroads. A railroad from Turin to Alessandria was almost completed, and two more railroads, from Lake Maggiore to Alessandria and from there to Genoa, were planned. Cavour also had plans for new port installations in Genoa. But there was a large indemnity to be paid to Austria. A loan was needed. On the merchant

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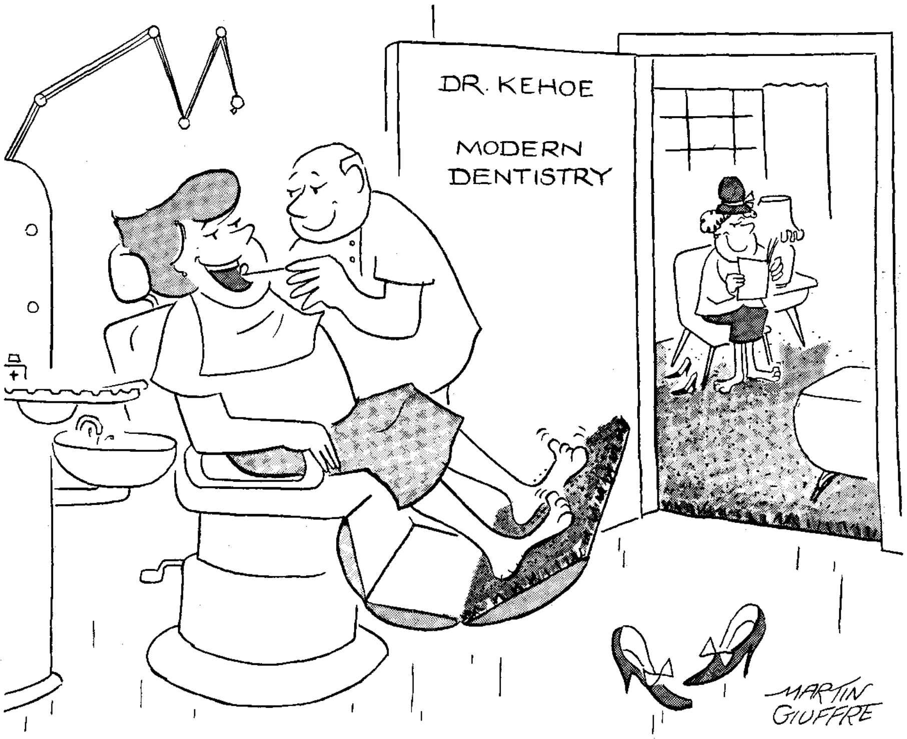

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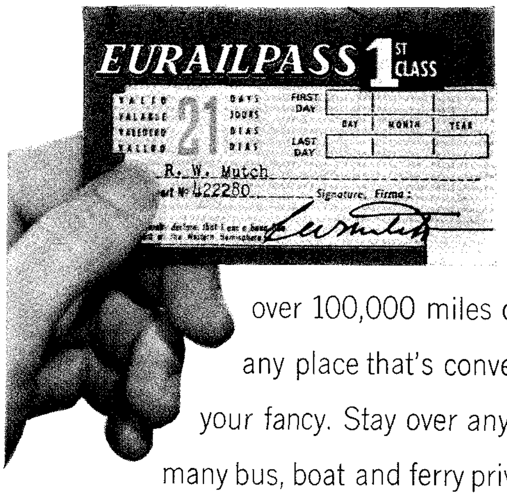
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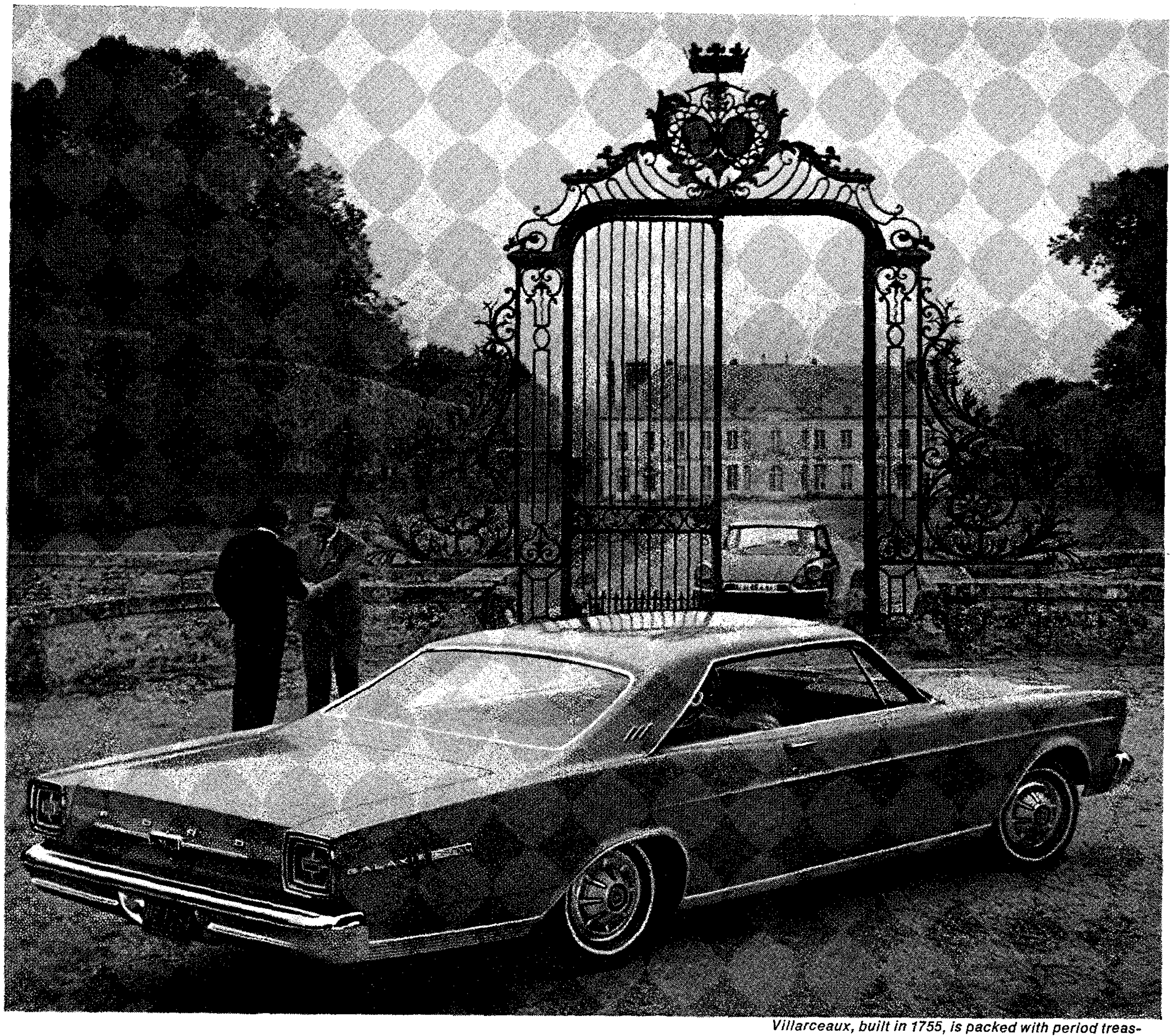
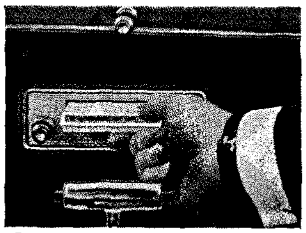


Villarceaux, built in 1755, is packed with period treasures in furniture, tapestries, paintings. The cars: a 1966 Ford XL and a hand-fitted Citroen Chapron.

Ford's Quiet Man reports from France:

"I was sure the Citroen Chapron would be quieter, because it is hand-made," said Count de Villefranche... but the new Ford XL quickly changed his opinion!



Ford's new Stereo Tape System.

Count de Villefranche was amused when the Quiet Man, touring Europe, challenged him to test the extraordinary hush of Ford's 1966 XL . . . but he was intrigued. The French nobleman has two chateaux on his 2000-acre estate, a town house in Paris, a villa in Rome . . . and a polished appreciation for everything excellent.

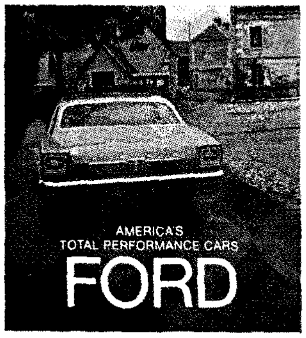
He met the Quiet Man at the gates of Chateau Villarceaux with the most exclusive car made in France today, a handcrafted Citroen Chapron "Majestie." The "springs" of this car are spheres of nitrogen, compressed by oil. The body is all leather-lined, even the roof, and every part is fitted by hand.

It is a very quiet car. But when the Count finished driving the Ford XL he said: "It seems to me most remarkable a factory-made car like this could be more quiet, more *grand luxe* than a car made individually by the craftsmen."

The Quiet Man agreed that it is remarkable . . . but not when you consider the tremendous resources of Ford engineering, the great strength of the body, the refinements like "recessive" front wheels that flex *horizontally* a trifle to take the thump out of bumps.

Count de Villefranche was fascinated by the Ford, particularly by the new Stereo Tape System. He exclaimed: "What wonderful sound . . . it is like the whole orchestra was in the auto!" You will be fascinated too, when you drive an XL like the one Count de Villefranche tested. Try one, soon.

Ford



bankers' map of the world, Piedmont was known as Rothschild country. But Cavour thought the time had come to break the Rothschilds' monopoly financial hold over Piedmont, so he approached the Barings about a loan. They turned down his proposal. Cavour sarcastically wrote to the Marquis d'Azeglio, his ambassador in London, "These gentlemen are hardly prepared to enter into a struggle with the House of Rothschild." However, one of Cavour's friends, the Genoese banker Emilde de la Rue, knew someone who very likely *was* prepared to enter into such a struggle, and Cavour got in touch with Hambro. After studying the situation, Hambro recommended a very modern means of raising capital. He suggested that investors in bonds secured by the Piedmontese railroads should eventually have the option of exchanging their bonds for shares in the railroads. Hambro made it clear that the loan should be used to finance not a political movement but the construction of railroads. Investors wanted profits, not political slogans, he said, and if the circumstances were right, four million pounds might be raised at five per cent.

Cavour, a blunt man himself, liked Hambro's idea, and, through an intermediary named Count Revel, asked him to handle the loan. Hambro was honored but worried. The Danish loan had been one thing. He knew Denmark thoroughly, and the City trusted his knowledge. But he knew nothing at all about Piedmont. Would the City trust him on that strange ground as well? Unless he took a large part of the loan for his own account, he would never be able to convince British investors that he believed in the future of Piedmont. Hambro hesitated, but then Count Revel pointed out that here was a chance to break up the hegemony of the House of Rothschild, and Hambro decided to take four hundred thousand pounds for his own account. He had been in the habit of telling his employees that a successful merchant banker must possess "experience, knowledge, common sense, and calm." Now he was taking a pure gamble. He was speculating with his fortune, his prestige, and his credit, and if the loan went wrong his merchant-banking days might be over.

There were delays. Cavour had trouble in the Piedmontese parliament, where his political opposition objected to the loan. Hambro almost lost heart, and Cavour flew into a terrible rage at him and wanted to break off negotiations. At last, though, Hambro put

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through the Anglo-Sardinians, as he called them, at a price of eighty-five. The initial subscription was only £2,194,000. In Paris, James de Rothschild remarked haughtily, "*L'emprunt était ouvert, mais pas couvert.*" Hambro became convinced that the Rothschilds were out for his neck. Rumors spread in the City that the price of the bonds might be reduced, and in an effort to avert disaster Hambro teamed up with an energetic speculator named Lewis Haslewood, who bought another four hundred thousand pounds' worth of Anglo-Sardinians. Haslewood's brother Edward went to Piedmont to investigate conditions there. He reported that the Sardinian railways had a sound future and that he would recommend them "as an investment for the widow or orphan." In October of 1851, the Anglo-Sardinians were quoted in Berlin and Hamburg, but in Amsterdam and Antwerp, according to Hambro, "Rothschilds kept them off the market." On the London market, the bonds fell to seventy-nine and a half.

In those dark days, Hambro began writing letters of advice to Cavour on the future of Piedmont. Part of a merchant banker's job is to advise his client, but in this case the client happened to be "an insufferably domineering Finance Minister" (in the words of Cavour's own Prime Minister), who could be very testy about unsolicited advice. Cavour must have respected Hambro's concern, however, for he paid attention to the advice. Hambro asked Cavour to impose heavier taxes, and he emphatically rejected Cavour's suggestion that the four hundred thousand pounds' worth of bonds that were still unsold be offered at a discount. Such a step would finish Piedmont's credit in London, he wrote, and "this credit must be as dear to you as your own honor as an individual." By late November of 1851, Anglo-Sardinians had gone up to eighty-two and a half. Cavour had become popular in England. Lord John Russell had coined the slogan "Italy for the Italians," and people favored a united Italy, of which Cavour was obviously the moving spirit. Moreover, he had style and wit, and, in the urbane manner of the great English statesmen, whom he admired, he scorned any temptation to resort to shallow oratory. (He had travelled in England, and often told friends that if he were not a Piedmontese he would like to be an Englishman.) By the end of December, Anglo-Sardinians were selling at eighty-seven, but Hambro still wasn't satisfied. "If people knew you as you deserve, your funds would be quite at a different price," he wrote Cavour. "I am united heart and soul and fortune with Piedmont because I believe that country is destined to be yeast for the regular progress of humanity, and that neither despots nor anarchists can stop it." On Hambro's advice, Cavour reorganized the government bookkeeping system, introduced still heavier direct taxes, and instigated measures to stimulate free trade. Early in 1852, Anglo-Sardinians rose to ninety, and Hambro had the last laugh at James de Rothschild's little witticism.

Hambro and Cavour, who finally met face to face in London long after they had become friends through their correspondence, had only one serious quarrel. In 1854, Cavour, who by then was Prime Minister, wrote asking why Hambro could no longer accept bills of credit for the Piedmontese government without security. The question was addressed personally to Hambro, but through some slipup it was answered by a form letter telling the Prime Minister only that "such guarantees were in fact necessary." For a time, this episode threatened to wreck the friendship, but the two men eventually made it up. In the spring of 1861, a few weeks after the first Italian parliament had declared Victor Emmanuel II King of Italy, Cavour wrote his last letter to Hambro, asking his friend for advice on the consolidation of Italy's debts. He died unexpectedly on June 6, 1861. Italy was well on the way toward unification by then, however, and Cavour had fully appreciated the part that a Danish-born merchant banker in London had played in the realization of his dream. Hambros Bank Ltd. is still fiscal agent in London for the Italian government.

THE City was seized by a number of banking panics in the second half of the nineteenth century. During the crises of 1857, 1867, and 1890, many private banks failed and others were absorbed by larger houses, but C. J. Hambro & Son, as the bank came to be known, survived and prospered. Carl Joachim Hambro had three sons, of whom only Everard chose to become a City banker. He studied at Eton and Cambridge, joined the bank in 1864, and upon his father's death, in 1877, inherited more than half a million pounds and became the sole owner of the bank. A commanding

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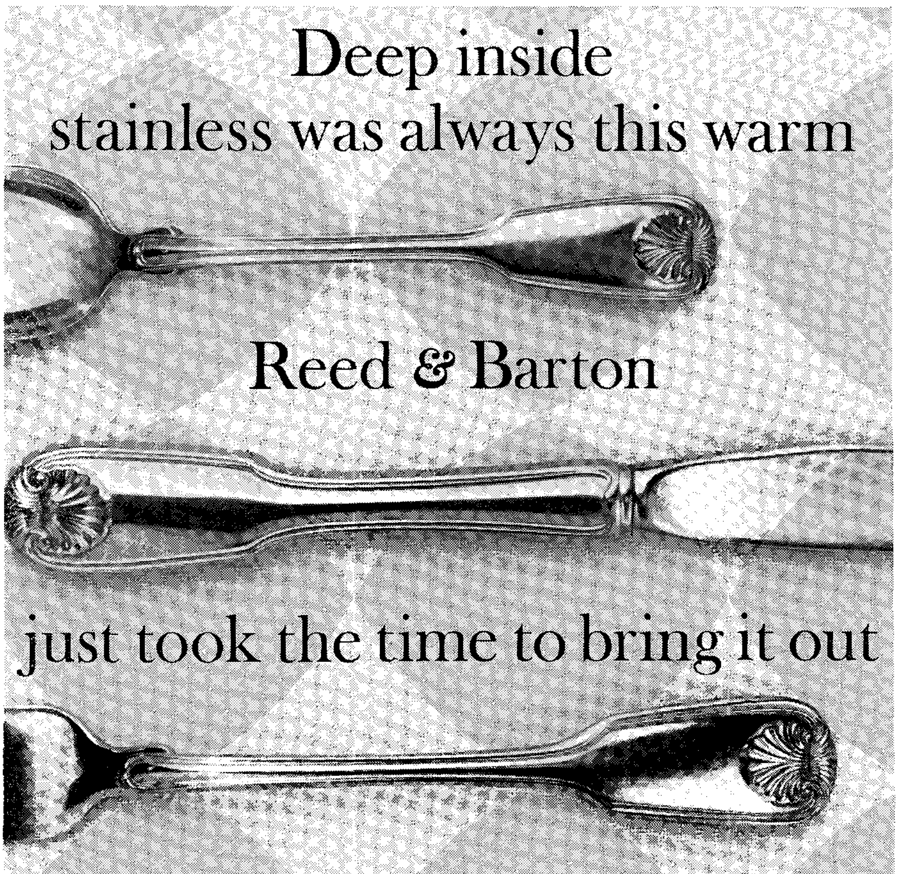
figure who stood six feet five inches tall and reminded people of an ancient Viking, he practiced banking in accordance with Bagehot's definition of it as a "watchful, but not laborious trade." The famous caricaturist who signed himself Lib made a drawing of Everard Hambro in 1888 that showed him with Lord Revelstoke of Barings and the first Lord Rothschild—evidence that the Hambros had arrived in the innermost circle of those who have been called "Princes of the City." Everard Hambro was a close friend of J. Pierpont Morgan and in general, according to a contemporary chronicler, "a keen observer of the stars in the monetary firmament." Much of the time, he lived in a beautiful villa in Biarritz, where he became a friend of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, with whom he played cards. Every day, he received a report from his London bank in copperplate script. It took several days to get there, and his decisions on questions raised in the report reached London at least a week after it was sent out, but there was usually no hurry.

Everard Hambro presided over the bank's activities during the great era of foreign loans, which had been considered somewhat dubious transactions in the first half of the nineteenth century—and with reason, since many governments defaulted then. But now a bank invariably derived both profit and prestige from arranging such a loan, and governments preferred to deal with the merchant bankers of London, who, being free of any political pressure, could operate in complete independence. Both cities and nations applied to London for money to finance their utilities and communications. The Hambro bank arranged loans for the cities of Rome, Copenhagen, and Gothenburg, plus two sizable loans for the Danish government. In this period, many nations were adopting the gold standard, and in doing so they often turned to the merchant bankers for help. In 1881, Hambros and Barings raised, without so much as disturbing the London gold market, fourteen million pounds for Italy and shipped most of it out in gold. These shipments formed the nucleus of a gold reserve for Italy's currency, following a procedure that Carl Joachim Hambro had suggested to Cavour twenty-six years earlier. In 1888 and 1890, Hambros and Barings issued substantial Russian loans, and a few years later, by arranging a three-per-cent gold loan of £19,775,000, they helped to put Russian currency on the gold standard. Ever-



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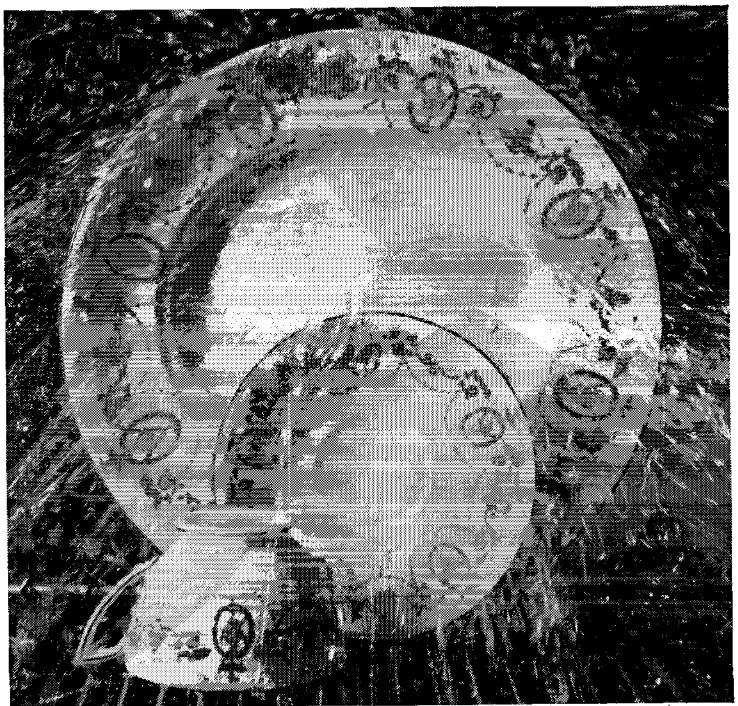

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ard Hambro served as a director of the Bank of England, and in 1908 he was knighted.

Important clients have always liked to "talk to a Hambro," and they have usually been able to do it. Until the time of the First World War, in fact, the Hambro bank was always run by one or two members of the family, the senior partners, who might consult the managers of various departments but made all executive decisions themselves. But then the pattern of policymaking began to change. The golden era of merchant banking may be said to have begun in 1815, after the Congress of Vienna, and to have ended ninety-nine years later, at Sarajevo. And by the nineteen-twenties, the City of London had lost much of its power to Wall Street, which was the new center of credit. The pound, being under pressure, was no longer a freely convertible currency; severe monetary restrictions went into effect, and the foreign-loan business dwindled to almost nothing. Moreover, tax laws were making old-fashioned partnerships too costly. Today, of the City's sixteen fully accredited merchant banks, only N. M. Rothschild & Sons is still run as a private company. Thus, the firm is not obliged to publish statements and can keep everybody guessing about the wealth of the Rothschilds. Yet even the Rothschilds have broken with tradition sufficiently to take non-Rothschilds into the bank as partners. In 1922, C. J. Hambro & Son amalgamated with the British Bank of Northern Commerce, and the combined firms have since been known as Hambros Bank Ltd., but the family is still in effective control.

In 1926, to secure larger quarters, the bank moved from Old Broad Street to 41 Bishopsgate, a dignified building with a late-seventeenth-century brick façade. The original Broad Street interiors were carefully reproduced in the new building, to avoid any visible break between past and present and to preserve the careful balance between tradition and progress. The transition from one generation to another was also effected smoothly as Sir Everard gradually turned the business over to his son Olaf. Old hands in the bank reminisce about Olaf Hambro with awe and nostalgia. "Mr. Olaf, he was very strict, knew what he wanted," Constable told me one day. "There was something of the great man in him." Born in 1885, Olaf Hambro was educated at Eton and Cambridge, like his father before him, and served in the Coldstream Guards during the First World War. Becoming chairman in 1933, he

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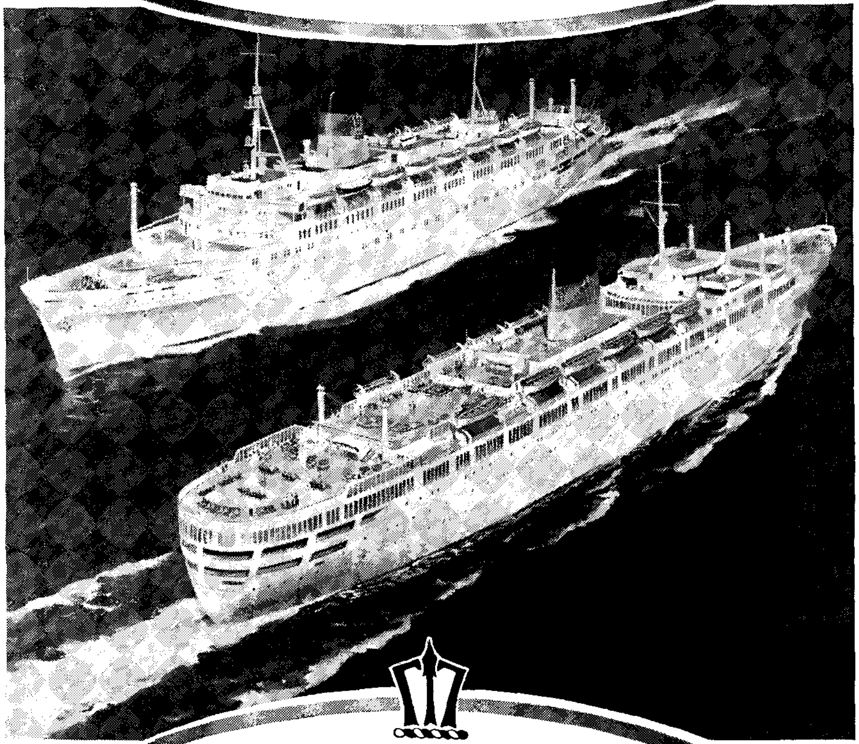

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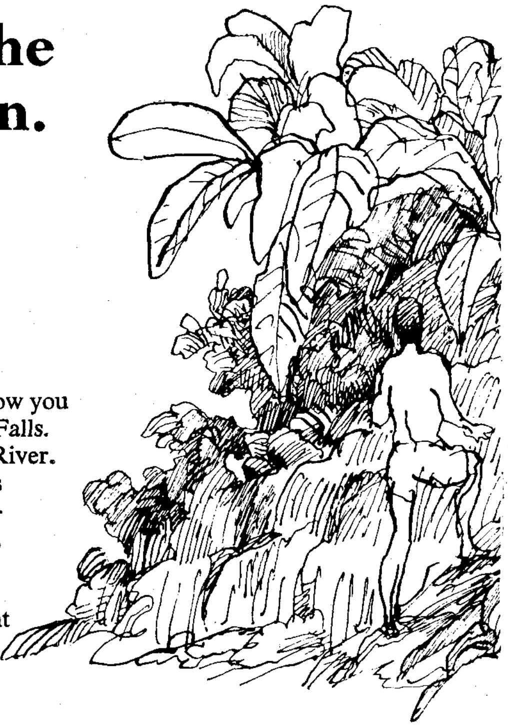

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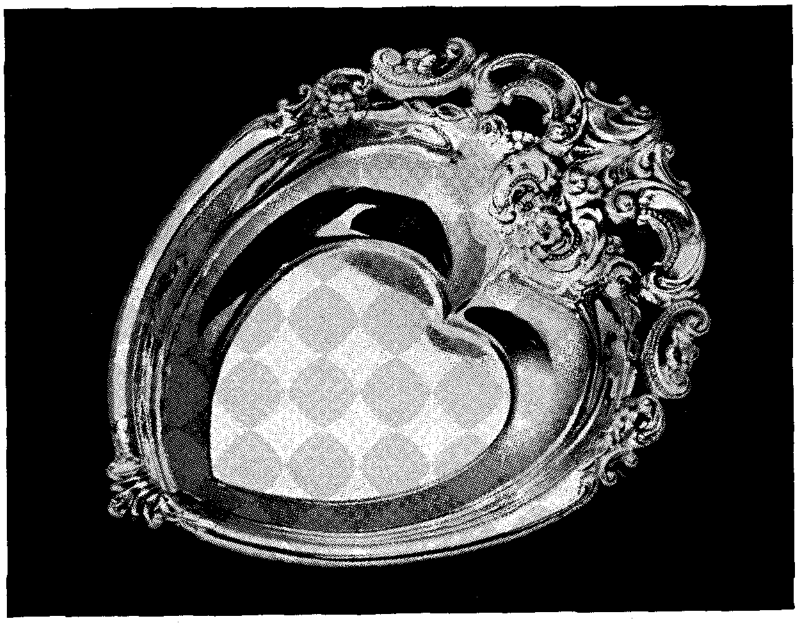

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led the bank through three critical decades, and is remembered throughout the City as one of the last of the merchant bankers in the classical tradition—proud and authoritarian, yet deeply aware of his responsibilities as well as his prerogatives. During the Second World War, when the pound sterling was under frequent attack from speculators in Switzerland, Olaf Hambro would take to the long-distance phone and launch private counterattacks against the Swiss. "The Swiss know nothing about banking!" he would bark from his desk at any young clerk who happened to be nearby. Their greatest error, he held, was to judge every transaction on the basis of short-term gains.

Olaf Hambro died in 1962 and was succeeded by a nephew, Sir Charles Hambro, a governor of the Bank of England, who had left the family banking business during the Second World War to serve as chief of the Special Operations Executive, Britain's counterpart of the American Office of Strategic Services. The head of the O.S.S., General Wild Bill Donovan, became one of his closest friends, and that friendship helped to earn Sir Charles a reputation in the City as an Americanophile. He served as chairman for less than a year, and when he died, in 1963, he was succeeded by one of his cousins, John Henry Hambro, a veteran of another British cloak-and-dagger wartime enterprise, which attempted to harass the German economy by dumping certain goods and buying others pre-emptively in countries occupied by the Nazis. Until his death, at the end of 1965, John Henry Hambro, who was generally referred to as Mr. Jack, continued Sir Charles' policy of expanding the bank's activities in the American money market. The present chairman, Jocelyn Hambro, is Olaf's son, and the deputy chairman is a son of Sir Charles and is frequently spoken of as Young Charlie.

Jocelyn Hambro, a tall, slim, relaxed-looking man in his forties, calls the system of succession "enlightened nepotism," and it is clear that the humor with which he treats many customs of the City is based on a good deal of self-assurance. He was educated, like his father and grandfather before him, at Eton and at Cambridge, and he also served in the Coldstream Guards. (During the Second World War, he attained the rank of major, lost a leg in Normandy, and was awarded the Military Cross.) He is a member of the Jockey Club, and as a hobby he runs, at

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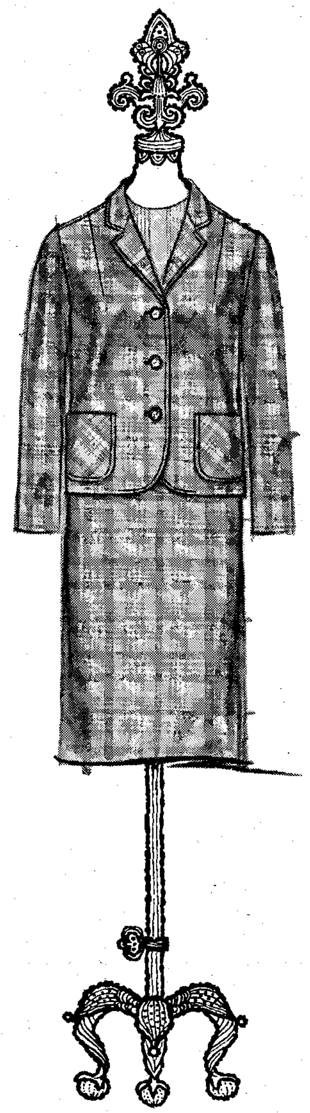

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his country home in Essex, a first-class dairy farm, whose products he markets profitably in London.

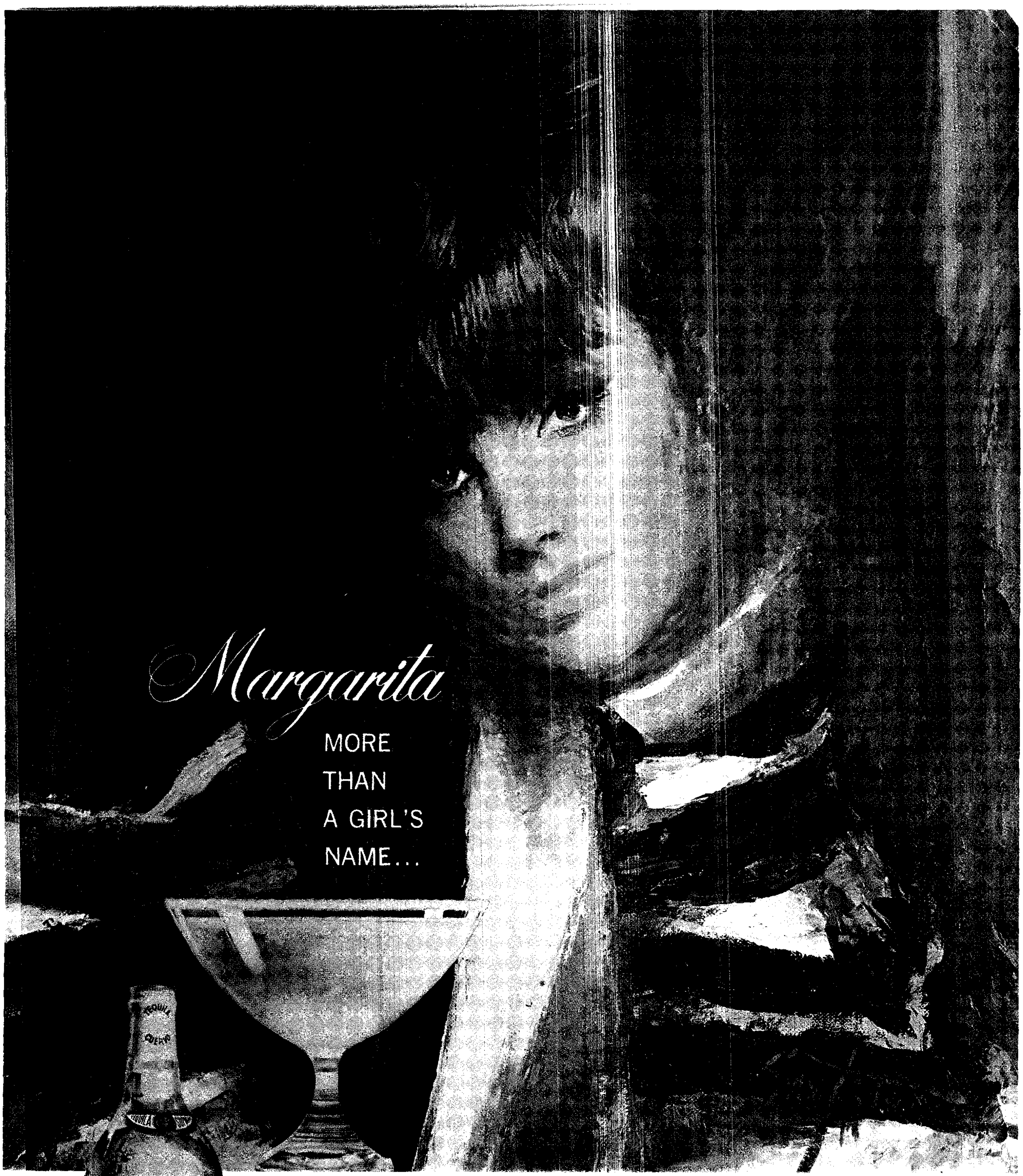
Of the five non-Hambro managing directors now on the board, one, a former East India merchant with experience "on the other side of the desk" as a borrower, is related to the family by marriage, two others were formerly partners in firms of solicitors, and two joined the bank as bright young men and worked their way up. (One of these last is the Norwegian shipping expert, Otto Norland.) "Our young men are carefully trained and observed before they are given authority," Jocelyn Hambro told me. "Some people cannot carry the burden of responsibility, and drop out. Others worry so much that they have to give up. They will be able clerks but won't rise to the top. The few who stand up in the line of fire are worth their weight in bullion."

The managing directors do most of their work on the bank's second floor in what is called the partners' room, a large chamber with crystal chandeliers, an elegant fireplace, and dignified portraits of ancestors in gilt frames. There are seven desks, one behind the other. Some executives might find it hard to work in a room with six other men (and in some merchant banks each director has his own office), but at Hambros the theory is that a man is apt to make more mistakes if he is working alone than if he is constantly in the presence of his partners. The atmosphere is informal and yet efficient. There are few papers, no filing cabinets, no rate books. "We carry most of the information we need in our heads," Jocelyn Hambro explained. Risks are assessed, opinions exchanged, and agreements reached in quiet conversation, not after long speeches in committee meetings. There is no chain of command, and nothing is cleared through channels. "If I want to talk to one of my partners, I don't have my secretary call up his secretary before we talk on the telephone," one of the non-Hambro directors told me. "He's sitting right there in front of me or behind me, and I can just swing around if I need to discuss one of our loans with him."

THE granting of credit is by no means the only activity Hambros engages in these days. The late Lord Brand, who was on the board of directors at Lazards, once said, "The joint-stock banks live on their deposits, we merchant bankers on our wits." For many financial services, the merchant banks cannot match England's so-called big five joint-stock, or commercial, banks—Barclays, Midland, Lloyds, Westminster, and National Provincial—which have immense sums at their disposal and operate through thousands of branches. A merchant bank's most important assets are of a kind that doesn't show up on a balance sheet—the experience of its experts, and its contacts throughout the world. The merchant banks are still wealthy, but some of their clients are much wealthier, and would not be attracted by money alone. According to S. G. Warburg, a relative newcomer to the City, who has risen swiftly in the postwar era to become one of the world's foremost merchant bankers, "We're becoming less important as providers of money but more important as consultants."

Another merchant banker confidentially has described his activities as a consultant this way: "Imagine two partners in a business are not on speaking terms, but their friends still talk to each other. We are the friends. You'd be surprised how many big companies are badly managed. And many others simply cannot cope with tricky financial problems the way we can. Our job is partly a matter of applied psychology, since prominent industrialists don't particularly like being told there's something they don't know. We've been compared to lawyers in America, the main difference being that we don't feel bound to act on the instructions of a client who's paying us a retainer. We often make the decisions for him." (The omnipresence of lawyers in American business was on my informant's mind just then, for he had recently returned from a trip to New York. "Why, no one would talk to me without first consulting his lawyer," he reported in a tone of amazement. "We don't talk to a lawyer every time we promise to do something here, you know. Lawyers like to complicate matters. We like to simplify them.")

Some people come to Hambros just for advice and others come just for money, but most want both. Not long ago, a cheese manufacturer asked the bank to arrange financing that would enable him to buy out a competitor. After investigating the situation, Hambros suggested—such is the world of business—that instead of buying out the competitor the client should expand his own business sufficiently to run the other company into the ground. Hambros then arranged the financing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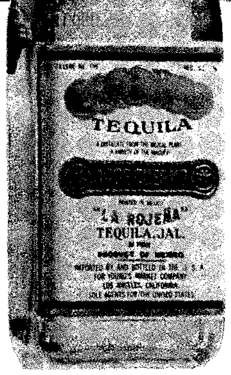

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Artists have been known to do strange things. But nowhere in the annals of art has an artist been known to do what the moody, energetic Gustav Vigeland did on May 1, 1921.

On that date, sculptor Gustav Vigeland sat down and signed away his rights to all future work his genius would produce.

He made the agreement with the city of Oslo. In turn, the city made it possible for Vigeland to devote all his energies to his art. They gave him a studio, provided him with materials, assistants and workmen.

Vigeland worked furiously. His ambition was to depict the full cycle of human life and all the love, hate, pathos, joy and agony that accompany it.

Over the years, the city ran out of funds a number of times but private fund-raising drives brought in millions to keep the project alive.

Did Vigeland attain his goal? Statistically, yes. Represented here are a few of the 1600 sculptures he finished before his death in 1943. They now cover over 108 acres of Frogner Park.

Artistic success? That controversy still rages. Some see nothing but a grotesque mass of writhing muscle. Others see a work so significant in scope that they compare it to Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel.

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bring an open mind.

who views Vigeland's work walks away from it unaffected.

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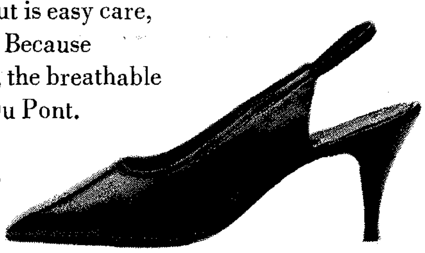

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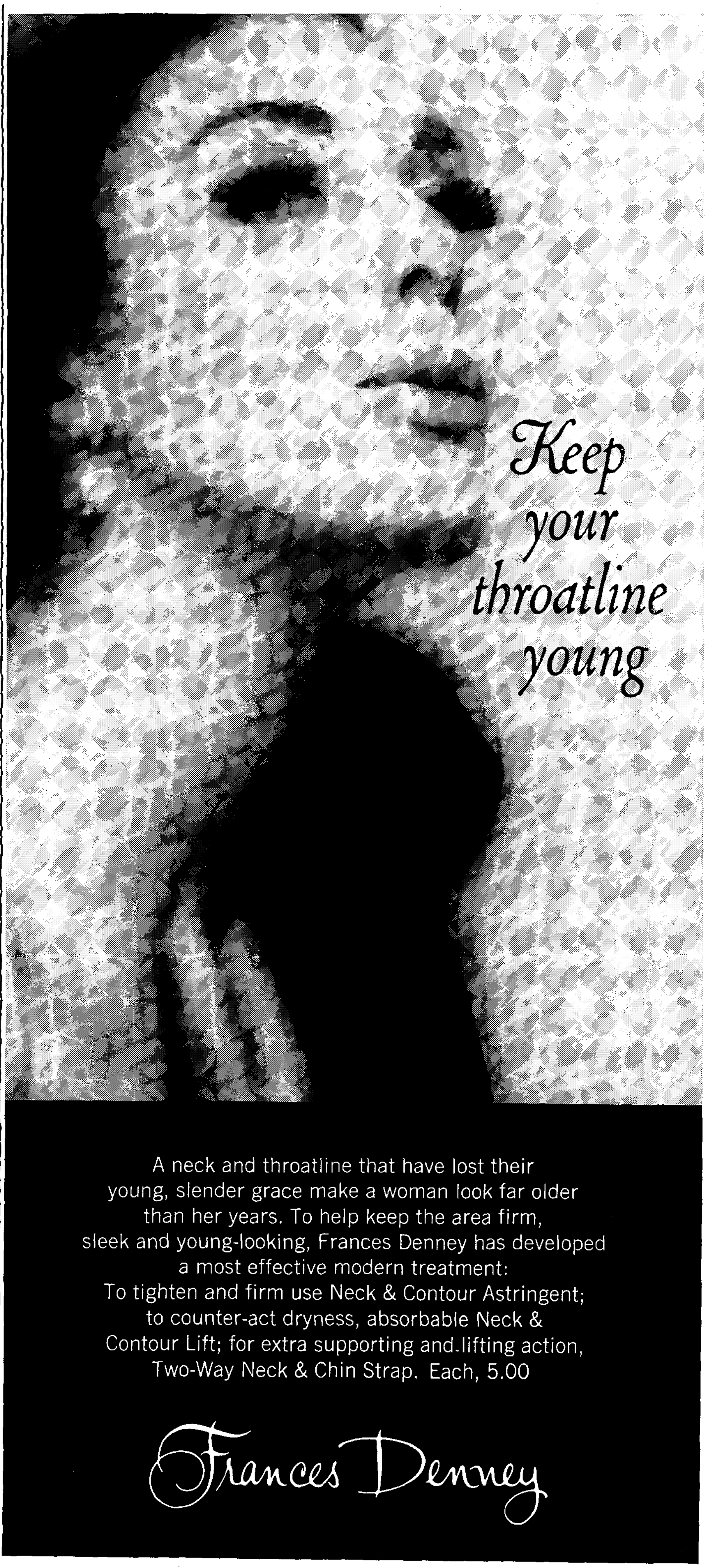
*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric for an expansion rather than a takeover. When Hambros backs a venture like plant expansion, it may invest some of its own money to acquire a minority interest in a company, but it never takes full control. The bankers believe in leaving management to the managers.

A takeover bid, unlike a peaceful expansion or merger, is likely to degenerate into a pitched battle, and in the last two decades Hambros has been involved in some sensational takeovers. During what has been called the Great Aluminium War, which turned the entire City into a battlefield in 1958 and 1959, the two old houses of Hambros and Lazards found themselves pitted against Warburg, the newcomer, in an attempt to defend the British Aluminium Company against a takeover bid from the Reynolds Metals Company, of Virginia. The insurgent forces won, whereupon the Hambros directors, reacting with characteristic flexibility, engaged an American public-relations firm to help them avoid repeating any of the mistakes they had made in the heat of battle.

Although merchant bankers delight in appearing to be mere dilettantes amidst the complexities of high finance and to reach decisions by playing their hunches, Hambros employs, and relies on, experts in production, marketing, management, credit, financing, accounting, commodities, bullion, and foreign exchange, to say nothing of a network of five hundred correspondents around the world. And the bank will turn down business when the experts do not feel that they are adequately informed about it. "If somebody comes in with a promising scheme for Nigeria, we tell him to go elsewhere," Jocelyn Hambro explained. "We simply don't know enough about the place."

This is not to say that the spirit of adventure has gone out of merchant banking entirely. Perhaps the greatest risk in the bank's recent history was that taken shortly after the Second World War when the managing directors decided to plunge into darkest America. Britain was so nearly broke at the time that Lord Keynes was speaking gloomily of the country's "economic Dunkirk," and the newspapers were exhorting the City to stave off national disaster. The governor of the Bank of England, who is a sort of headmaster in the eyes of the City, asked the leaders of the financial community to see what they could do about earning some dollars for Britain. All sorts of schemes were discussed in the partners' room of Hambros under the stern glances of the portraits on the



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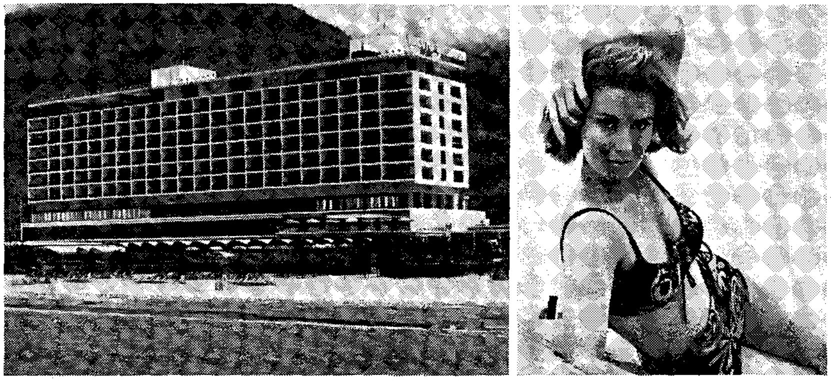

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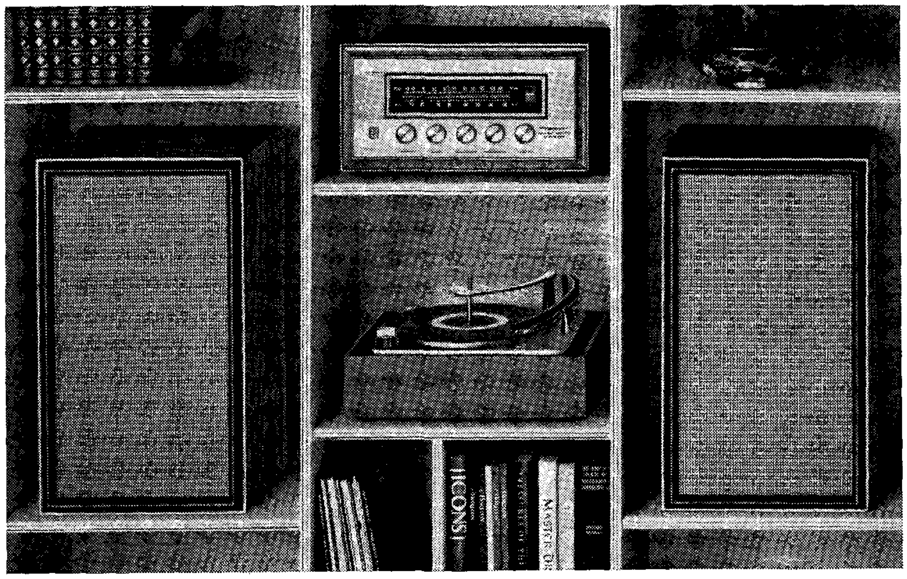

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mahogany-panelled walls. The trouble was that Hambros, unlike Barings, had never been particularly at home in the United States, so the partners had no special knowledge of business methods there. But they had reached the conclusion that they ought to set about acquiring that special knowledge, for their own good as well as the country's, when Owen Slater, a British businessman with some connections in America, brought to Hambros the idea of sending British goods to the States through the Gulf ports, from which, he argued, they would have direct access to a rich and wide-open Western market. Neither Slater nor the experts at Hambros could predict what goods would do well there, but Slater's plan seemed to take hold of everybody's imagination in the partners' room, and the chairman at that time, the formidable Mr. Olaf, gave the assignment of going out and establishing a Hambros beachhead in America to his twenty-eight-year-old son Jocelyn.

In 1947, the Hambro Trading Company of America, Inc., was set up in Louisiana and began importing two British products, which had been deliberately chosen for their dissimilarity—motorcycles, a "revolutionary" product, and pottery, a "traditional" one. The pottery sold moderately well, but the main hope was that the younger generation of Americans, being momentarily unable to buy jalopies as a means of transportation and self-expression, would buy British motorcycles instead. More than fifty thousand motorcycles were sold, but when Detroit began to catch up with the postwar demand for automobiles and the second-hand-car market came to life again, the American younger generation reverted joyfully to the jalopy. (Hambros had been premature. By the time the motorcycle boom did hit the United States, in the sixties, the Hambro Trading Company was no longer in business.)

After a trip to the United States in 1948, Jocelyn Hambro decided that Americans were ready for small British cars—specifically, M.G. sports cars, made by the British Motor Corporation—and he proposed the plan to Nuffield Exports Ltd., which handled all exports for B.M.C. In former times, a Hambro would never have gone after a customer but would have waited for the customer to come to him. However, it has always been a tradition in the Hambro family to dispense with tradition when it gets in the way of the bank's business. Before long, Jocelyn Hambro arrived in Dallas, Texas, with

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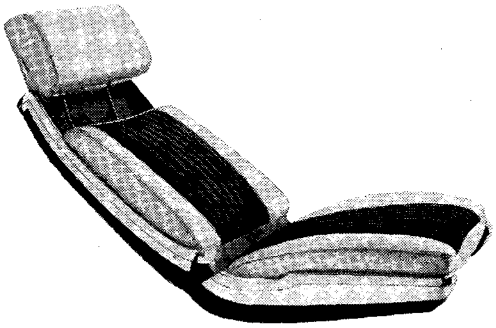

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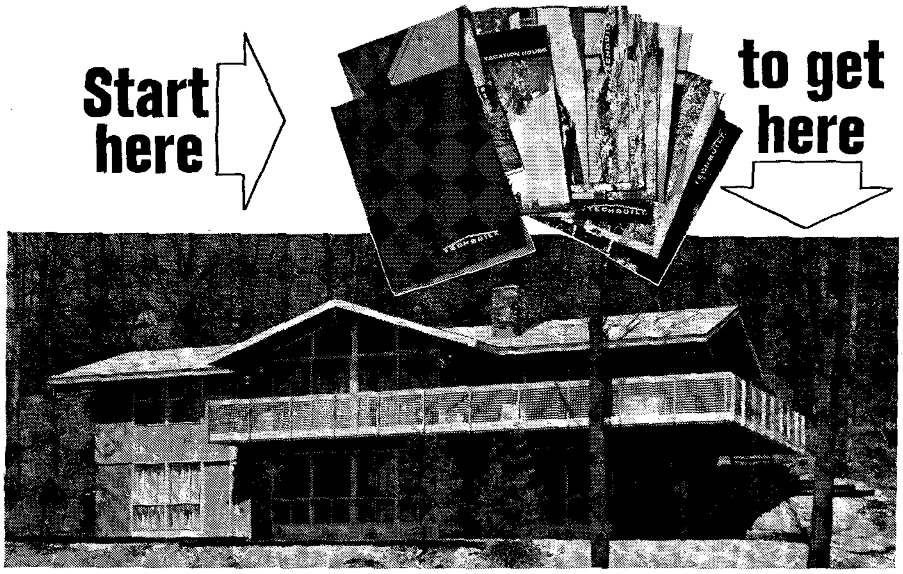

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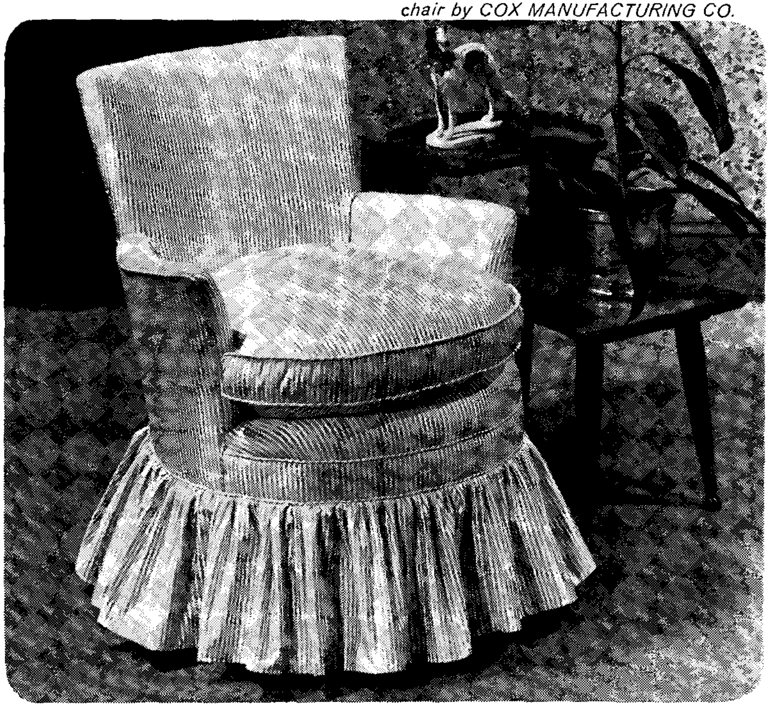

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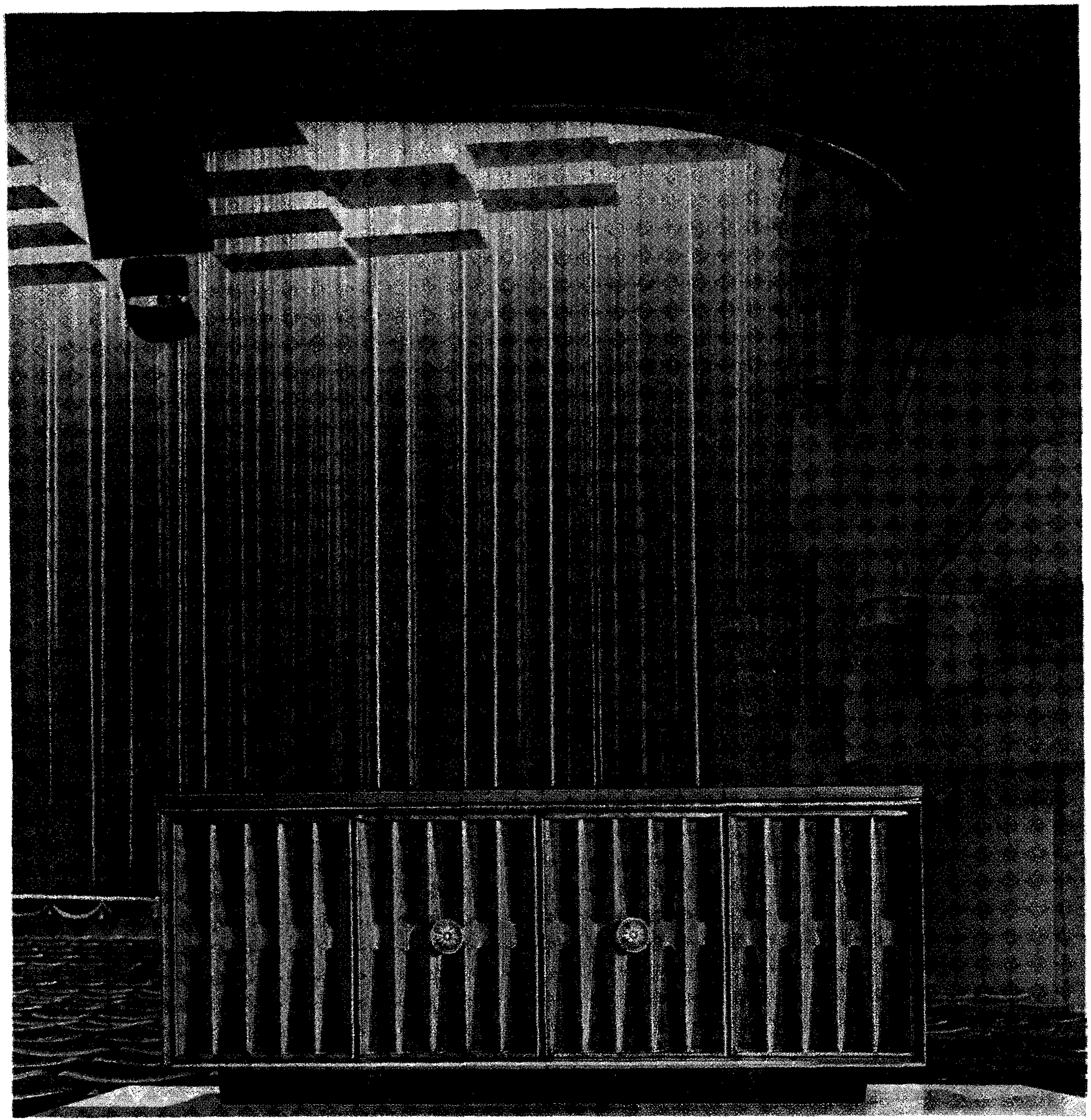
six M.G. sports cars. The six were quickly sold, more M.G.s followed, and it seemed that the time was ripe to start building up a chain of agents. American automobile dealers were not allowed under the terms of their franchises to sell British cars, so it was necessary, by and large, to find and train as M.G. agents men who had never sold cars before. (The Dallas distributor, for instance, was in the beer business.) Texas was a long way from Bishopsgate, and it sometimes seemed that no one west of Wall Street had ever heard of Hambros Bank Ltd., but Jocelyn Hambro travelled diligently around the country, making inquiries at local banks and persuading a miscellaneous group that ranged from jukebox distributors to refrigerator salesmen to become agents for what one Midwestern skeptic described as "a malted-milk machine on wheels." At first, nearly everything went wrong. One agent went bankrupt. Another sold quite a few cars but hung on to the money he got for them. And there were endless complications with lawyers and accountants, customers and customs agents.

At about this time, the bank's efforts to earn dollars suffered a setback as a result of another venture—the Hambro House of Design, in New York. In 1950, with much enthusiasm and the best of intentions, it had been opened, on East Fifty-fourth Street, by the Hambro Trading Company to sell British and Scandinavian goods—Swedish glass, Danish silver, Irish linen, and English furniture and foodstuffs. Again a lot of things went wrong. Goods arrived late, glass was broken, specifications were wrong, some of the furniture was badly designed, and the quality of the imports was often below American standards for a shop catering to the luxury trade. The foodstuffs caused more trouble than anything else. Thousands of pots of fine English honey had been stored in a Chicago warehouse; when the weather got hot, fermentation set in, and the pots exploded. Some Scottish kippers, which Americans just wouldn't buy, had to be hurriedly dumped in the North River. In 1956, Hambros' directors cut their losses and closed the House of Design, having been all but persuaded that modern merchant bankers should stick to banking.

But then the small-car business suddenly boomed. In addition to selling M.G.s, the Hambro Trading Company had taken over the Austin showroom on West Sixty-seventh Street, had set up Austin depots in the Bronx and San



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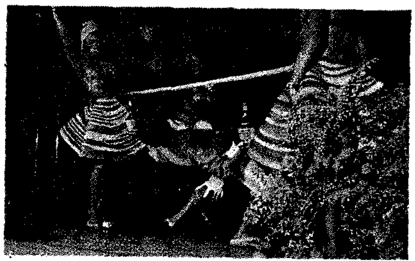

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Francisco, and was selling Austins all over the United States. By 1962, when Hambros sold half of its interest in the automobile-export business, its men had sold forty million pounds' worth of Austin cars and seventy-five million pounds' worth of M.G.s. After a rather slow start, they had earned a great many dollars for the Bank of England, to say nothing of a handsome profit for themselves, while operating under difficult conditions in a country about which they had known little. So they were able to conclude that perhaps they were, after all, merchants as well as bankers.

In a somewhat more conventional merchant-banking operation, Hambros further extended its activities in the United States by helping to build the financial foundation on which the Pan Am Building in Manhattan, the world's biggest office building, was erected. Many entrepreneurs had dreamed of putting up a tall building on top of Grand Central Terminal, but the cost of the project had held them back. Then, in the late nineteen-fifties, two men who had been very successful in real estate—Erwin Wolfson, in New York, and Jack Cotton, in London—agreed on a general strategy for such a building which involved the delicate coördination of three separate factors: the consent of the railroads that owned the site, a long-term mortgage, and a lease from a principal tenant for the building. First, Cotton had to provide twenty-five million dollars as "starting money." He could raise five million dollars by issuing common stock, but he needed twenty million more—money that would have to be subordinate in security to the mortgage. Who would take the risk? The twenty million dollars became the key to the whole project. Cotton carried his problem to the Helbert Wagg merchant bank in London, and Wagg talked to Hambros. The two merchant banks decided to take the chance and issue a letter of credit to Cotton. Without substantial security, Cotton might never have been able to borrow twenty million dollars in New York; with Wagg and Hambros standing behind him, it was easy. Pan American then agreed to take twenty-five per cent of the space in the building that would bear its name, and, with the lease in his pocket, Wolfson was able to get a first mortgage of sixty-six million dollars, to which he added a smaller second mortgage before construction began.

Beginning to feel quite thoroughly at home in the United States, Hambros spent five million dollars in 1961 to acquire an interest in Laidlaw & Co.,

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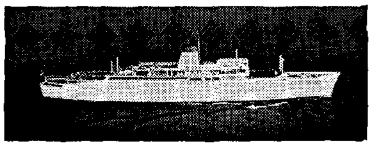

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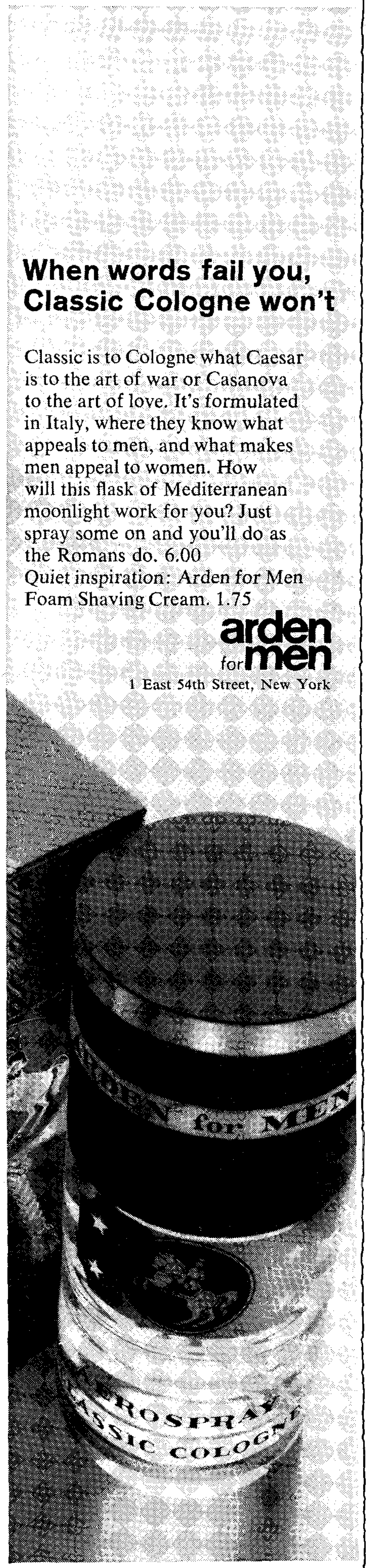

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a private bank that holds a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, and in 1964 Hambros set up a new British investment company called Securities of America Ltd. When I remarked that Hambros now has much more than a beachhead in America, Jocelyn Hambro merely said, "Yes, it's worked out quite well." But in the City of London most people now recognize the United States as Hambros country.

Of Hambros' six hundred employees, about thirty are empowered to make decisions that are binding on the bank. A good many of the decision-makers meet every morning at eleven to share information on what each has been doing and to agree on what shall be done about any major undertakings that are pending. The meeting, which lasts from twenty minutes to an hour, takes place in the boardroom, just a few steps from the partners' room, on the second floor. Everybody sits at a large rectangular table, the managing directors with their backs to the windows, and department managers and specialists—*they are known as* "senior persons" at Hambros—opposite them, facing the light. (Some years ago, one of the directors of Hambros, sensing an atmosphere of distrust as he accompanied a client into the boardroom of a large firm, is said to have asked, "Would you like me to sit facing the light?") A slightly musty smell hangs in the air of the boardroom. There are deep carpets, red damask chairs, old mirrors, and a grandfather clock; the baronial coat of arms of the House of Hambro hangs over the fireplace. Yet around the rectangular table in this room more money has been risked than in the *cercle privé* of any gambling casino.

I was escorted to one of the eleven-o'clock meetings by Otto Norland. "When I first began to attend these gatherings, I was bewildered," he told me. "I heard clipped sentences, brief allusions, mere hints. I had no idea what everybody was talking about. Then gradually I got the feel of the meeting, and now I understand the code. People come in with blocks of business—the raw material, so to speak. By the end of the meeting, the blocks have been shaped into deals, loans, expansion plans, mergers, new stock issues. It's fascinating. You begin to understand why the Hambros always say that merchant banking is not a science but an art."

In the boardroom that morning, where nearly everybody was got up rather strictly in the City uniform of white shirt and dark suit with waistcoat, Jocelyn Hambro was wearing a light-blue shirt and a blue pinstripe suit without waistcoat. As he guided the discussion, he spoke in a soft, halting, remote-sounding voice; quite obviously, he was confident that the men assembled there would need only a word or two to catch his drift. A few matters had already been decided in the partners' room, and as Jocelyn Hambro reported on them the senior persons nodded, clearly making mental notes. There were very few papers on the table. Jocelyn Hambro did have some documents in front of him, but he rarely looked at them, and used his pencil only for doodling. The bank secretary, a tall man who sat at the extreme right of the partners, made brief notes as the meeting went on. One man after another, clockwise around the table, described what had been happening in his department and told of any problems that had arisen in the past twenty-four hours. The discussion was often interrupted by jokes, totally obscure to me, that made everybody laugh. Jocelyn Hambro once told me that the eleven-o'clock meetings he had attended between the wars were quite different. "Most of the people around the table were old and solemn," he said. "They gave you the impression that they were holding the weight of the world in their hands." Now about half the people around the table were in their thirties, and no one looked solemn.

Norland read two sentences of a letter from Norway—an application to renew a credit. He stated the facts in precise bankers' language, not wasting a word, as though he were sending off a cable. Jocelyn Hambro, doodling, asked a couple of technical questions. The foreign-exchange manager, a bald-headed man with what I recognized as a Swiss-German accent, answered the questions. The chairman nodded almost imperceptibly, and that was that. Hambros Bank had just committed itself to a guarantee of three hundred thousand pounds. Norland gave me an amused glance.

After another man had made a suggestion, there was a sudden silence. No one said anything, and I noticed that Jocelyn Hambro and the other directors looked slightly bored, like the figures in that picture of "Lunch at 41,

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Bishopsgate." The bank secretary, I learned later, recorded a negative decision, though the word "No" had not been spoken.

A complicated financing deal that involved the export of tobacco from the Philippines to the Soviet Union was discussed. Some figures were mentioned that caused eyebrows to be raised around the table. Jocelyn Hambro again asked a few concise questions as he doodled, and then he said in an offhand manner, "Let's do that." The other directors nodded, and it was settled.

One of the young managers inadvertently provided some excitement when he brought up what sounded to me like a routine matter. A shipowner wanted to refinance a loan of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds for some ships that would be chartered to a large oil firm for three years. "I had the feeling that it was quite all right," said the manager.

"That's what *you* thought," said Jocelyn Hambro, and everybody laughed heartily. The foreign-exchange manager spoke up, in a gloomy voice, to explain some complicated currency-exchange rules that would oblige the Bank of England to forbid the loan. No one glanced at the unhappy manager who had left out the Bank of England.

Then there was some technical talk about "a little over a million dollars for six equal half-year installments" and about the possiblity that part of the sum could be "laid off." Jocelyn Hambro said, "Suppose we do two-thirds at five and a half and the other fellows take two installments to be paid at five and three-quarters?" I was left to guess who the other fellows were. The foreign-exchange manager suggested that three years was too long but that the bank might do it for two. There was a pause. Finally, the chairman said, "Then we'll do the lot for the first two years and see how it develops." He glanced around the table as if he were counting an invisible show of hands. The secretary made a note. Hambros was committed.

There were a number of other matters. A client's firm would be floated as a public company. Hambros joined in the underwriting of two big bond issues. A project developed by some unnamed people who, according to Jocelyn Hambro, had been "well on their way with it but couldn't get their teeth into it" was dropped, at a loss to the bank. Hambros' share of a large syndicate credit was granted to an oil company. One of the directors described

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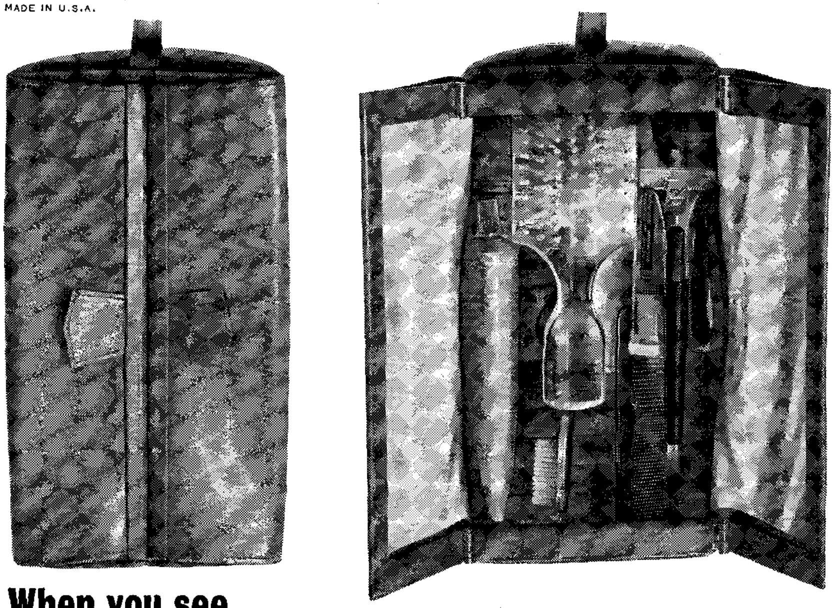

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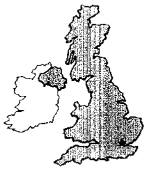

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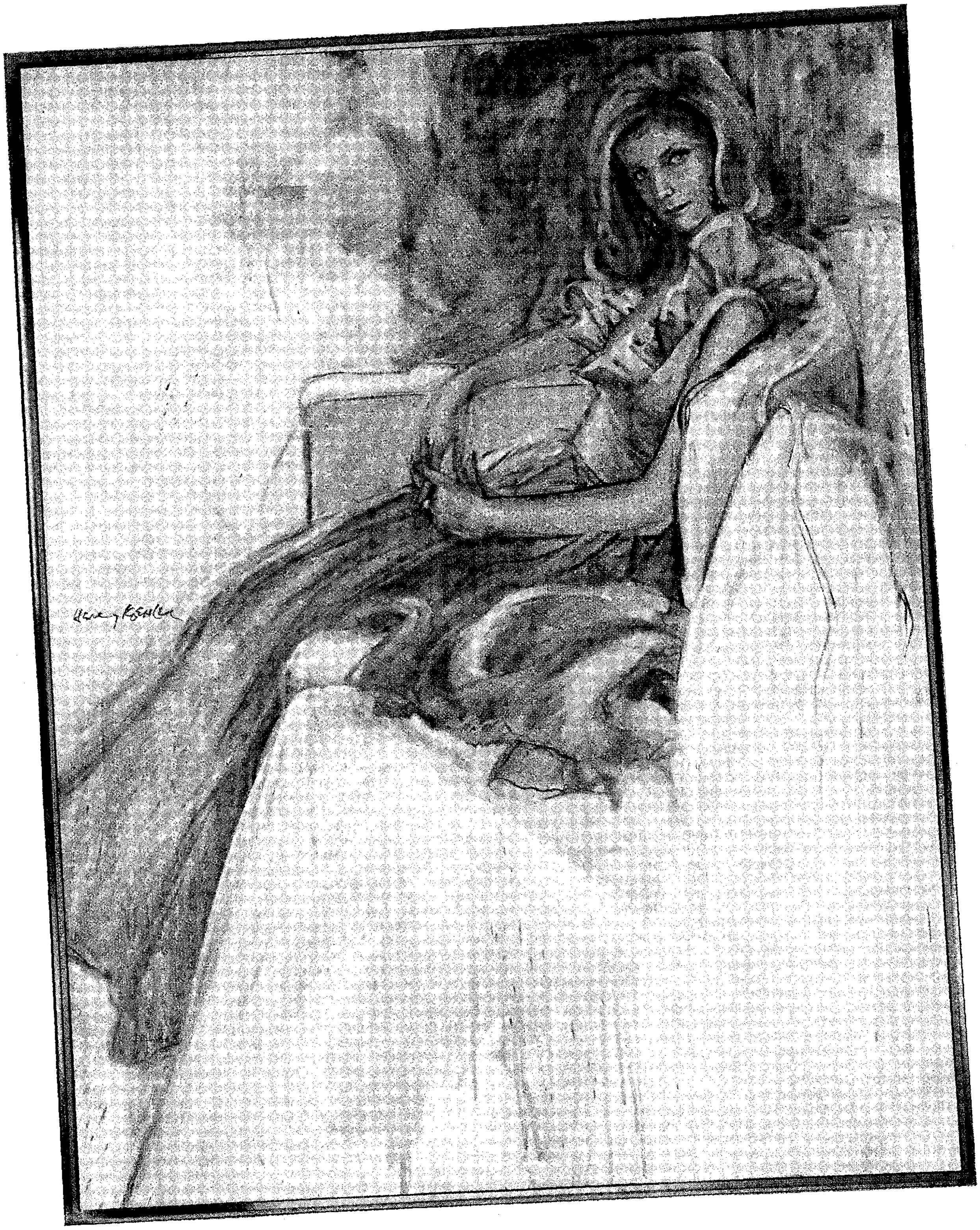

She's the most feminine sort of creature. Knits and needlepoints marvelous things. Wouldn't dream of letting her husband go off on his Canadian fishing trips without her. And evenings, indulges herself in such soufflés as this of Stoffel voile. Her gown, hers alone. Her fabric, to be found in collection clothes at America's finest stores. Galey and Lord. A Division of Burlington Industries.

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some difficulties that had come up in what I gathered was a secret take-over bid, and everybody looked grave. Then Jocelyn Hambro picked up the documents before him in both hands, glanced once more around the table, and rose. The meeting had lasted less than half an hour, and Norland told me that he was now completely informed about what was going on in all departments of the bank.

"Sorry it wasn't more interesting," Jocelyn Hambro said to me as everybody walked out of the boardroom. I asked him how much credit the bank had extended so far that morning, and he said, "Oh, something like two million pounds." When I remarked that the responsibility must be quite worrying, he shrugged. "In this business, one can't avoid being wrong once in a while," he said. "The great thing is not to be wrong too often."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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ST. PAUL—The interchange of I-35 and TH 14 will be open to traffic today, reports the Minnesota Highway Department.

Congestion from Owatonna on THs 14 and 65 attempting to join I-35 northbound, and TH 14 westbound is expected to be reduced considerably from the interchange.

Previously, traffic was forced to utilize the east frontage road from THs 14 and 65 to gain access to I-35 and vehicles continuing west on TH 14 were rerouted and delayed.

Now, traffic on TH 14 will pass west unimpeded toward Waseca and Mankato and vehicles desiring to proceed north on I-35 from THs 65 and 14 can do so by making a left hand turn off TH 14 and onto a ramp to northbound I-35.

In addition, southbound traffic on I-35 will have easy access to both west and eastbound TH 14 or southbound TH 65 by means of a right hand loop with a left hand turn at TH 14 westbound and a continuation of the right hand turn for eastbound TH 14 and southbound TH 65 through Owatonna.—*Albert Lea (Minn.) Tribune.*

We're going to follow the car ahead of us.

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[*From the Washington Star*]

More efficient postal service and greater utilization of the talents of postal workers are the twin goals set by Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien.

He says he will devote most of his time to his postal duties, sparing only what little time is left over to help President Johnson on legislative battles and other political assignments.

But O'Brien made it clear he considers his PMG job as his most important duty.

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THE THEATRE

CAPER

THE theatrical credentials of the creators of "Sweet Charity," at the Palace, are impressive. Bob Fosse, who conceived the show (basing his ideas upon a screenplay by Federico Fellini, Tullio Pinelli, and Ennio Flaiano), has, as a director, a dancer, and a choreographer, made all sorts of happy contributions to the musical-comedy stage in the last decade, and those who have collaborated with him in burnishing "Sweet Charity" for Broadway—Cy Coleman, the composer; Dorothy Fields, the lyricist; and Neil Simon, the book man—are equally noteworthy. With so many capable hands helping out, we might expect the work to be quite light—and indeed it is in many of the song-and-dance numbers. Unfortunately, Mr. Simon's book doesn't trip along very merrily, and the comic content of the dialogue is too often labored. Mr. Simon seems more at ease when he is projecting sentimentality, and of that there is a lot in "Sweet Charity," for this is the story of a dance-hall girl (in the Fellini version she was identified bluntly as a whore) who longs for a true and abiding love and has a heart as big as all outdoors. In her search for the man who will realize her dreams, she becomes enamored of, successively, a slick character who tosses her into a Central Park lake in the course of frisking her handbag; an Italian movie star who takes her to his apartment, wines her and dines her, and then hides her in a closet when his mistress arrives; and a man who is just an ordinary guy, pure in heart but regrettably weak in the head. As "Sweet Charity" follows the emotional ups and downs of its heroine, it moves smoothly about sets designed by Robert Randolph, who has done well by the enterprise, giving the cast plenty of opportunities to strut its stuff. Under the direction of Mr. Fosse, the dancers are first-rate, whether they are mocking the muscular idiocies of the Frug or doing a turn as unwashed and pot-happy worshippers at an open-air church dedicated to the "Rhythm of Life," and when they're doing double duty as singers, they make the most of Mr. Coleman's score and Miss Fields' lyrics. By way of production scenes, the composer and his associates have provided "Big Spender," "Rich Man's Frug," "Rhythm of Life," and "I Love to Cry at Weddings," the last being, to my mind, the most effective number in the show. There are other pleasant airs as well, and certainly the company, tirelessly led by Gwen Verdon, who is onstage most of the time, is beguiling. But even these performers—along with Miss Verdon, who is, of course, Sweet Charity, there is John McMartin, as her chaste and confused ultimate swain; Helen Gallagher and Thelma Oliver, as her dance-hall chums; and John Wheeler, as the dance-hall proprietor—can't cover up the deficiencies of the script. Still, "Sweet Charity" does have a high professional gloss, and it also has some unexpected delights, such as the wonderful writhings of Barbara Sharma as she interprets what goes on at a discothèque. Her companions in this parody are almost as fast and funny on their feet as she is. —JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Unfurnished Rooms

"ROOMS" is the blank title of a program of two one-acters by Stanley Mann at the Cherry Lane. They are glib, annoying, and trashy, but, in all justice, they are not blank. The first, a comedy, is called "Better Luck Next Time," and it takes place in a hotel suite in this city. The principals are a professional corespondent—a young woman of twenty-two—and a man of thirty, and they are there to provide our locally required evidence for a divorce. She, it turns out, is a beginner at the job and (in the hands of Shirley Knight) is much given to frisking around and acting as coy as an unbroken pony. He is a publisher, recently self-converted to Hinduism, who has sadly left his wife because her ambition for him runs counter to the rules set down in the Bhagavad-Gita, which he frequently quotes at some length. One of several inconsistent and confusing aspects of the play is the question of where the playwright himself stands on the Bhagavad-Gita; at times he seems to be using it just to bounce jokes off of, and at other times he seems to be at least a partial disciple. At any rate, there is no doubt about the hero's enthusiasm for it, and the next morning, after a most successful night together, he and the girl both sit cross-legged on the floor meditating before a vase with one rose in it. There is an epilogue that takes place a few years later—same suite, same man, but this time a more worldly corespondent. In comes Miss Knight, now his wife, to dispense some prefabricated enlighten-

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ment on his nature and his motives, and before the curtain falls, there they are, back on the floor, intoning. Mr. Mann has the knack of writing occasionally amusing lines, though very little delicacy in applying them, for time after time he sacrifices plausibility and consistency as well as taste for an easy laugh. His comedy fails because it is not true even to itself.

In "A Walk in Dark Places," the second play, Mr. Mann deals with—perhaps "deals out" is closer—family hatreds, guilt, alcoholism, drugs, a suspicion of homosexuality, emotional illness and downright mania, and other fashionable topics; no doubt he would have included the Bhagavad-Gita, too, if he hadn't used it up a few minutes before. The setting is a psychiatrist's office. The action, in three scenes, is a series of verbal and physical battles between a mother and daughter as they pick over the past, with the doctor doubling—or tripling, really—as listener, water dispenser, and referee, breaking up a number of lethal holds and escorting the ladies to their corners. Their recollections are sometimes sad and sometimes black, and they are revealed, as is always the case in melodrama, in no logical or illogical order but entirely at the playwright's whim for maximum theatricality.

Irene Dailey and Miss Knight are the mother and daughter, respectively, and there certainly is a lot of acting going on—weeping and raging and storming—to not much purpose, although that is less true in the case of Miss Dailey, who seems to know what she is doing. (She is also quite amusing as the experienced corespondent in a bum little scene in "Better Luck Next Time.") The roles of the men in both plays seemed more credible than those of the women, possibly because James Broderick, who plays both men, fools us into thinking that they are more credible. He gives the doctor of "A Walk in Dark Places" a kind of gentle strength and the illusion of intelligence, and he makes the enthusiastic, romantic philosopher (and playwright's dupe) of "Better Luck Next Time" funny, appealing, and vigorous. The rare convincing moments that crop up in the course of the evening are mostly his doing.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The choral group has shifted its usual rehearsal night from Tuesday to Wednesday starting Jan. 5. It is hoped that those who found Tuesday impossible may not be able to join the group.—*Madison (Wis.) Unitarian Weekly Newsletter.*

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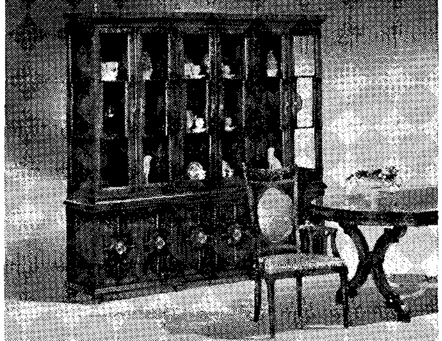

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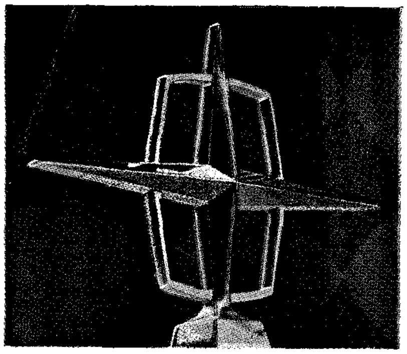

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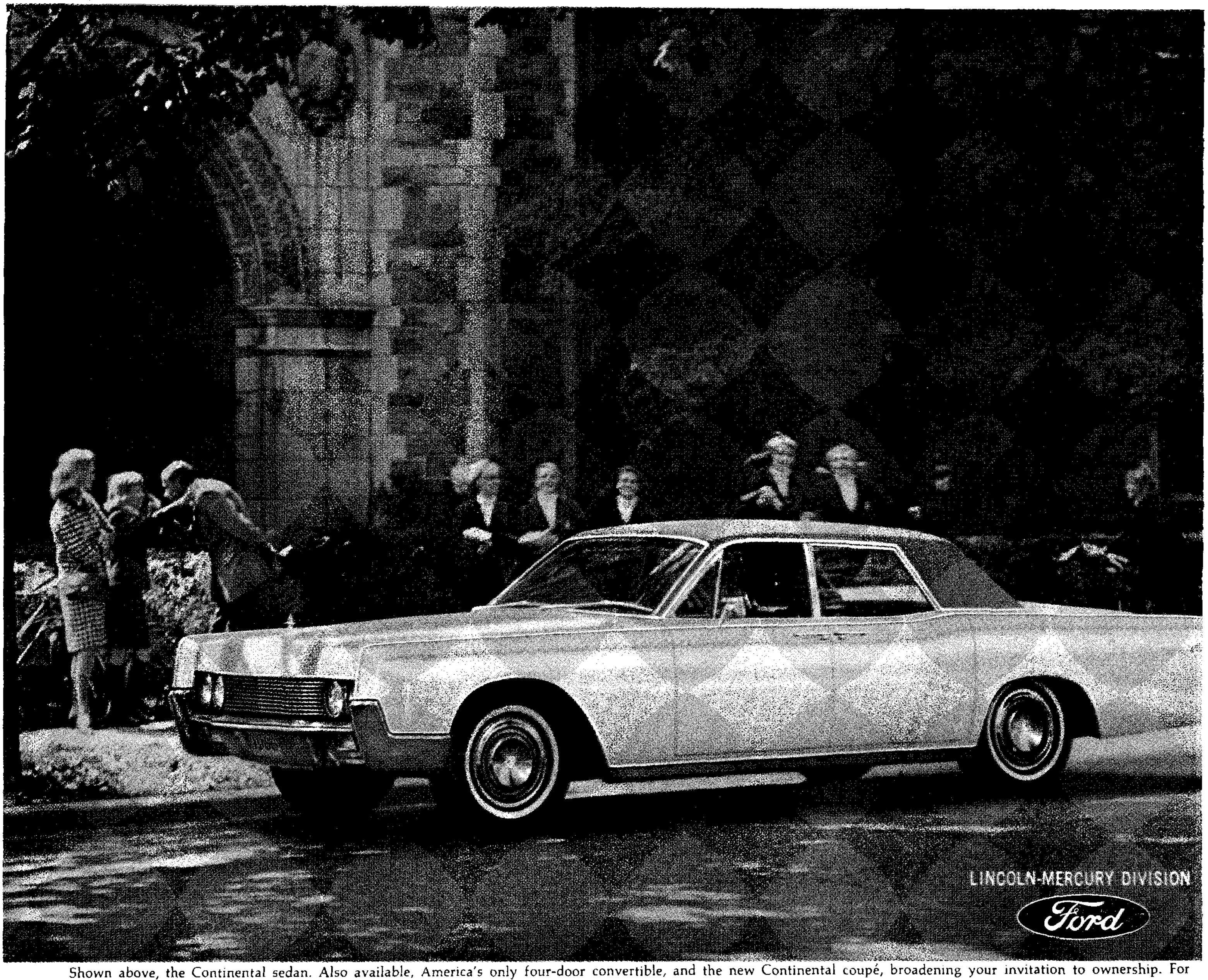

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Devil's Workshop

THE performance, in concert form, of Boito's opera "Mefistofele" by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week was among the most memorable events of the current season. The opera itself, despite a few flaws, is a noble work and a theatrically effective one, and our dear old Metropolitan—seldom a leader, nearly always a follower—has not seen fit to produce it in forty years, though it has recently been done, to considerable acclaim, in the opera houses of Chicago and San Francisco. Of all the Faust operas—including those of Berlioz, Busoni, and Gounod—this is the most impressive. True, it is the work of a very young man who wrote very little else, and who is remembered otherwise mainly as the librettist of Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff." True, too, "Mefistofele" lacks the thorough professionalism of Gounod's comparatively modest opera on the same subject—an opera that will probably always remain popular because of its composer's highly respectable skill and his powers of invention in the realm of singable melody. But "Mefistofele" has a majesty that Gounod's opera lacks. Boito has attempted the monumental task of presenting Faust, the thinker, as Goethe saw him. In a sense, his opera takes place in the mind of Faust himself. It is a metaphysical work, deeply imbued with the imposing and often foggy ideas about life and the cosmos that the great German author put into his masterpiece. Its outlines are clear enough. The hero contemplates, or experiments with, the real world and the ideal world of classical thought, decides that both are unsatisfactory, and, attaining a vision of what the real world might be made to be, dies and is taken to Heaven. Mephistopheles has helped in his experiments, but in the end his magic is discarded by Faust because it has led to no useful result. Mephistopheles here is an unusually vital figure, as supernatural figures go. He is no mere prestidigitator. He is on close terms with the Deity. In fact, they make a bet about Mephistopheles' chances of luring Faust from the paths of righteousness. As Mephistopheles leads Faust through his adventures in the real and the ideal worlds, he appears not only as a tempter but as an educator—the spirit of unfettered intellectual inquiry—and if he loses his star pupil at the end of the opera, it is because the star pupil has discovered that there are things beyond what Mephistopheles has to teach him. There are certain points at which Goethe's high-flown notions come into conflict with the practicalities of dramatic writing. One is not sure just how close the attachment of Faust for Margherita is, though *she* is certainly attached to *him* and is driven by madness to kill their child and wind up on the executioner's block. Is she supposed to be merely a subject for experiment or a pawn in a game between the Almighty and his opponent? Gounod evaded the whole problem by simply presenting the story of a sexually deprived old scholar who sells his soul to the Devil in exchange for his youth, and then really falls in love and gets into trouble. Gounod's Marguerite is a real person, while Boito's Margherita personifies an abstract idea. But here Boito is closer to Goethe than Gounod is. His Faust is a true thinker, and his adventures are treated almost as if they were figments of his imagination. At the end, you are left in doubt whether you have been witnessing something intended as real or merely something intended as symbolic. At least, Boito's plot *would* leave you that way were it not for the power of his score, which lends emotional credence to spots that would be hazy without it. It is a peculiar score, awkward here and there, sublime in inspiration elsewhere, and, in its totality, grand indeed.

The opera calls for a Mephistopheles who can dominate the stage both by voice and by dramatic presence. Feodor Chaliapin was the most famous interpreter the role has had. But the American Opera Society, with its customary acuteness in casting, managed to come up with a singer of comparable stature. He is the Bulgarian basso Nicolai Ghiaurov, who had made a brief appearance at the Metropolitan earlier in the season as Gounod's Devil. Mr. Ghiaurov is a remarkable artist, both in intelligence and in natural endowment. His powerful, luxuriant voice filled the auditorium with incredible ease the other night, and he showed himself to be a fine actor, capable of grasping the

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humorous as well as the menacing aspects of his role. He is a big, handsome fellow—naturally impressive—and while the voice boomed out the figure on the stage slipped mercurially from mood to mood, egging on Faust, defying God with a sort of boyish glee, and finally taking refuge in those whistles of derision and defiance that express Mephistopheles' anger at losing his bet.

But Mr. Ghiaurov was only one of a cast that neared perfection in almost every role. Carlo Bergonzi, the most golden-voiced of contemporary Italian tenors, sang the part of Faust, and though he didn't succeed in projecting much of the great thinker's personality across the footlights, the sheer beauty of his singing was enough to delight me and the rest of the audience. Renata Tebaldi sang the roles of Margherita and Elena. She had a couple of uneasy moments in the upper reaches of her compass, but her singing has much improved since I last heard her, and certain moments of it (the duet toward the end of Act III and the ensuing aria, "Spunta l'aurora," stand out in the memory) were magnificent. Even the minor role of Wagner was sung with considerable distinction, by Frederick D. Mayer, and Dorothy Cole, making a New York début as Marta, was at least acceptable. Lamberto Gardelli, a conductor who knows just when to allow his singers a bit of leeway, and also how to build the disparate, sometimes slightly clumsy elements of "Mefistofele" into an impressive whole, managed the pace and dynamics of the opera with great skill.

LAST Wednesday night, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Ferruccio Busoni's birth, the Busoni Society put on a concert of his works in Carnegie Hall. The event, which was attended by a medium-sized audience, involved the American Symphony Orchestra, the Masterwork Chorus, a young conductor named Daniell Revenaugh, and the pianist Gunnar Johansen. Busoni was, during his lifetime, regarded as something of a towering intellectual, and his music was, on the whole, neglected, and considered dry and academic. The doings the other night completed—to me, at least—a reversal of this picture that had started some time ago. Busoni's writings about music, as I have long since discovered, can be pretty silly. But his music, as I heard it under Mr. Revenaugh's baton, pulsated with vitality, exhibited a variety of original ideas, and caught one up in its flow of elo-

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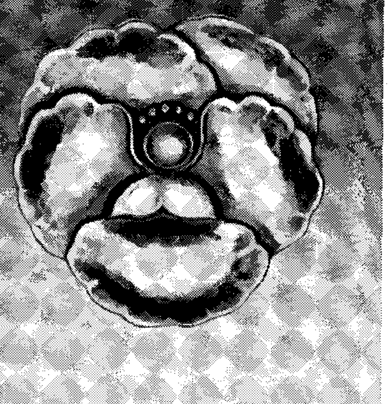

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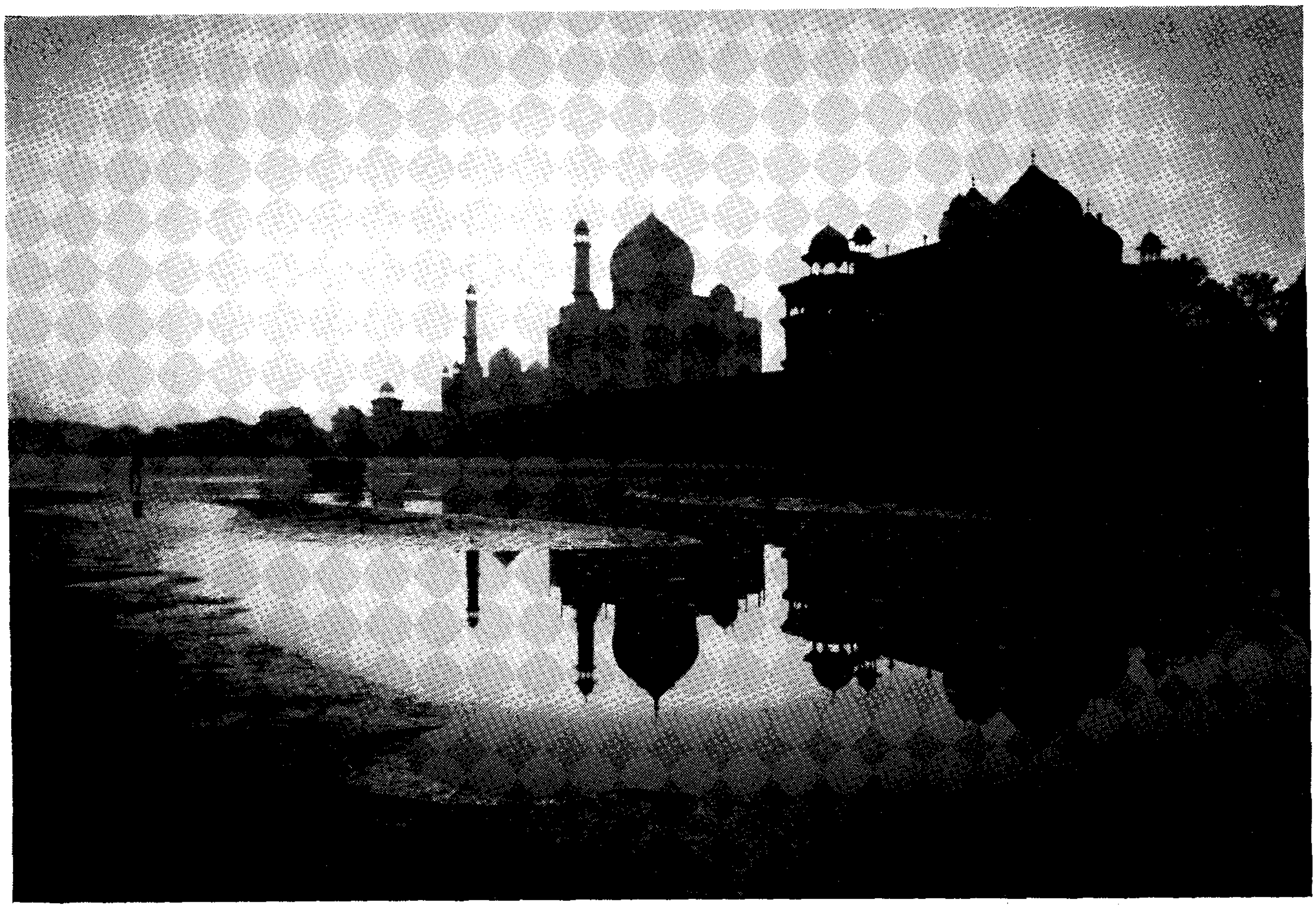

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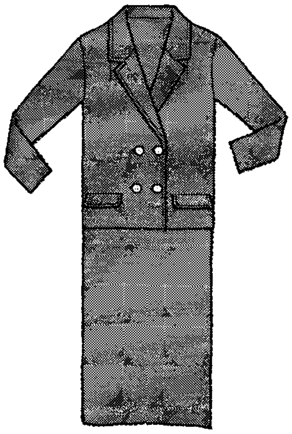

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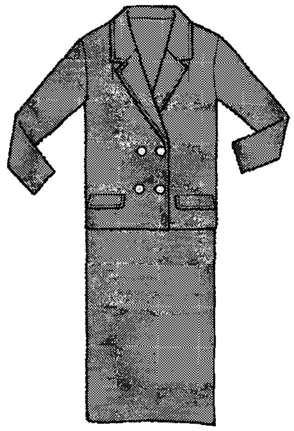

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quence. The works performed were the Lustspiel Overture, Opus 38; the Sarabande and Cortège (studies for "Doktor Faust"), Opus 51; and the gigantic Concerto for Piano, Orchestra, and Male Chorus, Opus 39, and it is difficult for me to understand why they are so seldom done. It is true that they betray a strong inheritance from Brahms and, now and then, from Liszt. But to note this point is merely to suggest again the commonplace that every composer of importance is influenced by his predecessors. The interesting thing about these works is that, in spite of their tendency toward eclecticism, they show a remarkable sense of musical architecture and a highly personal taste in orchestration. The music, despite all the legends about the composer's massive intellect, is only occasionally profound, as that term is understood among musicians. In the big Concerto, it is, in fact, a bit splashy—decidedly music built for virtuosos. But in this day and age, when symphony programs are panting for important new or neglected works of substantial quality, this composer's output should be thoroughly investigated. All the performances were adequate, except that the chorus seemed somewhat timid.

ON Thursday night, Leonard Bernstein was back on the Philharmonic's podium in Philharmonic Hall with his series of programs devoted to symphonic forms of the twentieth century. He is covering a good deal of ground, but I hope that at some point he will do justice to a few twentieth-century composers he might miss—among them Max Reger (whose "Mozart" and "Hiller" Variations are, I believe, twentieth-century works), Hans Pfitzner, and Karl Amadeus Hartmann, not to speak of our own Randall Thompson, whose Second Symphony is a strong work, and Paul Creston, who has written a number of really "symphonic" symphonies. Any one of these composers could provide more interesting compositions than the boring Concerto for Flute and Orchestra by Carl Nielsen that appeared on the program the other night. Both Mr. Bernstein and the flutist Julius Baker strove manfully to make something of it, but to no avail. The Sibelius Symphony—the Fourth—that opened the program is one of my favorites, but Mr. Bernstein did not, I feel, succeed in bringing it to life as such conductors as Stokowski and Beecham have. The evening ended with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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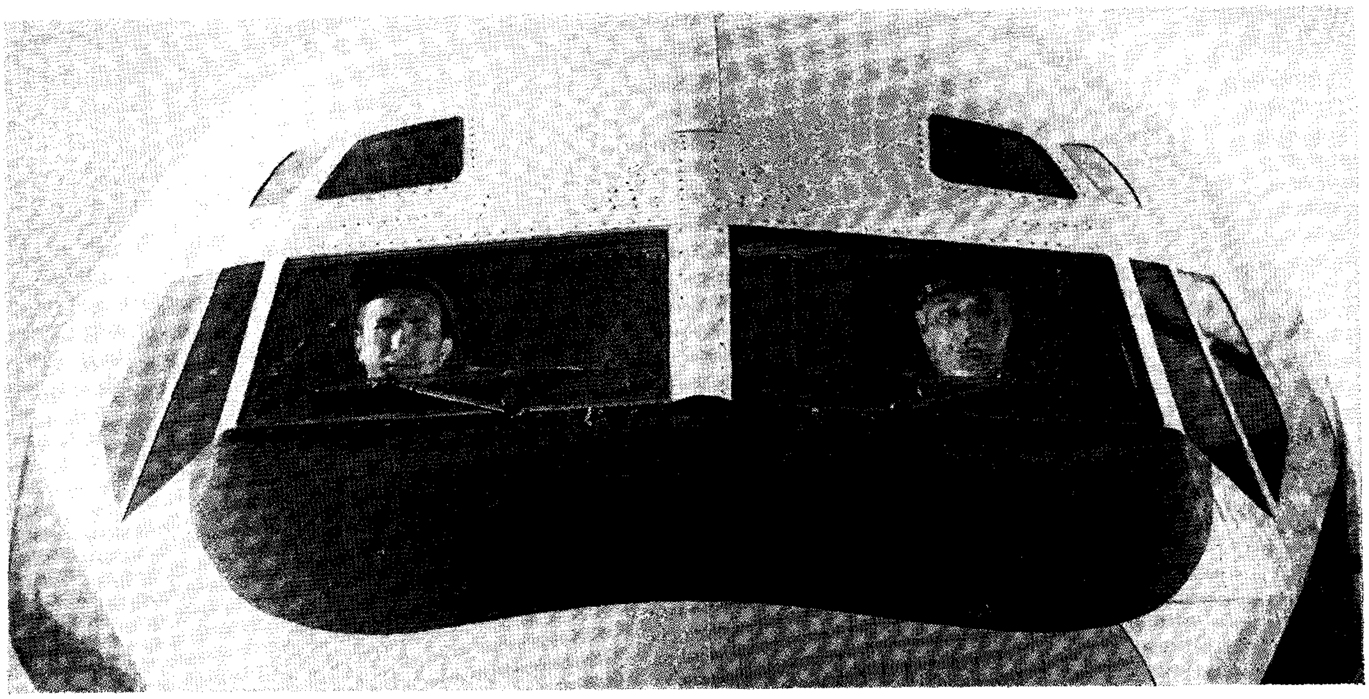

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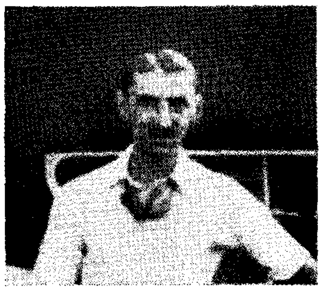

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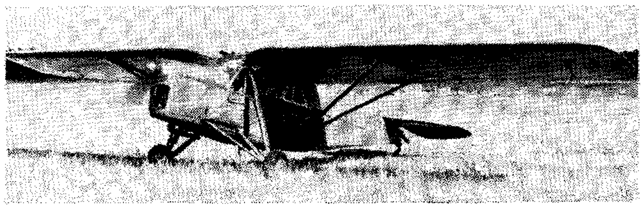

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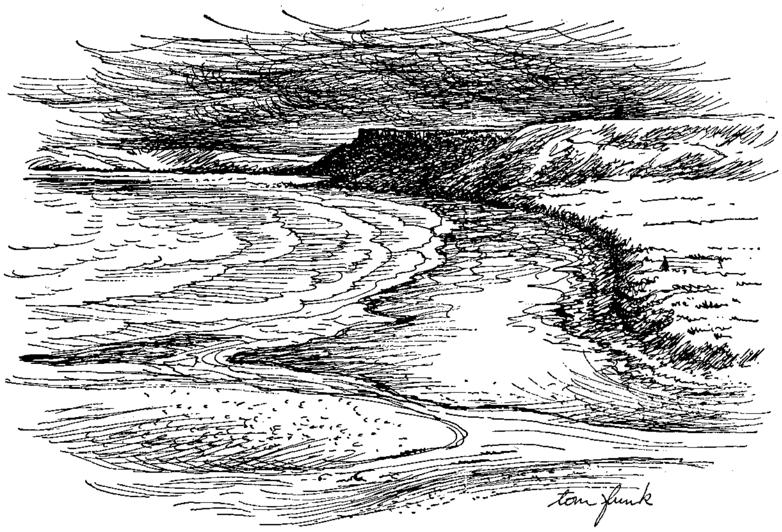

AT Nunivak Island, lost in the cold ocean mists of the Bering Sea, the bright sun appears only rarely and then soon retreats, as if uncertain of its authority in this melancholy place. The Bering Sea is little more than a great bay of the North Pacific Ocean, and it is the meeting of Arctic waters with warm air masses from the Pacific that breeds a chronic overcast, hiding the island, which was once a high plateau in the land bridge that connected Asia with America. Mammoth and sabre-tooth, deer and bison, bear, wolf, wolverine, and man were among the large Eurasian mammals that crossed this bridge and spread southeast across the American continent. Most of them abandoned Nunivak before the waters rose to separate it from the mainland, but Eskimos went back to hunt the creatures of the sea and ice. Eskimos still cross the rough, shallow seas to Nunivak, and a few hundred live there all the year.

The musk ox at Nunivak are the only musk ox in Alaska, and in 1957 I made a vain attempt to see them. I was doing a survey of the vanishing wildlife of North America, and was travelling around Alaska with pilots of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. The game agent for the vast waterfowl nesting grounds of the Yukon and Kuskokwim deltas met me one windy day in Bethel, on the Kuskokwim, and we got in his plane and headed downriver toward the sea. We meant to cross to Nunivak, but the fog deepened as we went along, trapping us finally at the Eskimo village of Kwinhagak. Before it lifted, we had spent three days there, eating the last pickled pigs' feet in the larder of the local missionary. Then we took off for Nunivak once more. Though this time the coastline was so clear that the white heads of emperor geese could be picked out against the tundra, the weather hung in a dense wall just off the shore. We circled and probed it, drifting northward, and finally put down at the salmon station in Akulurak, where the great Yukon, flowing north and west up out of Canada, empties at last into the ocean. About ninety miles to the south and west lay an island of great shaggy beasts that I had missed my chance to see.

But I got a second chance to visit Nunivak, some years later, through the kindness of John Teal, an Arctic ecologist and anthropologist. Like Vilhjalmur Stefansson and other authorities before him, Teal has long been convinced that the formidable physiognomy of the musk ox conceals a domestic animal that could potentially do much for the economy of the North, not through its flesh (though Stefansson, in his travels, subsisted for long periods on a musk-ox diet and found it excellent) but through the wool of its undercoat, which is finer and warmer than cashmere. (Compared to the goat, which supplies but three ounces of wool annually, the musk ox is prodigal of its undercoat, shedding about six pounds each summer. All this wool is scattered on the winds of the northern barrens; no systematic harvest of it has ever been attempted, and "qiviut," as it is called, remains best known to people who do crossword puzzles, since it has no "u" after the "q.") The expedition on which I accompanied Teal was sent to Nunivak by the University of Alaska and the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research with the object of capturing a number of musk-ox calves that were to form the nucleus of a domestic herd. The calves were to be transferred from Nunivak to an experimental farm at the university, near Fairbanks, where the buds of their horns would be removed and the animals hand-raised. (For example, the musk-ox cow, which in the wild throws one calf every second year, would be encouraged to wean her yearling before the rutting season and thereby make herself available for annual reproduction.) If all went well, the Fairbanks herd would one day supply the breeding stock for herds established elsewhere in the North. But first we had to catch the calves. When one considered—as the members of our expedition, convening in Anchorage on the first of August, were obliged to—that musk ox are sharp-horned animals weighing as much as nine hundred pounds, that they are tenacious in defense of their young, and that they are widely scattered over a remote waste of boggy tundra on a roadless island shrouded almost permanently in mist, the domestication of the breed did not appear imminent.

WE left Anchorage on the morning of August 3rd in an F-27 cargo plane of Northern Consolidated Airlines. The forward half of the cabin held the equipment, which included a canoe and a twelve-hundred-pound tracked vehicle lent by its Alaskan designer in the hope that it would solve the problem of calf transport on the tundra; the after half contained the personnel. The plane rose through rain into dark mists swirling over the slaty beaches of Cook Inlet and continued climbing, as rapidly as possible, to clear the Alaska Range. The mountains, which in good weather are visible as a jagged black-and-white wall, remained totally invisible as we crossed them at sixteen thousand feet. Westward, I knew, lay a vast spruce muskeg, which subsided into bare tundra, and there the Kuskokwim broke from the forest and rolled unimpeded to the sea. The great trading post and depot of this region is Bethel—a sprawl of shacks and mud and rusting oil drums dumped from the sky onto the barrens. Our plane made a mail-and-cargo stop there, and Teal and I, who had both been there before, were in dread of being trapped by the weather, perhaps for days; but the overcast was high, and after only an hour we headed west, none the worse for our stay.

The region between Bethel and the sea is a lacework of shallow ponds set in the duns and ochres and sca-

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brous greens of delta bogs, which gave way at last to the metallic seas of Etolin Strait. Flying conditions at the strait, which separates Nunivak from the mainland and resembles the English Channel in both width and rudeness, are notorious. The smoky hazes of sea and sky mix treacherously in the wind, and the rough, shallow chop that blows across the sunken land bridge would smash a ditched seaplane in minutes.

It took us perhaps an hour to reach the Eskimo settlement on Nunivak. It is on the north coast, on a harbor formed by the mouth of the Mekoryuk River. The Eskimos say that there has been a village at Mekoryuk throughout the memory of man, and despite the intrusion of missionaries, it is today, according to ethnologists, the North American Eskimo settlement in which the aboriginal culture has remained most nearly intact. The people still wear homemade skin parkas and mukluks, and sled dogs are tied to stakes above the beach. We saw walrus skulls with gigantic tusks curing on the eaves of the huts, red salmon meat curing on long racks, reindeer sinew drying on doors and walls, and a gleaming new skin kayak stretched on its frame behind the huts. Kayaks are fast being replaced by outboard skiffs, and the dog teams by motorized sleds, and Mekoryuk's young men now go away to the mainland in protest against the mission ban on dancing, drinking, and smoking. The white man has built an airstrip and a generator at Mekoryuk, and the fields and beaches lie submerged in the inevitable heaps of rusting oil drums. It could be a shantytown almost anywhere on earth, and its approaches, from land, sea, and air, are all depressing. Yet the people live much as they have always lived, trapping and fishing, and hunting the whales and seals that pass on their migrations and the walrus and polar bear that drift down out of the Bering Strait on the floes of spring.

We were going to set up our base at Chekeesiweek, now called Nash Harbor, some twenty miles down the coast, and we left Mekoryuk in two local salmon boats, followed by a large cargo skiff. A few of the island Eskimos helped us with unloading and loading, and some of them came along with us when we left. It was 6 P.M., but there would be daylight for a few more hours. A wind came up once we had reached open water, and as our boats rounded a bleak point, they encountered a tide rip so violent that the tracked vehicle burst its lashings on the cargo skiff, which was thereupon forced to

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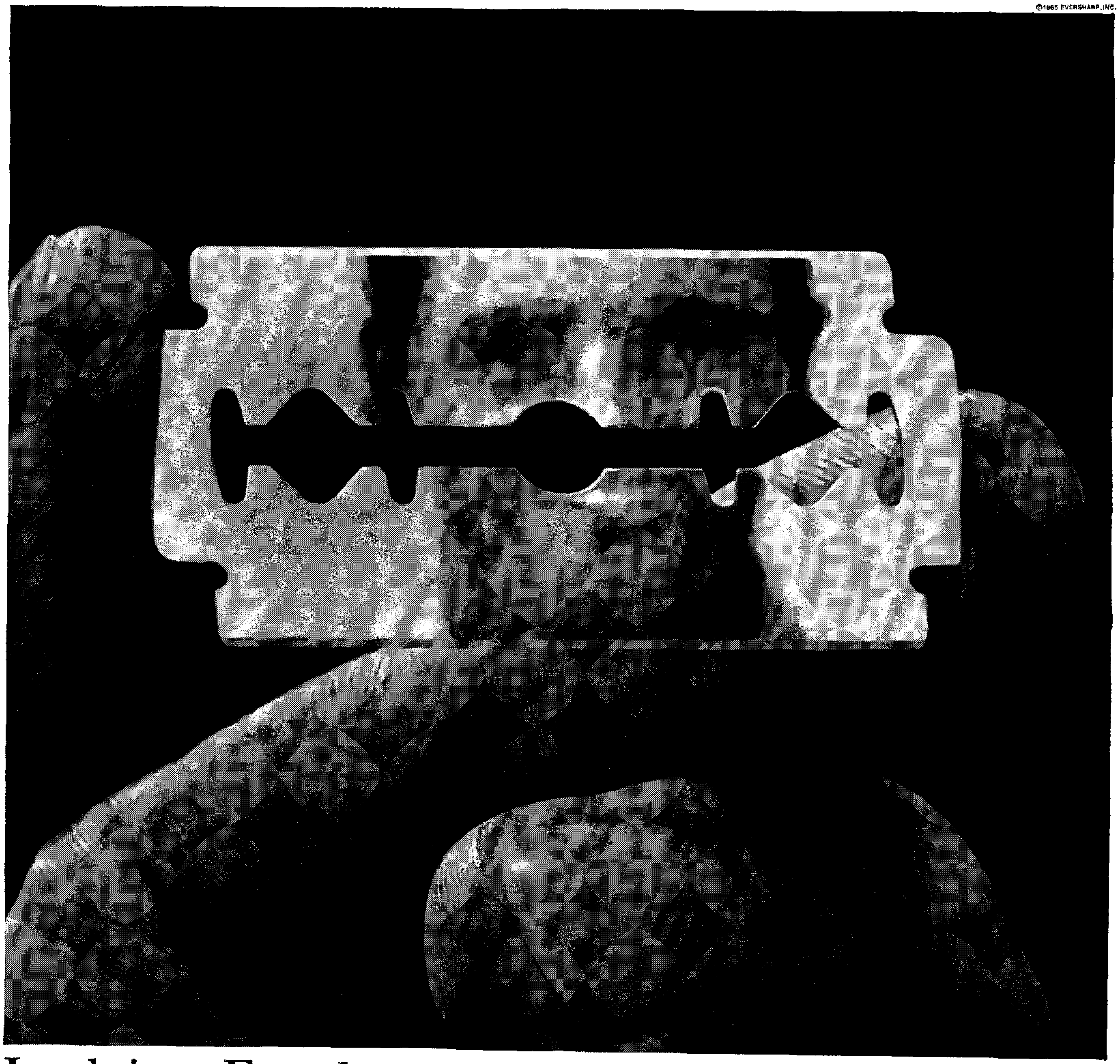

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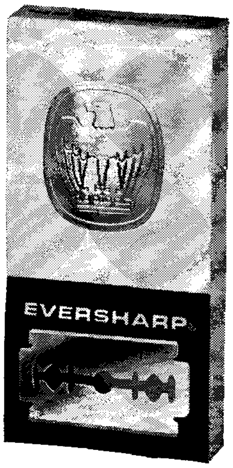

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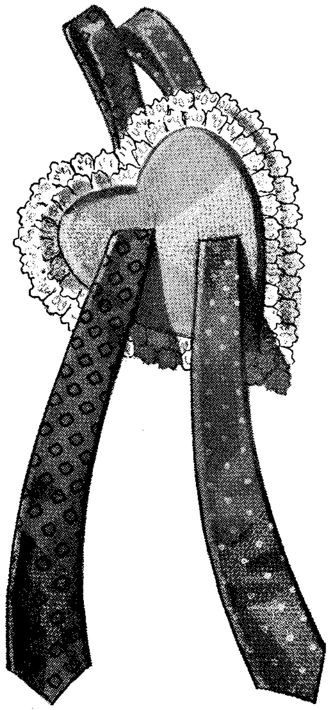
retreat and take shelter behind the point. The two other boats also turned back. The cargo skiff's canopy frame and a strip of its gunwale had been broken, it was raining, the sea was rough, and night was falling, yet the Eskimos remained cheerful. These small, sturdy, well-set men are seldom undone by minor emergencies, having been tempered by the North to constant vigilance. They accept philosophically, and even cheerfully, what would strike most of us as constant hardship. They are resourceful carpenters and mechanics, carrying their tools wherever they go, and now the owner of the cargo skiff, Peter Smith (who, like most, though not all, of the people at Mekoryuk, has taken an American name), sawed and hammered away, making repairs on the spot. The Eskimo stands quietly, and though his own language is rapid and guttural, he speaks English carefully, in a slow, sweet voice; he is, all observers agree, generous, merry, and one of the most likable men on earth. The anonymous author of a report on a recent military survey of Nunivak interrupts his dutiful account to note, "The people . . . are a happy jovial-type race. The cheeks of many are rosy red and when someone with their appearance gets a smile on his face, you are almost forced to feel good." Peter Smith smiled a great part of the time.

The boatmen had the cargo lashed and the skiff under way again within the hour; we rounded the point into the tide rip just as darkness came. Overhead, in all directions, black cormorants and puffins flew, whirring around a skerry like huge bats startled from a cave. As darkness fell, it began to rain in earnest, and with the rain came cold. Huddled in the cabin of the first boat, I peered out through the gloom at the silhouette of the steep coast, rising and falling with each roll and pitch. We passed an islet onto which three musk-ox bulls had wandered across the winter ice; the Eskimos said that the beasts would die there. A following wind blew the motor's exhaust fumes through the dripping doorway, fouling the close air; the boatmen were grunting with fatigue. We arrived at Nash Harbor after seven hours in rough seas, but because it was pitch-dark and low tide, we could not land at first.

At Nash Harbor, the cliffs that line the Nunivak coast give way to a low, grassy shore, which separates the sea from a tidal lagoon. At the inland end of the lagoon a stream pours down from the heights of the interior, and at



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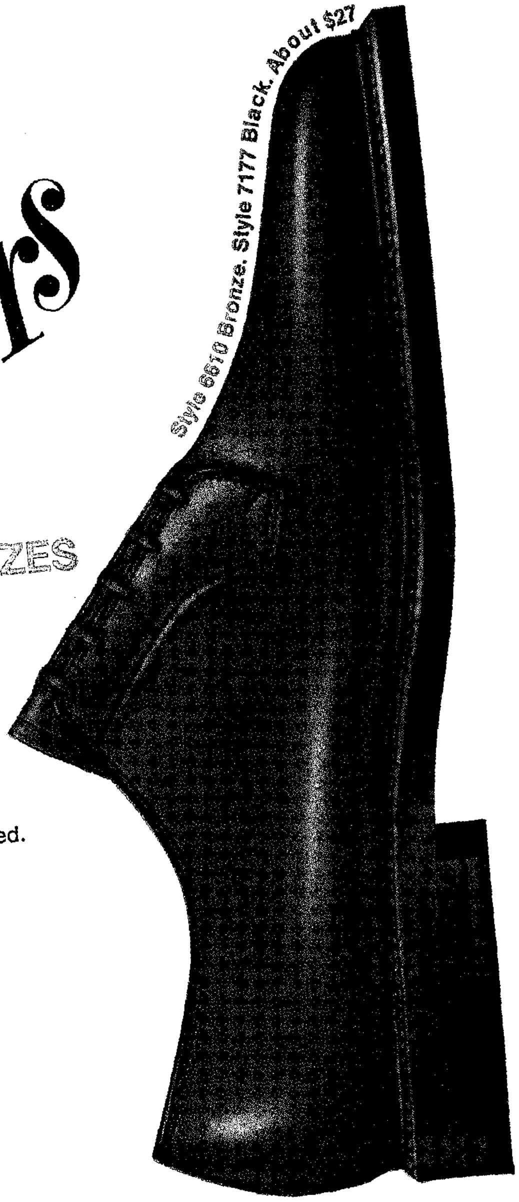

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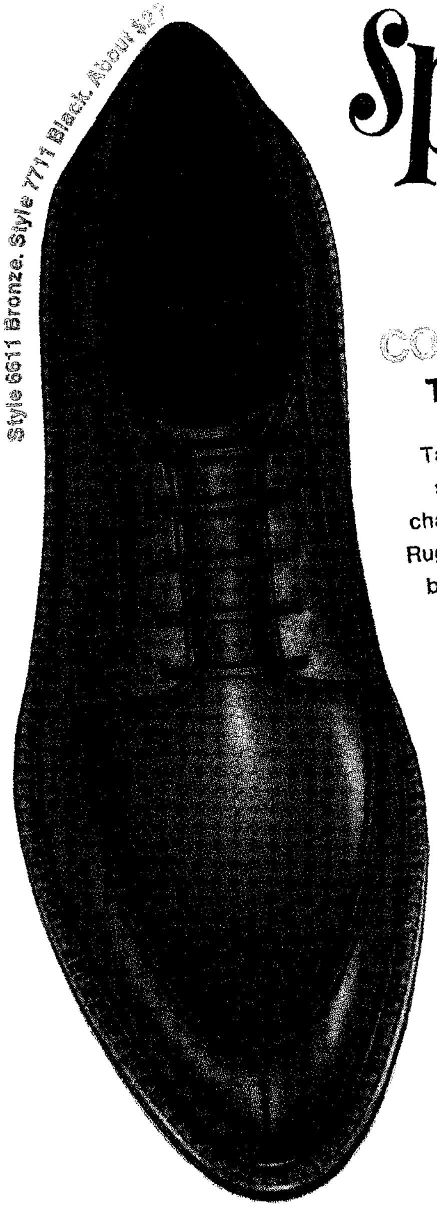

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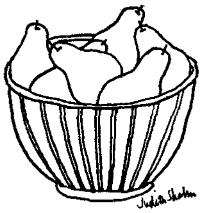
the seaward end a narrow channel cuts through a half-moon beach to the sea. Above the channel lies an abandoned village—a sagging conglomeration of shacks and sod huts. (A sod hut has a small wooden door embedded in the side of a grassy mound and a tin chimney sticking out above, and it looks much like one of the cozy dwellings of woodland animals in old-fashioned books for children.) Toward 4 A.M., the helmsman drove his boat through the low surf of the channel—the bottom banged on rocks all the way in—and moored below the village. It was cold and raining still, and we clambered out and began unloading equipment. The whole place seemed half sunk away in the tall rye grass that rings the island shores. An old schoolhouse and a storage shed had been recommended to Teal for our use, but they turned out to have disintegrated altogether. We moved our gear under tarpaulins and set up tents and, having made coffee, looked for dry places to lie down, for nobody had slept. Three of us crossed the channel in the canoe and made our way past a graveyard of skinny crosses to a lone shack overlooking the half-moon beach. The shack contained an ancient bunk, a reindeer robe, some rotted salmon and waterlogged provisions, and a primordial damp; we lay down and fell asleep immediately.

An Eskimo hunter named Harold Weston was camped in the old settlement; he pointed out, beside the graveyard, the mounds of a still older village, which had been wiped out by influenza half a century ago. The dead were placed in a single hut, which was then demolished, Harold Weston told us, but he did not know which of the mounds was the common tomb. He was camping at Nash Harbor with his wife, Birdie, and a little boy, curing sealskins taken in the spring. His wife gathered wild celery and sheep sorrel and red mushrooms. "Everything here to eat," he said enthusiastically. That afternoon, he waded into the bay to spear dark flounder, which came in with the rising tide, and the next morning he went out hunting sea birds. (Federal law provides that "in Alaska, Eskimos and Indians may take, possess, and transport, in any manner and at any time, auks, auklets, guillemots, murres, and puffins and their eggs for food and their skins for clothing.") The little boy, who looked to be six or seven, was called Rex, and we all liked him. "He is not my son," Harold Weston said, accepting our congratulations. "A friend gave him to me." Harold Weston was much amused by the tracked vehicle, and also by our plan to take the young of the large dark beast with downswept horns and shaggy hair, which the Eskimos call Oomingmak, or the Bearded One. The people of Nunivak fear Oomingmak and leave him alone.

Harold Weston was leaving for Mekoryuk, and we arranged with him to use his sod hut for drying clothes. In this cold place, wet clothes are a constant problem. The Eskimo sod hut, most of which is underground, is a dank place when no fire is kept burning in it, but usually it is fitted out with a stove made cleverly from an oil drum and readily fuelled by the Oriental driftwood that, spun slowly northward on the currents out of Asia, litters the beaches of the Bering Sea. Harold Weston's hut had such a stove, and, like other huts of the abandoned village, was furnished with Eskimo utensils; in one house or another, we came upon net floats of carved wood, old handmade flensing knives, an unfinished axe blade of black stone, sealskin mukluks, dried grass for basketweaving and mukluk insulation, a fish spear with a four-pronged head beautifully carved of walrus ivory, and a heavy wooden harpoon with a bone point. All this was private property, but the Eskimos did not worry about its being taken, nor did they dread the possibility that somebody might find a use for it. "Do not break much," Harold Weston said, and, smiling, got into his outboard skiff with the little boy and Birdie, who was wearing a seal-gut rain parka with red trim. They headed down the rainy coast.



THE musk ox, *Ovibos moschatus*, is one of the rarest of the large ice-age mammals left on earth, and it is also one of the most controversial. Since a traveller in Canada named Henry Kelsey first reported the existence of this "buffillo," in 1689, it has been called both the most dangerous big-game animal on earth and the most timid, both inedible and delicious, and both intelligent and stupid. Its common name and its scientific name are both erroneous from start to finish (*Ovibos moschatus* means "musky sheep-cow," but the musk ox is neither a sheep nor a cow, nor has it any musk glands), and until recently no two authorities could agree on just what it was. In appearance, as Kelsey's designation suggested, it resembles a small bison, and for many

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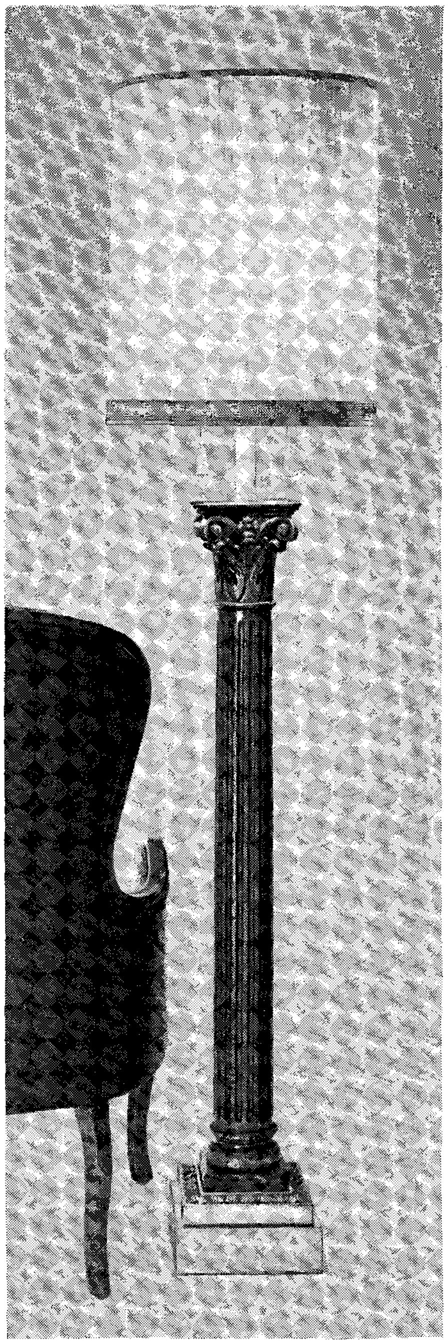

years, accordingly, mammalogists placed it among the bovines. But paleontologists declared that its bones related it to the goat. (As recently as 1955, a French volume devoted to mammalogy classified *O. moschatus* as *bovinae* in one chapter and as *caprinae* in another.) Tests made by serologists in the past few years have borne out paleontological opinion: the musk ox is not an ox at all but one of the last of a great ice-age family of goat-antelopes that also includes the European chamois. *O. moschatus* was once common on Arctic and subarctic tundras all around the world, and in the time of the glaciers it ranged south as far as France, where it was depicted in cave paintings. Like other Old World mammals, it had spread across the land bridge at the Bering Strait, vanishing entirely from Eurasia even before the Stone Age was at an end. In North America and Greenland, it declined with the coming of the white man. Most of the last musk ox native to Alaska were slaughtered by whalers a century ago near Wainwright, on the northern coast. Farther east, in northern Canada, some six hundred were shot down for food by Peary's expeditions, and fifty years ago the Bearded One, driven to the bleakest reaches of the Arctic, seemed on the point of trailing his ancient relatives into the abyss of extinction. Today, there are remnant populations in northeastern Greenland and Arctic Canada, plus transplanted herds in Norway, Spitsbergen, and Nunivak. The Nunivak herd, numbering about four hundred and eighty animals, has grown from a group of thirty-three Greenland calves released in 1929.

In the old days, the capture of musk ox was a simple matter. The hunter merely made his way to the nearest herd, shot down the adults, and grabbed the calves; eight adults killed for three calves taken was considered a fair average. Nowadays, that kind of slaughter has ended. Two of the few musk ox that can be seen outside of the remote northland are on John Teal's farm in Vermont—descendants of seven calves he captured in 1954 and 1955 in the Thelon River sanctuary, in northern Canada. Those roundups were permitted on the understanding that no adults would be killed, and the calves were taken only after a long series of failures had made it clear that musk ox are farsighted and swift of foot, much more than a match for sheep dogs, lassos, and the kind of corrals that can be constructed in the wild. The one merciful method of capture

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that proved more or less effective was to drive a herd into deep water, where the animals, panicky, allowed themselves to be separated from their young. This technique would not be simple in the open country of Nunivak, for we were working with animals so fast that we would have to use airplanes to herd them.

While waiting for our planes to arrive, we spent a day reconnoitring a musk-ox band near a pond five miles from camp. Three cows and three calves were led by a large bull, and we lay on one hillside and watched them graze on another. Beyond, against the sky, two other bands were visible every now and then. The day was cold and windy, and in the late morning and throughout the afternoon the wind was accompanied by rain. But once in a while there would be an iron gleam of sun, kindling the tundra to a brief, fierce beauty. In this rolling, treeless immensity—mile upon mile of rich pasture—the grass glistened and glowed with roseroot and dwarf fireweed, bluebell and the striking monkshood, set in shimmering green beds of cloudberry and moss and equisetum. A flock of ptarmigan, flared by a jaeger, rose in a ball and broke apart across our hill, and cranes on long, black-fingered wings bugled sadly across the wind; in the bunchgrass hummocks below us lemmings darted.

Musk ox at any distance are impressive. In this monotone landscape without shadows, they appear much blacker than they are, and as big as bison. The musk ox has acute sight and smell and hearing, and the animals were aware of our distasteful presence across the valley. When musk ox are approached, they will graze awhile in studied calm, as if embarrassed by the intrusion and affecting to ignore it; these seven continued to feed but drifted northward, toward the sea. Teal, another man, and I cut down into the valley, and up again, fanning out behind the animals, while the others formed a line along the cliff. The plan was to practice herding them, using hand signals and walkie-talkies. Teal was uphill on my left—we were still below the animals, and they were hidden from my sight by hummocks—and before long I heard him yelling. I ran toward him, rounding a steep, grassy bank, and found myself face to face for the first time with the Bearded One.

Backing the cows against the bank, the wild-haired bull turned his attention from Teal to me. He was a very big beast, standing five feet at the shoulder, with heavy skirts of dark-

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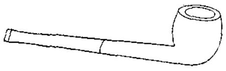
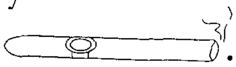
He starts right in with "Buon giorno" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between una pipa  and un sigaro . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Io preferisco la pipa al sigaro."

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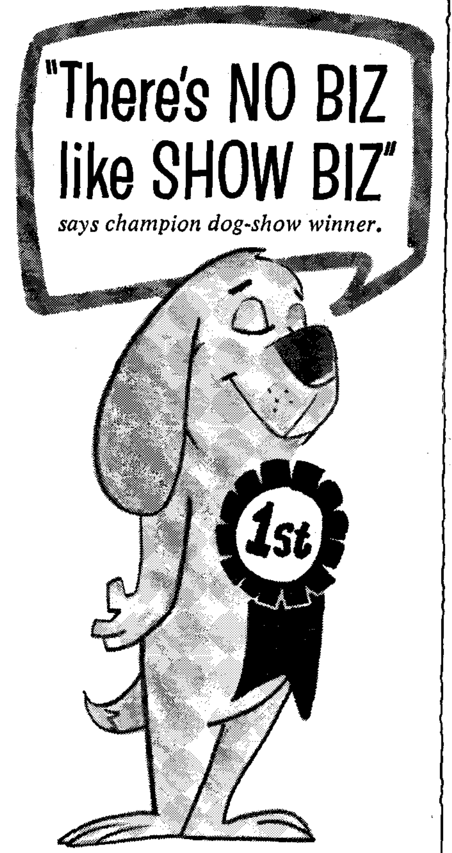
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brown hair and a hoary saddle mark and a bold boss of horn across his brow (bulls and cows are all but indistinguishable behind their skirts, but the horns of bulls meet upon the brow and those of the cows do not), and he was snorting and pawing and rubbing his muzzle on his foreleg—a sign of warning among musk ox. This performance commanded my instant respect, and, following Teal's example, I yelled as loud as I could and waved my arms. The band thereupon wheeled in one hairy commotion and rushed up over the bank and away toward the cliffs, the calves hunkering along right in the middle. Their backs rising and falling on the horizon of grass, their long hair blowing, they seemed to flow along the wind, moving with a grace and speed astonishing in such heavy animals.

The band overran our trap, and finally paused at the cliff edge, hundreds of feet above the sea. There we managed to cut them off. The big bull backed the cows into a circle, with their horns all pointing outward; the calves were squashed in the middle. This is the classic musk-ox defense, which proved useless against men armed with rifles, or even spears, but still serves the musk ox well against unarmed creatures, including wolves. Every so often, a calf would be squirted outward by the pressure of shifting bodies, but it would instantly force itself back into the center. The restless cows seemed confident that they could break out through us, but every time one ventured forth, the bull butted her back into place, so violently that large shreds of qiviut blew on his horn. The band circled slowly, studying each of us; when we got too close, the adults pawed and snorted. Musk-ox cows will rarely leave their calves in order to press an attack as long as a respectful distance is maintained, but rutting bulls have no such inhibitions, and are not predictable. (That morning, Teal had given us a brief lecture. "Once a musk ox decides to go for you, you've had it," he said. "He's going to get you, and you're not going to survive it. So always try to avoid provoking him into going after you." This chilling instruction was a reminder that all members of the expedition had signed affidavits relieving the sponsors of responsibility in case of death.) Since we could not attempt a capture, we did not force the issue; turning our faces into a whipping rain, we trudged back to Nash Harbor. Musk ox are intelligent enough to be perplexed, but these wasted little time in glaring after

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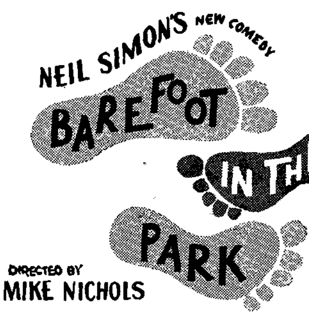

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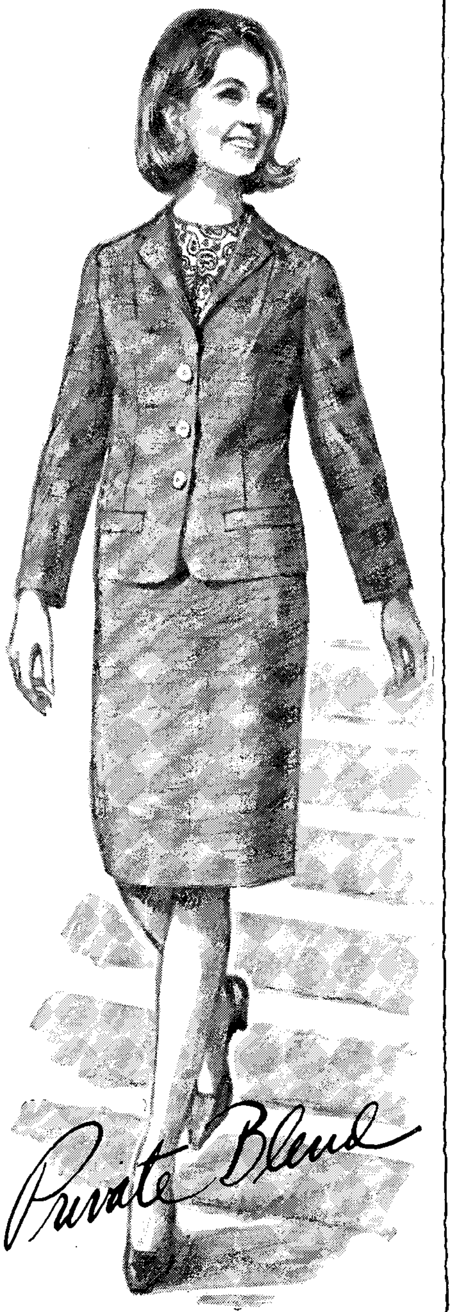

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us, and, before we were out of sight, began to feed.

According to the Eskimos, June and July on Nunivak are all that might be wished for in the way of splendid weather, but we soon found that the same is not true of August, when the musk-ox calves become old enough to be taken from their mothers. The wind and rain persisted day after day. In our first week at Nash Harbor, a blue sky appeared just once, during the supper hour, only to be swept away in the course of the night by the depthless and overwhelming grays cast up by the cold seas. Our airplanes had not arrived, but if we'd had them, they would have been of no use, for the low ceilings and violent winds—gusts of fifty miles an hour were reported at Mekoryuk—would have grounded them. Meanwhile, some discouraging experiments with the tracked vehicle, now called the Pig, had confirmed predictions by the Eskimos that such a machine would prove no match for the bogs, eskers, boulders, and volcanic outcroppings of the frost-heaved tundra. Not that we found it difficult to pass the time. The fish in the swift water of the channel were pursued skillfully with wet flies by Chauncey Loomis, our cameraman, and one evening I caught four Dolly Varden trout in a few minutes. On most days, we could take enough of these big sea-run fish to feed the camp, and, at this season, the females all bore golden roe, which we fried for breakfast.

On the headlands that rise like battlements on either side of the bay we came upon the graves of hunters. These were rectangular stone coffins roofed with heavy timbers to deter foxes, and alongside two of them were laid ancient shotguns with twin hammers. Large yellow poppies hid along the cliff edge, above the sea, and there were strange rock cairns, like sentinels, built long ago to keep hunters from falling off the cliffs in time of mist. Beyond these outposts of the old settlements stretched rank tundra meadows, broken here and there by cold, black pools and stony stream beds bordered with black and orange lichened outcroppings of volcanic lava. Most of the time, the distances were empty; the only creatures constantly in view were birds. Half-grown loons and old squaw duck and pintail swam on every pond, and sandpipers and golden plover were assembling for migration. Strings of black brant crossed in front of snow-patched buttes, and there was a flock of white-fronted geese on the delta pond of a stream to the east of our camp. The bed of that stream supported the only trees on this part of the island—a thin string of dwarf willows, six or eight feet high. From the banks of the stream, spawning salmon could be seen—huge, dying fish, scarred with white fungi, waiting in pools for the rain and the rise in water that would permit them to proceed upstream; on beds of gray stones lay the bent husks of their predecessors. Awaiting fair weather and the planes, I explored the cliffs and seacoast and high tundra. Beyond Nash Harbor, there was no slightest sign that man had ever existed—neither a foot trail, nor a wisp of smoke, nor even his drifted litter on the beach. There was only the immense, raw silence, accented sometimes by a bird or a far silhouette of an animal on the grass horizon. Even our airplanes, dropping down out of this immensity of space and air onto the great lagoon, made no more impression on that silence than dead leaves falling in a pond.

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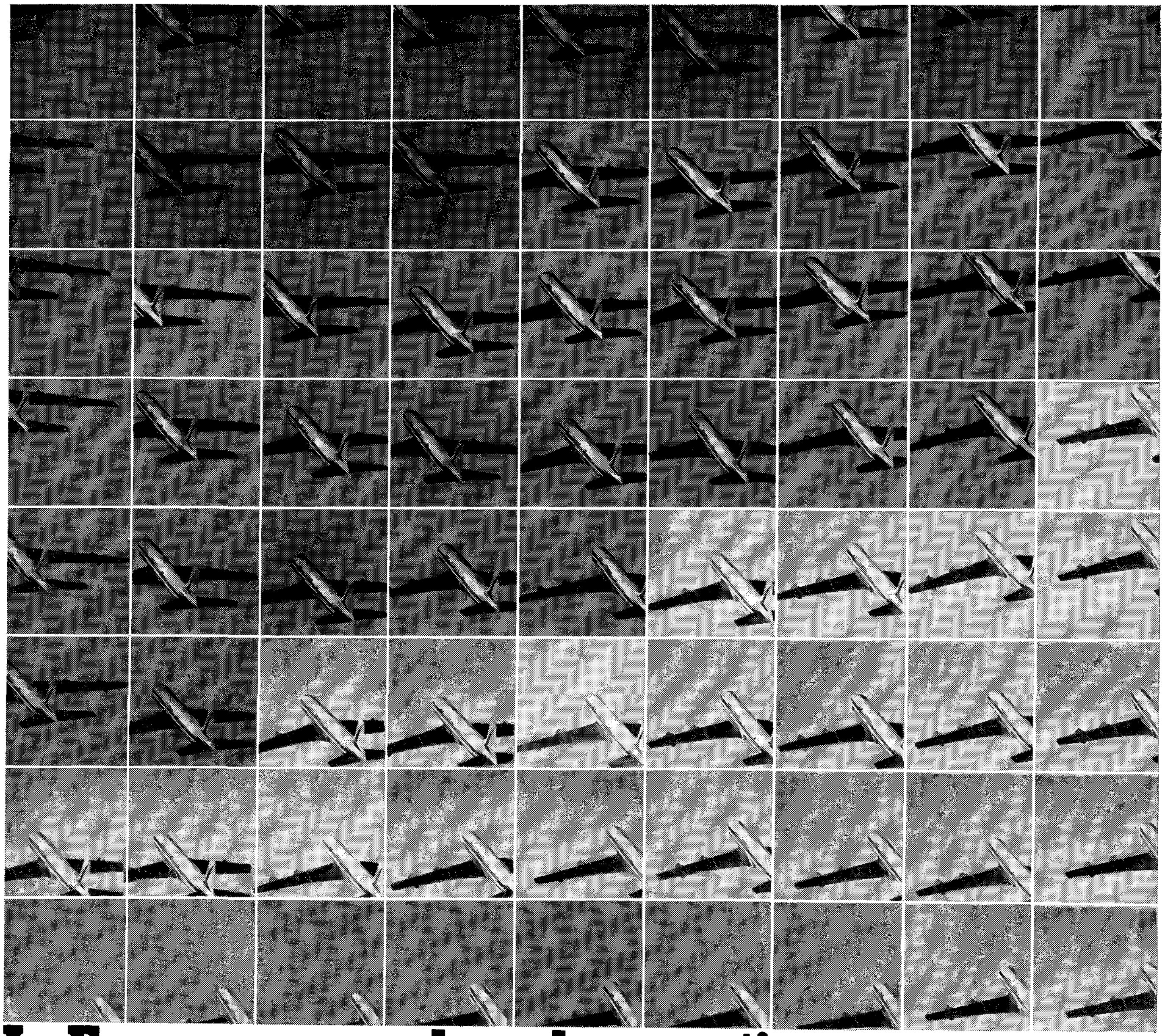
Fair weather at Nunivak rides on the north wind, and on the ninth of August it blew from dawn to dusk. Then, as the sun sank, mare's-tails of wind in the high altitudes streaked the sunset, and by nightfall the wind had backed around into the west. At dawn, it was strong from the south again, with rain. Nevertheless, the first of the two planes that we had chartered, a Cessna, appeared during the morning, and we flew out immediately on a survey of the island. Teal wanted to inspect the herds at the west cape, but the foul weather pouring in on the south wind was at its worst at Cape Mohican, as the Eskimo landmark known as Ikook had been named by federal surveyors. The heavy pall of fog shrouding the western end of the island turned us away, and we flew down along the windward coast.

The south shore of Nunivak, falling away from the high plateaus of the interior, is a low coast, by and large, battered by storm winds and the rough surf of the straits. The plateaus are drained by a series of small rivers, which have cut ravines on their way down to the sea, and the river mouths form broad lagoons behind high dunes of



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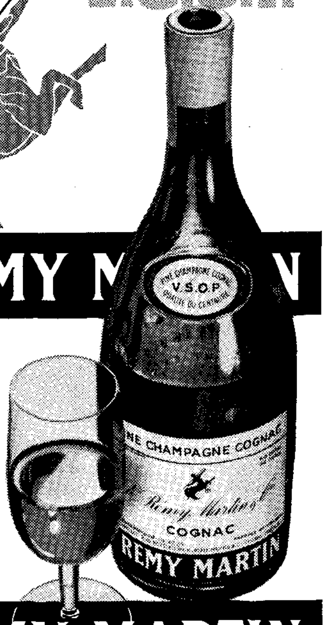

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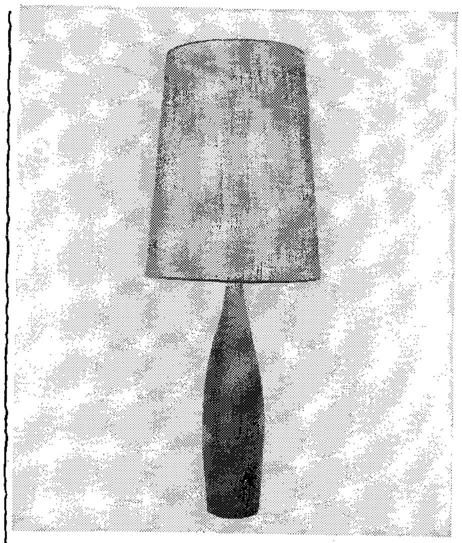
dark sand, which are said to contain the tusks and bones of prehistoric animals. From the plane, we looked down upon a mournful landscape of odd lights—old volcanic cones capped with mists; dark dunes, stretched out like a small mountain range along brown swaths of stormy surf; the ravines; two sepulchral swans, like statues by a sullen pool; and herd after herd of dark beasts. The musk ox are common on the southeast shore, where there are long riverbeds of dwarf willow, their favorite browse. They share the region with reindeer herds of thousands, and deer trails spider everywhere across the green, like cracks in paint. The hills roll softly, and streams curl gently in green meadows of bright flowers. There were few musk ox on the east and north coasts, though some old solitary bulls gazed seaward from the cliffs. It is this solitary habit of old bulls that—in their Canadian range, at least—causes them to be cut down by wolves.

On the morning of the fourteenth of August, after our second plane appeared, we attempted our first capture, and it was thwarted. The pilot of the herding plane crowded the animals too closely when they went into their defense formation, thus driving them even deeper into it; not only will musk ox stand and face a diving airplane but the bull may actually leap up like a giant goat and try to gore it. The airplane could not budge either one of two bands that had wandered within a few miles of Nash Harbor, where the first ambush had been set up, and we on the ground took time out for lunch without having laid eyes on a single animal.

The ideal ambush is set up by a line of men leading inland from a peninsula or point; the men jump out of hiding as the animals, running down the shore, reach the base of the point, and the end of the line swings down and around, cutting them off. In theory, the herd is rushed out onto the point and off the end before it can organize a defense formation. That afternoon, Teal went out on foot to see if he could move one of the bands, while the airplane patrolled back and forth in lazy eights at a little distance, keeping the animals headed toward the trap. I was the wing man in a line extending straight up a lava ridge from the inland shore of the lagoon, and it was my job to move the line back if the musk ox should come in from the wrong angle, and to signal the closing of the trap by running downhill once



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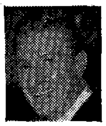

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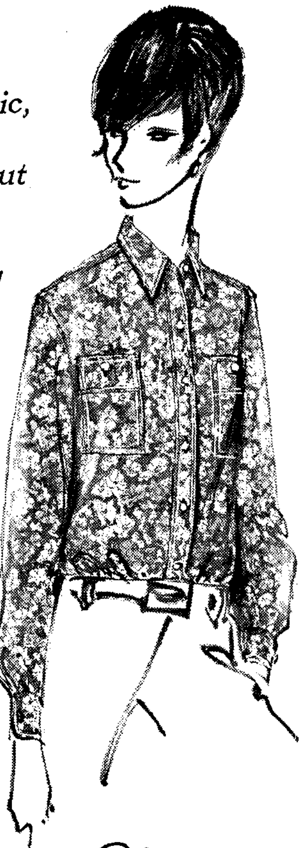

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the herd had passed. The animals did come in from the wrong angle, and while our line of men was fading back to give them room, they surged onto the ridge above us. There they milled long enough to be headed right again, whereupon we sprinted back to our original positions, and kept sprinting, for they were coming at full speed, plunging headlong into the trap. Where the lava ridge tumbled down into the water, they were met by a line of yelling men jumping up like goblins from among the rocks. The animals wheeled, but the trap was shut. We had run down the hill behind, swinging the line into a semicircle around them. Unfortunately, the point at Nash Harbor is short and blunt, scarcely a point at all, and the animals not only failed to plunge off its rocky nose but bolted straight back up the steep slope. Sighting two men at the top, they wheeled again, descending. At mid-slope, seeing themselves surrounded, they went into defense. The men on top closed in a little, bullying them gradually downhill by tossing clods at their muzzles. Gathering momentum as they descended, the musk ox made a sudden break. It seemed to me that an avalanche of hair and horn was rolling down on us, and I flared my rain parka, yipping and dancing in dismay. This grotesque spectacle helped turn them back toward the shore, where they went into formation again. One cow was facing uphill and another was facing the lagoon, and a young bull and two calves were pressed in the middle. From start to finish, the young bull comported himself without distinction, but the cows were snorting bravely, tossing their heads and gazing in a calculating way from one man to another, as if to find a weak link in our chain. Had the animals been given breathing space and time to consider the hopelessness of their position, they might have done what was expected of them, for the opposite bank of the inlet and a vista of open tundra were not far off. But we grew impatient at their ignorance of musk-ox ways, and finally rushed them. Thus provoked, one cow charged straight uphill, her calf at her side, and tore a big hole in our line, so disrupting it that the rest of the herd breached it moments later. Teal made a heroic dive for a passing calf and got his hands on it, but a three-month musk ox is the size of a ram, and fast, and extremely strong. Wild with terror, it kicked free and fled before the rest of us could rush in and pile on.

Both our planes caught up with the first cow as she climbed the steep butte

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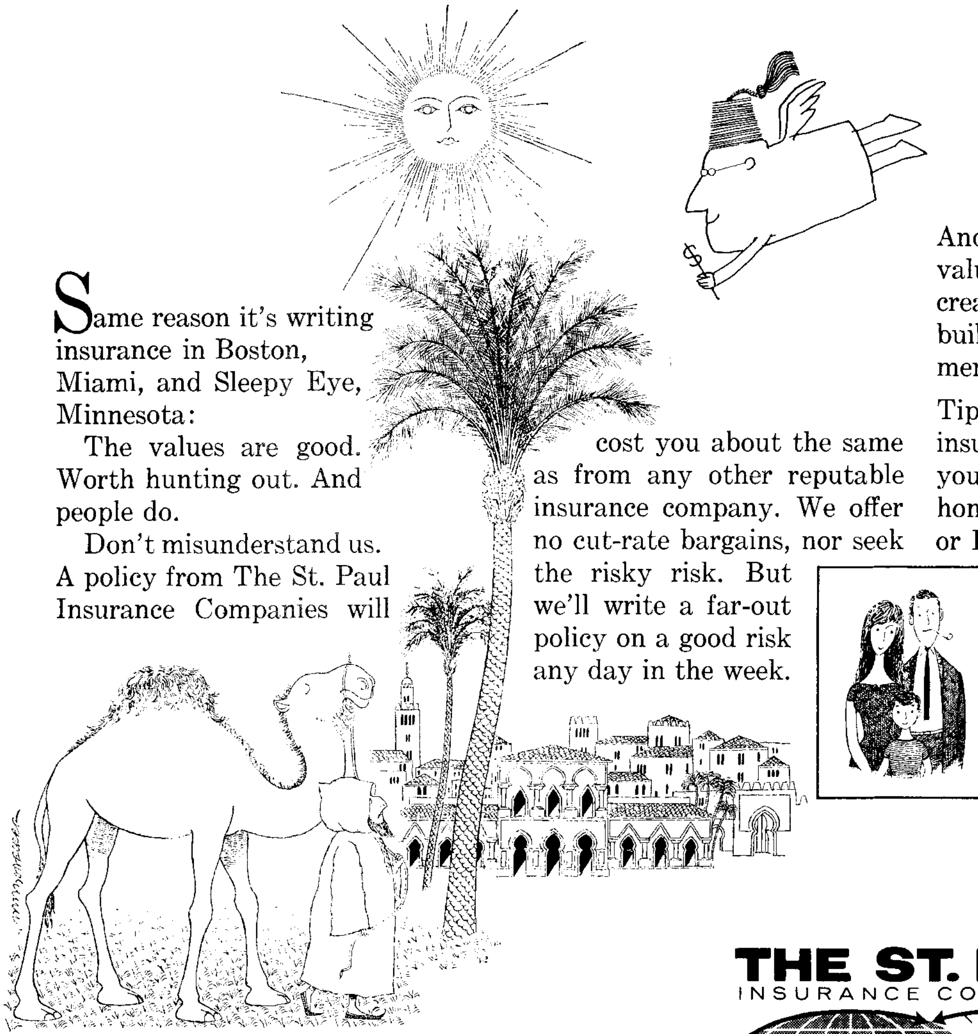

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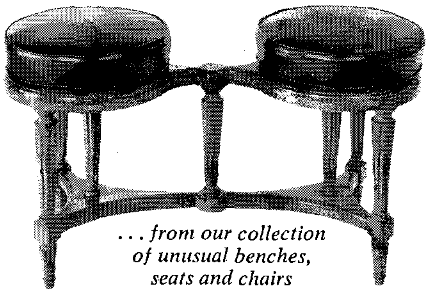
a mile to the east of the old graveyard. She persevered against the planes, and gained the top of the butte, where she stood outlined against the sky as the two monstrous birds dived and roared across her path. Because she was exhausted, the aircraft were able to hold her long enough for us to run the mile and climb the butte and cut her off at the high cliff edge. All this time, through the drive, the ambush, the breakout, and the run, the calf had been pressed tight to her side. The two creatures seemed to move as a single animal, with the same heart and rhythm, as if the calf were still a part of the mother. Invariably, she placed herself between the calf and the source of danger, so that the calf seemed scarcely more than a wool protuberance, glimpsed as she wheeled. The cow's tongue was white with running, and her chest heaved. Our chests also heaved, and doubtless our tongues were white as well. Both parties panted and glowered. The tired cow was mean as slag. She made several rushes, hooking and snorting, and would not be forced back toward the lagoon, despite shouts and hurled sods and stones, but fixed red, angry eyes on every man in turn. Once in a while, the head of the calf would poke out from behind her flank and stare at us, surprised and reproachful.

We opened the ring to give her a way out, and after a while she took it. She turned her back on us, and the two shaggy skirts, one large, one small, moved westward. We were all affected by this cow. She deserved to escape.

OUR failures had scattered the musk ox of the Nash Harbor vicinity all over the tundra, and on the fifteenth of August we flew across to another lagoon in the southwest, lashing the canoe to one pontoon in a way that seemed precarious to most of us but did not faze our bush pilot, a nineteen-year-old hot shot, who flew so low to the ground that the horizon was practically always above eye level. His partner in the other plane, who was an Indian, was an older, better, and less spectacular pilot, but both flew strictly "by the seat of their pants," as fliers say; that is, they almost never resorted to their compass or other instruments and often got so hopelessly lost, in fog over strange terrain, as to seek and accept advice from their passengers.

A herd was found at the edge of the great sea cliffs that form the western rampart of the island, perhaps four miles from a stark lagoon that had a

DUET BENCH



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fine, long point. Geese rose in strings as the planes dropped in. Teal placed his men in ambush, and then he and I set out across long, sloping hills toward a cliff marked on the map as Ingri Butte. One plane was ahead of us, trying to start the animals toward the ambush point, but dense mists hanging on the cliffs turned it back. Behind us the south coast vanished and re-formed, a chiaroscuro in which the black dunes turned and the heavy surf of Etolin Strait broke far out to sea in a wide, white arc. Inland, on a sloping plain, a herd of reindeer moving downwind looked like a slow cloud shadow. Then fog surrounded us. We trudged on, across black, grassy bog and over broken tussocks, searching for a landmark pond seen from the air, and were fooled, in the mists, by phantom fields of white daisies. There were no colored flowers and no ground birds in this pale world—only the ghostly kittiwakes drifting through the murk over our heads, and the hollow call of the red-throated loon from some pool beyond the gray. We had gone several miles before the fog lifted and water came in view. This was not the pond we had been searching for but the upper end of the lagoon that we had left. We had walked in a circle, and were far off course. Again we set out, taking care this time to keep the steady wind on our right cheekbones, and by the time we neared the cliffs the plane was in the air again, circling out over the ocean beyond the animals. Somewhere on the cliff edge they had gone into defense formation, for the plane could not move them; uncertain of their position, we chose a point well to the west, so as not to spook them in the wrong direction. At the sea cliff, we moved west, then east, searching. The fog swept in again, and the plane vanished.

Behind the fog there appeared a weak sun, bringing color to the cliffs, which rose two hundred feet or more above the sea. Split basalt columns gave them the soft look of antique walls, cracked and infiltrated by green life. Thousands of sea birds were in sight at once, voicing a depthless squall; most of the murres and puffins occupied bare ledges, but others peered from flowery shelves at the speckle of swimming flocks beyond the surf. (These sea cliffs extend westward all the way to Ikook, gaining in stature as they go. The only break occurs at the mouth of the Dooksook River, which is the loveliest place on all the island. There are dead villages on both sides of the Dooksook channel, in one of which, on another day, we found an old stone lamp,

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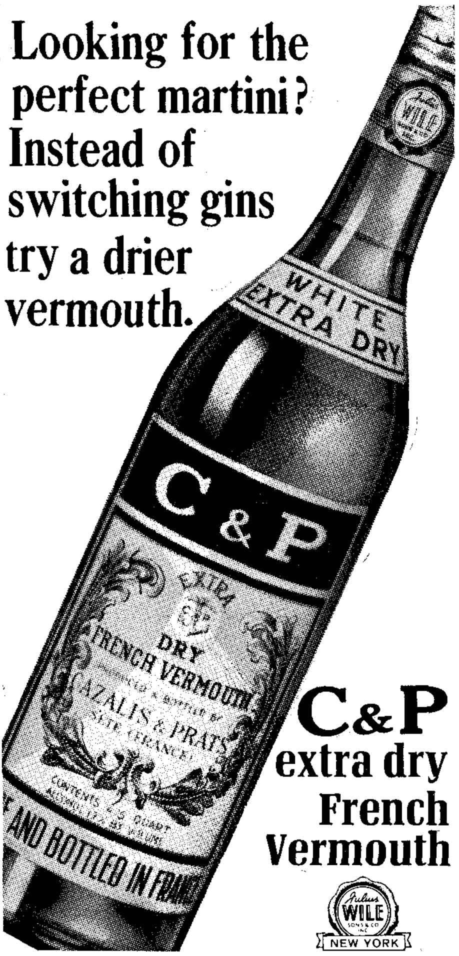
and near these ruins are large heaps of stones—caches protecting whale meat from foxes, for the skeletons of two large whales lay on the beach and there was a den of foxes on the slope above. The bolder of two foxes we watched one morning lay down in a bed of flowers by its hole, the better to observe us, and the dim sun glistened on a fur that a dank, cold climate makes rich and lustrous. The fox hollow had a dozen earths, and the heads and wings of fallen murres were scattered in front of each one. Yet foxes cannot have much effect on the populations of sea birds, which live in millions all along the island's western face.)

Bird cliffs are a hypnotic spectacle, like fire and the sea, and I was startled, as if awakened, when we came upon the musk ox, in a grassy hollow. They were a few yards from the rim—a large bull, a young bull, a cow, and a calf. The large bull had backed the others into place and stood waiting for us, nuzzling his shin and snorting. Head and hump raised high and long hair swinging like chain mail, he regarded with fine disdain the two tired men who stumbled toward him, whooping and waving. In fact, he brought us to a halt, and, for want of better news, Teal notified the ambush line by walkie-talkie that the animals were now in sight. Then we whooped and waved again, and the cow showed an inclination to go away, but the big bull held her. When we made a third approach, he seemed to suspect that the others might leave anyway, for he butted them into motion, and they all humped off along the cliffs in a rolling canter. Every mile or so, they stopped, and we waved and whooped them on again, backed by the airplane. Their defense formation could be exploited, for whenever they veered off in the wrong direction, the plane could stop them short until the gasping runners flanked them and started them back in the right direction. The runners had to avoid coming too close, not just for safety but for tactical reasons, because, to the musk ox, a man at a distance is merely disagreeable, and to be quitted as soon as possible, whereas a man closer is a threat, requiring action.

Now the animals were headed perfectly. They rushed along the bank of the lagoon, then slowed down and trotted docilely into the trap before most of the ambushers, crouched low out of the wind, knew they were there. Teal and I arrived in time to take our places in the line and follow the animals out onto the point. In three hours, we had walked some twelve



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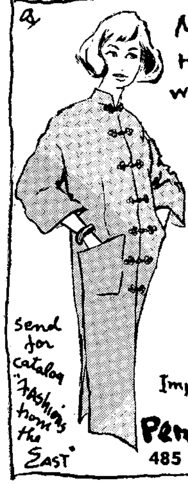

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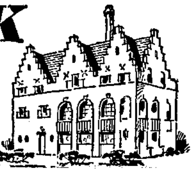

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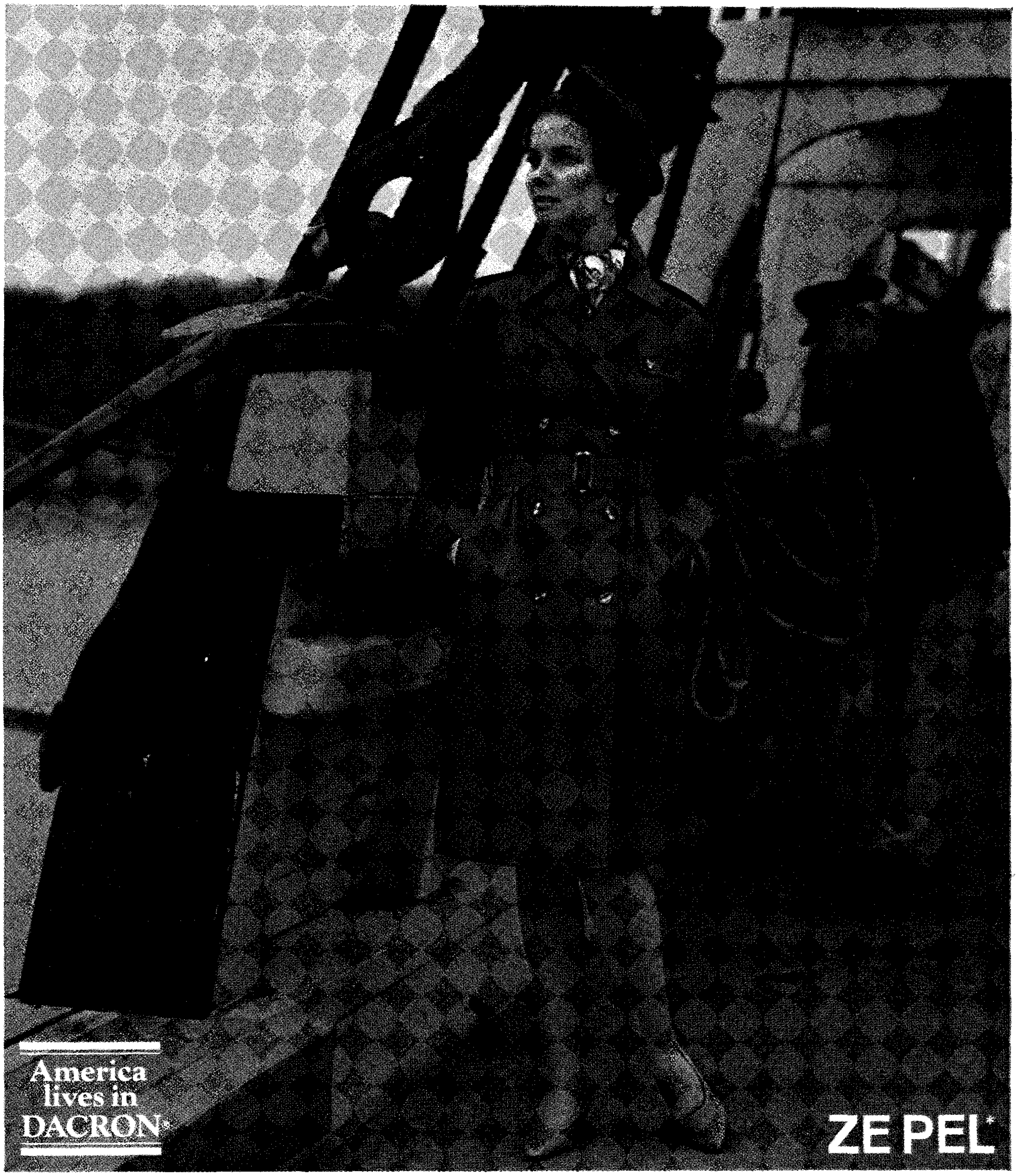

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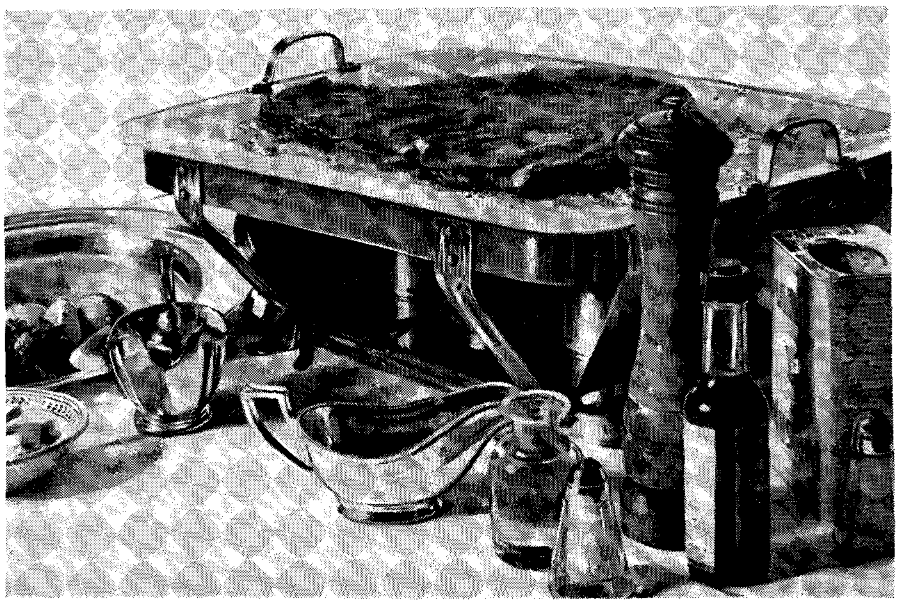
miles of bog and run at least two more, and I felt my legs stiffening. Even Teal, who has a remarkable stride, looked stunned, and his face was gaunt with perspiration. The musk ox were given time to sniff the water and step into it, but they did not want to swim. They were tired and the far bank of the inlet was half a mile off, and the water was cold as snow. We waited. We intermittently banged pans and yelled, but always kept our distance, trying to avoid a breakout. Finally, the animals moved into the water. The bull was not thirty yards from shore when he found a submerged rock to stand on, and stand on it he did, defiant, while his band circled desperately in the freezing water. The calf, all but submerged, seemed on the point of drowning. The bull was dislodged by a barrage of stones and by the sight of two men approaching him in the canoe, and he plunged away toward the far shore, his exhausted band low in the water behind. They were overtaken by the canoe, and the calf was snared with a long crook; a collar was placed around its neck, and it was hauled speedily to the shore, where, bawling, it was met and overpowered by four large men. It was hobbled, swathed in towels, and laid in the soft grass with its head in a man's lap, so that it would not dash its brains out in its thrashing.

Meanwhile, the bull had turned back, trailed by the young bull and the cow. But the cow's heart gave out, and she stopped swimming. The young bull turned around and swam toward her, as if to encourage her, but she did not respond to his approach. We watched her drown. The canoe went after her and dragged her to the shore; her eyes were glazing over, and buckets of white fluid poured from her mouth and nostrils. At Teal's bidding, we hauled the carcass up onto the grass, so that the muscles and organs could be salvaged later for physiological research. Teal is a very big man with a big, expressive face, and he was unashamedly upset. So were the rest of us; that death had marred the pleasure of the first capture.

Two cows and two calves were found the next day close to the fiord at a place called Kigoumiut and were driven onto a rocky point within an hour after runners had started after them. But the point was a poor one, and there was only a steep rock coast across the fiord to swim to, so the cows refused to lead their calves into the water. For five hours, the two cows withstood loud noises, threatening silences, feints, threats, rocks, and clods, retreat-



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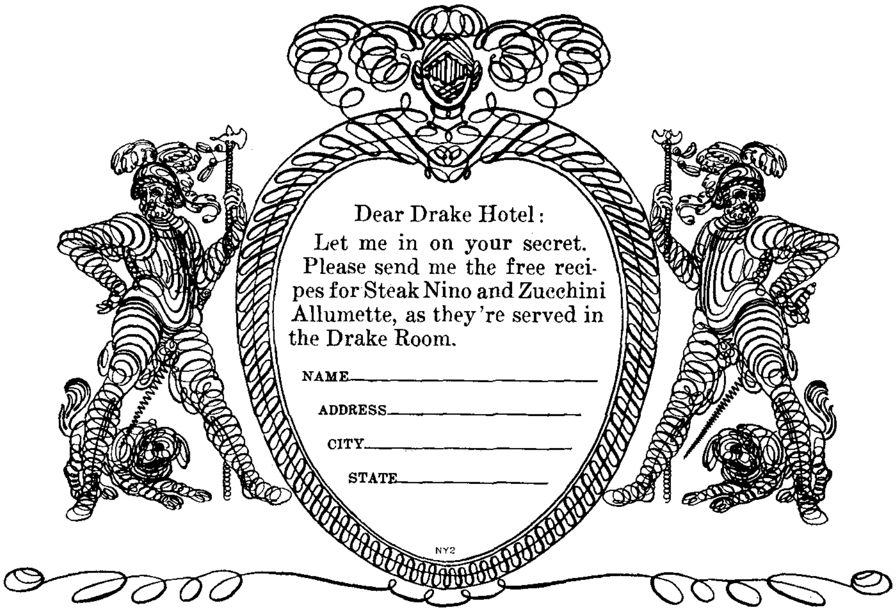

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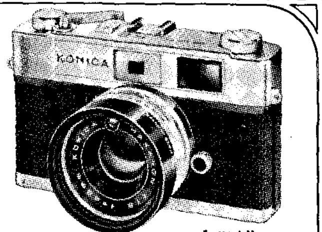

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ing in that time a mere twenty yards, into the shelter of some shore boulders. The larger cow held us off with frequent charges. A cold wind blew and rain fell, and as darkness neared, a total victory for *O. moschatus* seemed at hand. The one bright interlude of the afternoon was the performance of a long-tailed weasel (the ermine of winter)—pale tawny pink, and as quick and pretty as a carnivore can be. Started up by the loud and interminable convention of large mammals where only dull rocks had been before, it whisked from point to point, peering at man and musk ox.

Approaching from behind the boulders, Teal tossed out a loop of rope, hoping to snare a calf by the neck or the ankle. This job was not made easier by the tight grouping of the animals, with the two calves in the middle, and we wondered just what we would do if he snared an angry cow instead. Eventually, a calf was caught around the neck, and then we wondered who had whom. The calf could not be hauled straight in—first, because all its companions were snarled in the rope, and, second, because any tightening of the noose, unless we could relieve it within seconds, would leave us at the end of our long day with a dead calf. For the same reasons, we could not move the animals, and though we broke up our circle around them, they did not depart of their own accord. And so we waited; the next decision would be theirs.

The less belligerent of the two cows disengaged herself at last and climbed the bank above the boulders, her calf at her side; the other cow, an old, red-eyed animal, followed. The second calf, which until now had been philosophical about the rope around its neck, let out an almighty bawl, for when it sprang after its mother, the noose tightened and yanked it down on its side. The others wheeled and rushed right back, driving us onto the outer rocks by the water. Teal himself seemed unnerved, for he bellowed at us what all of us knew well—that this was a dangerous situation. His chief concern, though, was plainly with the calf. Its tongue was starting to protrude, and the outraged cow and her companion, and even the second calf, were following the victim as we hauled it in hand over hand. The younger cow was driven off at the last moment by a hail of stones; she had had a long and weary afternoon, and she wheeled suddenly and departed. In this moment herd instinct triumphed over the maternal one, and the red-eyed cow,

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confused by the defection, rushed off, too. We leaped to release the noose and hog-tie the young captive, which was bawling with fright and outrage.

THE first calf, called Dahloongamiut, after the place of its capture, proved to be a bull. The second, Kigoumiut, was female; it was fortunate that the noose had fallen on a heifer, for we sought heifers in a ratio of four to one. Dahloon and Kig, as they came to be known, were hog-tied and flown out together to Nash Harbor, where they were tagged with a red (male) and blue (female) "No. 1," and given a preventive shot against pneumonia. There all similarity ended. The little bull, upon his release, sprang to his feet and charged. At his first feeding, it required three men to hold him, and one of them was knocked flat by a surprise attack, while another got cuts over his eyes from a milk can sent flying by the woolly head. The lassoed heifer, on the other hand, panted woebegone on her bed of grass for a long time, and, when she rose, moved timidly out of our way. Her first night, she nibbled the willows provided for her, and the next morning she docilely accepted a bottle, learning quickly to suck on the rubber nipple. (Heifers will wean themselves by choice early in the spring after they are born, but bull calves, if they are indulged, will hanker after the nipple for two years.) With tail and ears submerged in hair, the two calves looked like stocky bales of thick black wool, except for their white stockings, white foreheads, and big, dark, reproachful eyes. Musk-ox calves are as dignified as their parents, and as spirited. In their first few days, the calves had to be force-fed, and wrestling with them became an expedition sport. Having had my nose pressed into their coats, I can only conclude that Teal's reverence for the animal must have deceived him when he wrote, in an article some years back, that musk-ox calves are odorless, even when wet. On Nunivak, at least, the musk-ox calf has a faint, unmistakable, and not unpleasant odor of manure.

At first, Teal had been in no hurry to make captures, preferring to get his camp established and see to it that things were running smoothly. Unweaned calves are very delicate, especially when they are penned up or when they are in transit, and he had meant to make all his captures within a short period, so that none of the animals would have to be confined long before being flown out to the corral awaiting them near Fairbanks. But by the

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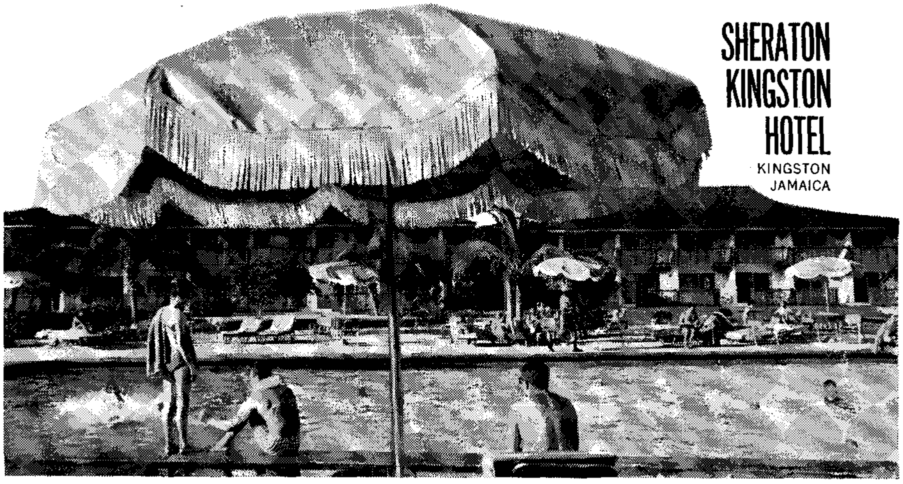

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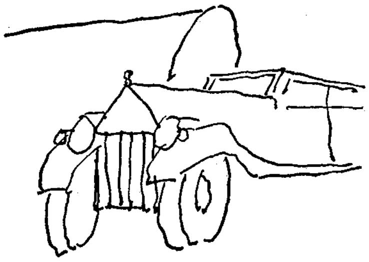
middle of August we had got only three calves—a third one had been taken at Dooksook Lake—and at that rate we would never get our quota of twenty calves before the first September snow. Bad weather and the recalcitrance of the animals were delaying us, and Teal decided upon the expensive measure of ordering a helicopter out from Anchorage. The machine—a bright-orange one—arrived in the late afternoon of the twenty-first, quick and angry as a dragonfly. Settling down directly on the village with a terrible wind and a heinous noise, it broke the vast northern silence in a way that the light planes never did. The pilot, a short, breezy man sporting dark glasses, Wellington boots, and a waxed mustache, had been to Nunivak before, and said he knew a little something about musk-ox ways. Moreover, he was experienced in the use of helicopters with wild animals, having handled rhinoceros from a helicopter in India.

Teal immediately flew off in the helicopter, and returned delighted. The musk ox encountered had been confounded, less by the racket than by the rush of air; hanging directly above the animals and dipping down, the machine had broken up defense formations, had cut a cow out of the herd, and had even separated a mother from her calf. The following day, three calves were taken, not one of which got as far as the ambush line. Upon finding itself alone, a calf would try to hide, and could be jumped on. August 23rd was foggy, grounding the machine until evening; then, on a late reconnoitre after supper, another calf was seen and seized. On the twenty-fourth, three more calves were captured, for a total of ten. The helicopter tactics had soon been so neatly worked out that Teal hoped to average a take of six per day. We were glad now to have had those first days of running and ambush and encirclement, in which three calves were won in long hours of hard work. The helicopter calves were tagged and fed and cared for with the rest, and they were named, but, in their numbers, they remained somehow anonymous, and none of us could remember their names. The musk ox were beaten, and everybody knew it; the Nunivak expedition, in the way we liked to think of it, was at an end.

ALREADY the weather had turned colder. The golden plover were less numerous each day, and geese were moving restlessly on every wind. The Dolly Varden in the channel made way for small pink salmon, and the reindeer

Park at 59th



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were moving down off the plateaus onto the coast. One day, they overflowed the high butte to the east of us, hundreds and hundreds of them, first streaming in silhouette along the skyline, then pouring downhill toward the lagoon. The mass of life was changing shape like some vast protoplasm, waxing and waning as it flowed; catching sight of man, it milled confusedly, gathering in its streamers, and lost itself beyond the high horizon of grass and sky.

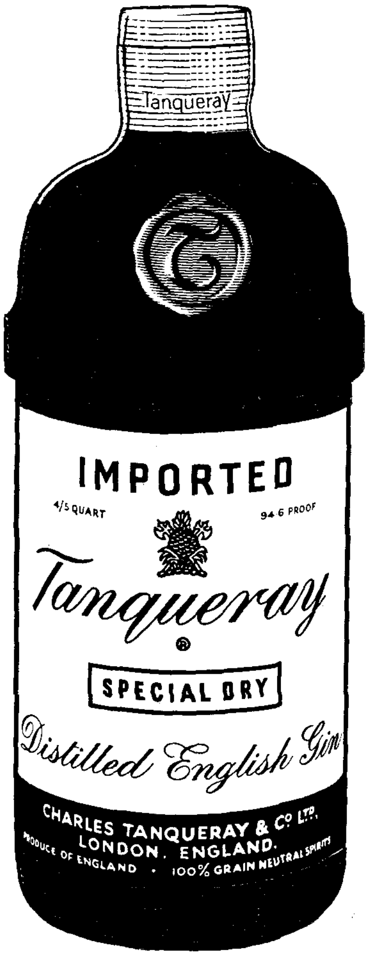
One day when the fog fell back, we flew to look at the west cape, which we had not yet seen. On a narrow rim of rocks beneath the cliffs that stretch toward Ikook lay a dead beluga whale, as pale as ivory. The cliffs were white with the breasts of birds; when the plane neared, the birds swirled off their ledges in huge gusts, like windblown snow, plummeting down into the sea. Their shriek and din were blown away by the engine of the plane, causing a sense, in all this swarming life, of eerie silence. Ikook itself gives shelter to few birds; even sea birds must shrink back from this high jutting hatchet blade of rock, wedged viciously into a tumult of rough tide rips. At Ikook is an automatic light, rarely visible to the rare ship, and beside the light stands a lone wooden cross. Here, not many years ago, a man was blown backward from the cliff and fell four hundred feet to the rocks below. The Eskimos fear the tide rips at this cape, which few have rounded. On the trip outward from Mekoryuk, an Eskimo named Charlie Spud announced without conviction that he had been around it once. When asked what "Ikook" meant, he stood solemnly a while, as if at a loss to understand how one could ask such a simple-minded question. "It means the End," he said, with a gesture outward toward the gray engulfing sea. "No more. The End." He also told us that in the spring past, an Eskimo hunting seals along the coast down that way had found himself cut off from his boat by two great old musk-ox bulls; they lay facing him in the new grass. He yipped and waved, but they did not move. He threw a stone and struck one of them, but still they did not move. The old bulls had come down to Ikook together, and together, in the new grass, they lay dead.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

•

Julie Christie . . . will play the lead in Thomas Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

It's a sequel to "Jude the Obscene."



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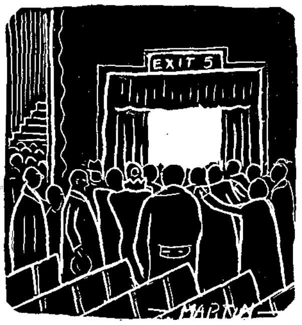
THE CURRENT CINEMA

In the Mud

“King and Country” is a very good movie. It is also, I feel bound to warn you, relentless in its determination to make us face unflinchingly, at close range, the outrageous and yet commonplace miscarriage of justice that constitutes nearly all of its simple plot. With the punitive fierceness of one who cannot merely howl with rage and despair over what befalls the unlucky innocents of this world, much less—like most of the rest of us—look away and keep looking away until what we cannot bear to look upon has been made to vanish in death, the director of the movie, Joseph Losey, pitches us headlong into the very center of a filthy, sodden, vermin-infested landscape and forces us to observe there the scourging of a poor young dolt of a soldier whose only crime has been to mislay his wits so cheerfully and with so little fuss that his superiors find it easy to pronounce him sane and therefore guilty of desertion and therefore worthy of execution. “Is there no pity sitting in the clouds?” Not in *these* clouds, says Mr. Losey; they are what they seem, and nothing will reach us from them but the coldest rain.



The time of “King and Country” is the First World War, and the place is the trenched and treeless bog of Passchendaele. The doomed hero is Private Hamp, a former cobbler who, after three years in the service, has taken it into his troubled head to quit the war and walk home to London. He is picked up and jailed, and the fastidious Captain Hargreaves is assigned to defend him at the subsequent court-martial. Hamp, who for goodness and inarticulateness is a second Billy Budd, is sure that the Captain will have no difficulty getting him off; the Captain, bored by having to go through the motions of defending still another rubbishy deserter, interrogates Hamp and, little by little, is won over by him. At the court-martial, he so far forgets his legal training as to ask for justice rather than the strict carrying out of Army regulations. To no avail. Hamp is sentenced to death and, after a night of drunken and at last panic-stricken revelry, is marched out into the trenches to be held erect before a firing squad of the very men with whom he has been revelling. His young life has been a bungle, and so, it turns out, is his death. His comrades fail to kill him, and it remains for the anguished Captain Hargreaves to dispatch him, like an animal, with a single bullet to the brain.

Tom Courtenay, as Hamp, and Dirk Bogarde, as Captain Hargreaves, are superb—two of the most accomplished actors alive, working at the top of their bents in roles that evidently pleased them very much. Also excellent are Leo McKern, as a hard-pressed and irascible medical officer; Peter Copley, as the colonel who presides over the court-martial; and James Villiers, as the snooty young captain who serves as Hamp’s prosecutor. The screenplay, written by Evan Jones from a play by John Wilson, is appropriately spare and harsh, as are the water-soaked sets, by Peter Mullins. Still, the main honors go to Mr. Losey, whose moral indignation stains, as if with an acid both lethal and therapeutic, every frame of this passionate picture.

It becomes more and more evident to me that where the current wave of mock thrillers is concerned, my critical faculties tend to shred away into so much confetti. I liked “Thunderball,” which is, after all, but a parody of a parody, and I take an equal pleasure in “Our Man Flint,” which is a parody of a parody of a parody, and, as such, might have been expected to give me a slightly queasy feeling of *déjà vu*. The screenplay, by Hal Fimberg and Ben Starr, has for its hero a wealthy young man of impeccable amorality and infinite expertise who, when an international conspiracy of scientists threatens to take over the world by tampering with the weather, routs a horde of wily enemies singlehanded, makes love to a horde of willowy chicks-in-waiting, and saves mankind from universal slavery. Now and then, in the course of blowing up an entire island or the like of that, Flint may get a trifle winded, but he is at least seventeen times as resourceful and indestructible as James Bond, and I suspect he will prove durable in more ways than one, thanks in part to the attractive insincerity with which James Coburn has invested the role. Wearing a dazed, incredulous smile, I look forward to the surely soon-to-come Flintian prodigies of "Dr. Yes," "From China with Hate," "Silverthumb," and "Lightningbat."

THAT useful servant of the cinematic art the New Yorker Theatre has put together a program that amounts to a posthumous tribute to two celebrated directors, one Japanese and the other Polish. "Ohayo" was directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who died in 1963, and "Eroica," which is really two short pictures linked by ironic differences, was directed by Andrzej Munk, who died in 1961. "Ohayo" is a comedy about contemporary Japan, and has so little internal energy that one often has the feeling one is watching a progression of beautiful stills. Contrariwise, both segments of "Eroica" have plots of an old-fashioned, O. Henry-like neatness and artificiality; the episodes concern Polish civilians and soldiers during the Second World War, which, through a certain stiltedness of direction, Munk has made seem farther back in time than the First World War in Losey's "King and Country." —BRENDAN GILL

•

Zelanski is intellectually and visually (a distinction he might disavow) engaged in his time, which means that art tabulators could tick off an encyclopedia of trends and influences in his work, missing as usual the deep and distant ones. There is no snapping, crackling or popping syllable to sum him up. He likes the action of color, the intimacy of touch and gesture in paint and paper, and the instant nostalgia of the camera. He denies them constantly, and that makes the difference. There are few painters around who can play these three notes of Our Song so well, and fewer who make them sound like an overture to greatness. —*Review of an art show at the University of Connecticut.*

There *must* be a popping syllable to sum him up.

•

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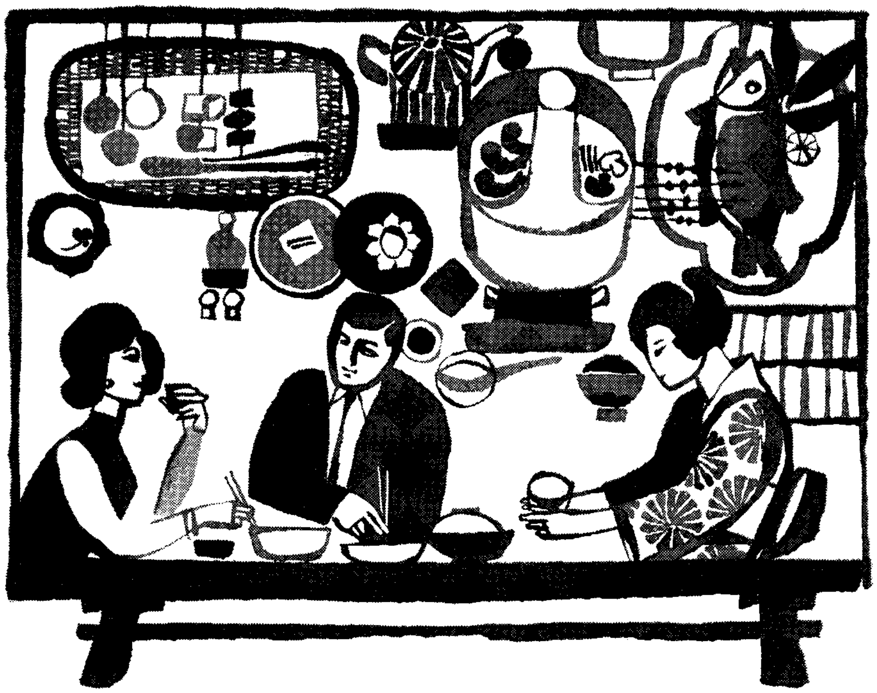
The motif, Mrs. Phelps feels, is an appropriate symbol for the expiration of an unsuccessful marriage.—*Adv. in the Chicago Tribune.*

You know—the unknown quantity of alimony.



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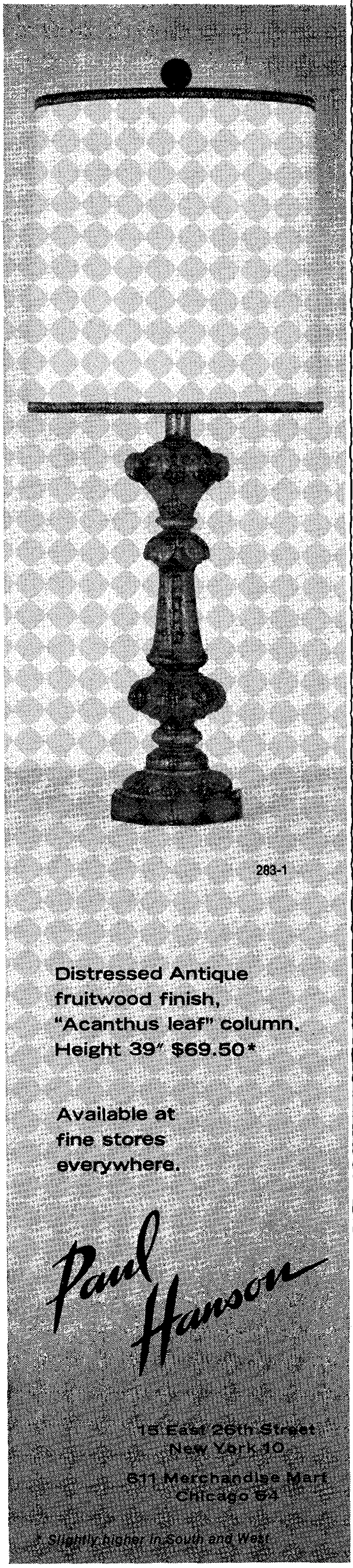

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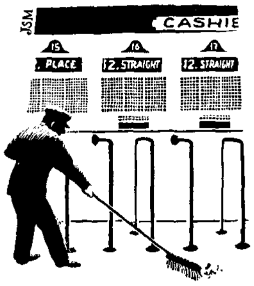
THE RACE TRACK

High Bids



Bold Bidder, a castoff of the Wheatley Stable, won the Charles H. Strub Stakes, the first of the season's many six-figure jackpots, at Santa Anita last Saturday. From all accounts, he led for most of the mile and a quarter and rolled home effortlessly half a dozen lengths ahead of Isle of Greece. Terry's Secret, the favorite, was third, five lengths behind. Bold Bidder's time for the distance was 1:59⅗, which lowered by a fifth of a second the track mark set by Round Table in the 1958 Santa Anita Handicap. Isle of Greece, who had had a hard race in the San Pasqual Handicap earlier in the week, made a good try; Blum, who rode the gray colt, said he had never run better. Some observers thought Terry's Secret tired under the top weight of 125 pounds; in any event, he was never in the picture, nor were the eleven other four-year-olds. Bold Bidder, a rangy bay by Bold Ruler out of High Bid, was bought at private terms (said to have been fifty thousand dollars) last autumn by Paul Falkenstein, a California cotton man and an old hand in the horse business. At the end of the season, Falkenstein leased the colt to John R. Gaines, the big syndicate man of Lexington, Kentucky, in whose colors he ran last Saturday. The gross value of the Strub Stakes was $134,500, and Bold Bidder's share was $89,500.

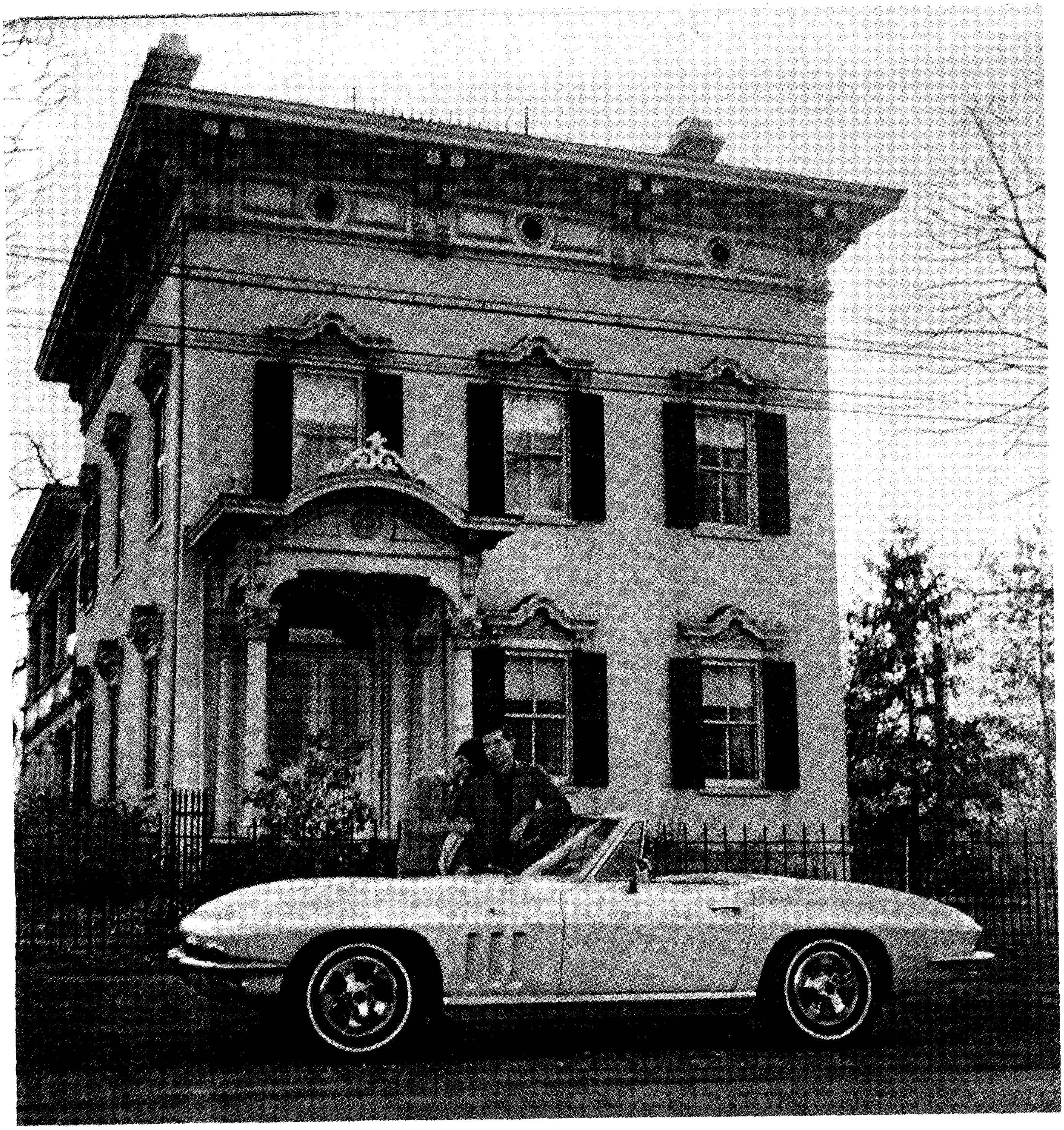
Speaking of the Santa Anita Handicap, I'm sure Bold Bidder will be well fancied for that little number, on the twenty-sixth of the month. Hill Rise, the winner last year, isn't the horse he was, and Lucky Debonair, an early favorite for both it and the Strub, is on the sidelines, but there's still Native Diver, whom they call the California Kelso. Though he was down the course in the San Carlos a few weeks ago, he came back to his best form in the San Pasqual, in which he carried 128 pounds, conceded weight in chunks, and beat Cupid, Isle of Greece, Hill Rise, and six others. I expect he'll go for the San Antonio, a week from Saturday, and then for the Big 'Cap. It is, of course, easy to make a good case for the chances of Saber Mountain in the Santa Anita Derby, a week thereafter. Any colt who has won all his four starts is sure to have the elements of dramatic appeal. In his last race, the San Vicente, Saber Mountain made the fourteen other three-year-olds look second-class.

As for Hialeah, the Palm Beach Handicap, which is now the first of a series of three stakes races on the grass (the Hialeah Turf Cup is the grand finale), had twenty-six entries last weekend. Since the track is only wide enough for fourteen, it was run off in two sections, the first of which went to First Family, who ended a long run of disappointments by beating Munden Point, Western Warrior, and ten others. The second was won by Point du Jour, with Kentucky Jug second and Carry Forward II third. Earlier in the week, Roman Brother had his first gallop under colors in preparation for the Widener Handicap, on the nineteenth. A seven-furlong sprint isn't his best distance—he likes a longer route—but he won comfortably from Selari, to whom he gave nine pounds. Sunstruck, who set a lively pace to the stretch, was third.

Baeza has been everybody's favorite jockey at Hialeah from the very first day of the meeting, when he had a triple. All told, he has scored twenty-four firsts in a fortnight, but he didn't have one winner in six tries last Saturday. No doubt horseplayers who bet on jockeys remembered with pain that one day earlier in the week he rode five winners. His most notable mount on that occasion was Dapper Dan, who was making his first start since he finished fourth in the Belmont Stakes in June, and whose objective is the Widener.

Just a word on the high dollar: At the Florida Breeders' Sales last week, two hundred and thirty-one two-year-olds ready to race brought $3,298,200. The top price, a hundred thousand dollars, was paid by Mrs. Lela Ellis, of Scottsdale, Arizona, for Tumble Wind, a bay colt by Restless Wind out of Easy Stages. As you'd expect, the beast is being syndicated. And a word on stamina—if that's what I mean: The other evening, with the temperature near zero, a crowd of around fourteen thousand went to the trots at Roosevelt Raceway.

—Audax Minor



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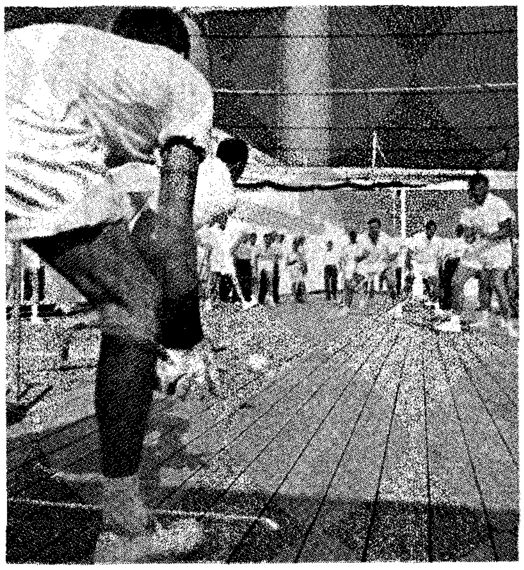

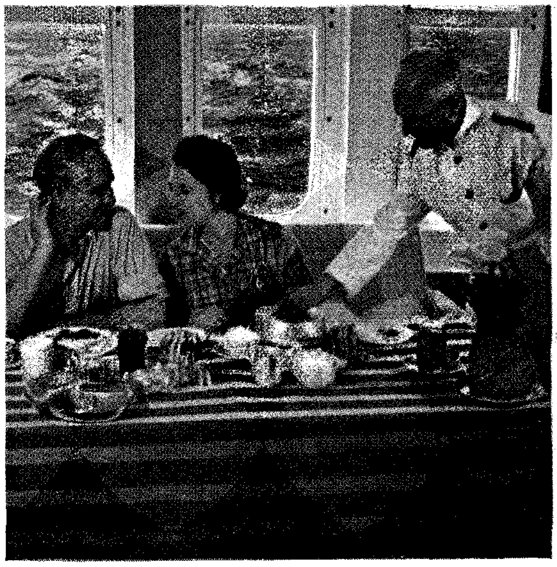

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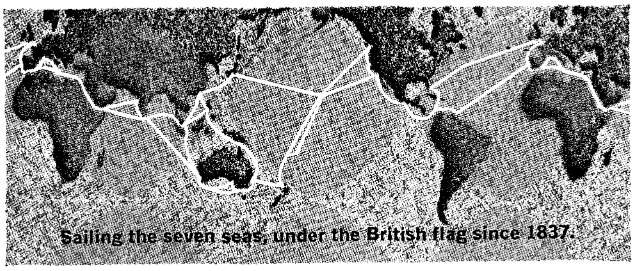

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BOOKS

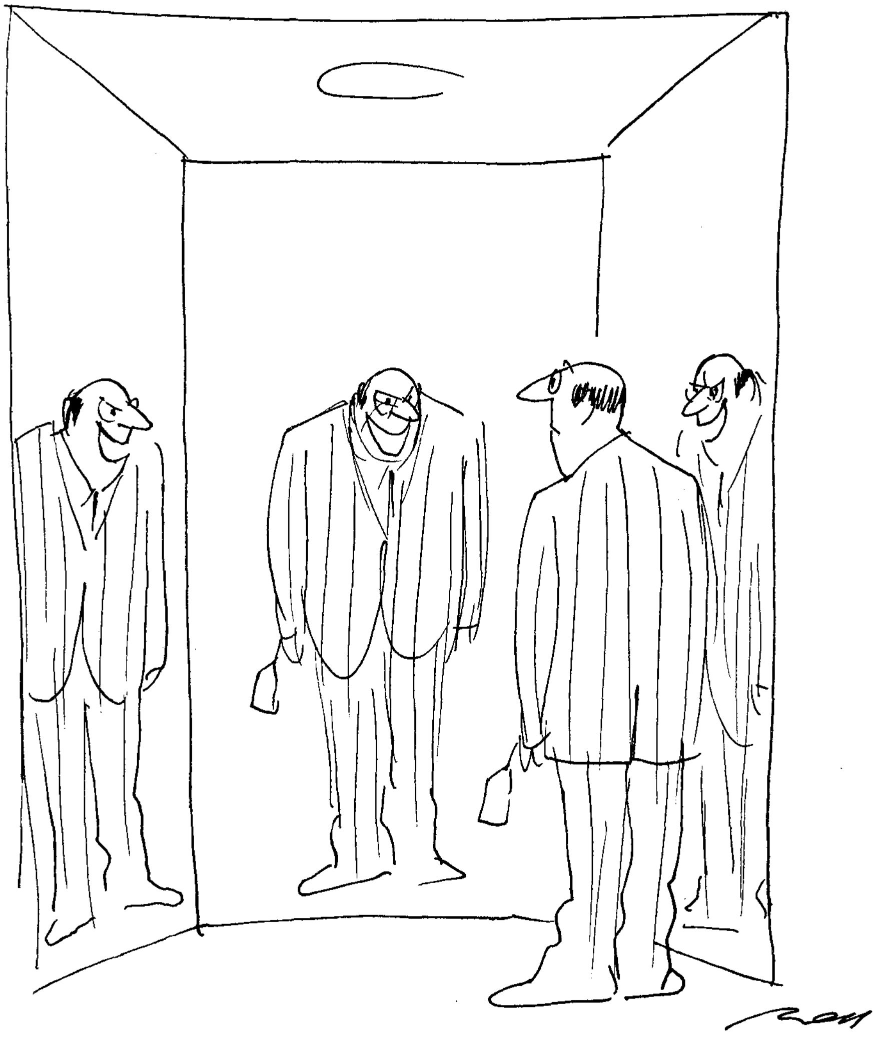
Might and Right

“The Washing of the Spears” (Simon & Schuster) is an account of England’s war with the Zulus of southeast Africa in 1879 and of the entire complex of events leading up to it and following upon it. The book has a number of faults. Mr. Donald Morris, its author, holds the rank of lieutenant commander in the United States Navy, and at times he writes service prose. He refers to a missionary at one point as “the hapless cleric,” and he is able to say of an African chief that he “wielded an autocratic but essentially stagnant sceptre.” He puts in every ascertainable fact, and he explores every issue and side issue to the farthest horizons of reference, in the fond belief that every reader will share his fascination with everything and anything concerning the Zulus and their enemies. At first, the result is distressing. Mr. Morris appears to be producing amateur history at its worst—one of these methodless studies by writers who do not know how or where to begin, and who consequently tie themselves up in explanations of the antecedents to the antecedents to the episodes that they intend to deal with. But at about page 150, with four hundred and fifty pages to go and the Zulu War still forty years off, it suddenly becomes clear that Mr. Morris is doing something truly remarkable just because he has been trapped by the compulsive inclusiveness of the amateur. What he ultimately achieves is a complete account of the process described by Marxists, in a phrase that has been drained of almost all meaning by reiteration, as imperialist aggression.

Mr. Morris’s mudslide of facts tells the whole story, from the moment of first contact to the final consummation, of the way in which an independent African people was reduced to the status of a passive object of exploitation. His account is cumulatively horrifying by virtue of its completeness, because the reader is slowly forced to realize that the seemingly endless parade of shady adventurers, arrogant and ignorant missionaries, avaricious land thieves, and second-rate administrators, dotty with self-importance, and the dismal chronicle of their frauds, deceptions, backbiting intrigues, and abuse of power constitute the totality of one African people’s experience of the West. There is further food for thought in the fact that the experience is typical of that of most African and many Asian peoples, and that for them it is the reality behind the fine words about liberty and freedom and disinterested aid that are used to justify a Western presence in their countries.

The individual who managed to bring about the war with the English that successive Zulu chiefs had averted for thirty years was Sir Bartle Frere, an administrator who had received his first schooling in bloody-mindedness while suppressing the Indian Mutiny as Governor of Scinde. He later got into serious money difficulties when serving simultaneously as Governor of Bombay and as a director of the Bank of Bombay. The bank had extended too much credit to men who were gambling in cotton futures in the boom market created by the American Civil War. Ten years later, he was, as Mr. Morris rather delicately puts it, “still a poor man, and was hoping to retire.” An offer of the combined posts of Governor-General of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of Native Affairs for British South Africa, at ten thousand pounds a year, put to him, along with the hint of a peerage, by Lord Carnarvon, Disraeli’s Secretary of State for the Colonies, was thus a godsend. He could not have been offered a more attractive compensation for the years of frustration that had followed the collapse of his Indian career.

Frere had been recommended to Lord Carnarvon for this appointment by Thomas Carlyle’s pupil and admirer James Anthony Froude, the controversial historian (in the sense that there is argument as to whether he should be called a historian or a propagandist), who had been sent out to Africa in 1875 as the Colonial Secretary’s personal representative. Carnarvon wanted Froude to report on the possibility of amalgamating the British colonies, the Boer republics, and the various South African protectorates into a confederation within the British Empire—a proposal with which gold strikes at Tati and elsewhere and the beginning of diamond mining at Kimberley had much to do. Froude had been disgusted to find in the Cape



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Colony a nascent white democracy opposed to confederation, and he had moved on to Natal, where Major General Sir Garnet Wolseley was executing another delicate mission on Lord Carnarvon's behalf; this was the destruction of the large degree of legislative independence that Natal enjoyed under its existing constitution and the reduction of its status to that of a crown colony governed from Whitehall. Since Wolseley was one of the most blatant military careerists the British Army had produced (he was Gilbert's "very model of a modern Major-General"), it was only natural that he should canvass the South African scene for possible projects to further his ambitions. His thoughts seem to have turned first in the direction of a Cromwellian solution to the problem of the unbalanced population of Natal, where whites were outnumbered twenty to one. He reported to Carnarvon that Natal was for this reason "the weakest and most dangerous point in the Empire," and Wolseley's most recent biographer, Joseph Lehmann, suggests that the idea of genocide did cross his mind:

> It was a policy dictated by high philanthropic sentiment based upon the belief in equal rights for all human beings, he [Wolseley] bluntly told Carnarvon, that had led to this dangerous situation. If the settlers had been permitted to deal with the Kaffirs as the Boers did, he concluded, the Colony would have been purged of most of its blacks, so that only a manageable 100,000 remained, completely disarmed.

Mature reflection, however, seems to have made Wolseley drop the idea of massacring the two hundred thousand Africans who would have to be got rid of to bring the number of Kaffirs down to the ideal figure of a hundred thousand, and he looked about for another solution. This was provided for him by a fantastic personage called Theophilus Shepstone, of whose passion for self-dramatization and inflated rhetoric of the "Hearken, O my children" variety Mr. Morris gives a very funny account. Shepstone loathed the ruling Zulu chief, who had seen through him. He accordingly told Wolseley that the chief, whose name Mr. Morris renders phonetically as Cetshwayo, was hated and feared by large numbers of his subjects, and that if a column of a thousand British troops was sent into Zululand, the chief's authority would collapse. The chief could then be deposed, and his territory, which adjoined Natal, could be turned into a Kaffir province, to which the two hundred thousand "surplus" Africans in Natal could be

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deported. "Such a move, Wolseley assured Carnarvon," according to Professor Lehmann, "would put an end forever to the barbarous cruelties of Cetshwayo, and be hailed as a blessing to humanity." Carnarvon was not immediately responsive to this suggestion, but it was altogether in tune with the general tenor of Froude's thinking, since he not only was firmly of the opinion that Cromwell's Irish policies were just and humane but was also deeply committed to the whole corpus of Carlyle's proto-Fascist ideas, and was fond of making such remarks as "The heart of the nation is in its armies." Such ideas naturally made him receptive to anything that Wolseley might propose in the way of a forward policy, and his special admiration for the methods by which the Indian Mutiny had been suppressed as naturally made him see Sir Bartle Frere as the man to carry it out. His assessment was correct, and within a year after Frere's arrival in Africa the new Governor-General was working hard to bring the Zulu problem to a final solution.

Frere's opportunity to take decisive action came in July of 1878, when a minor official in Cetshwayo's administration crossed the Tugela River, which marked the border dividing Zululand from the English colony of Natal, in pursuit of two of his wives, who had taken lovers and left him. Both wives were caught, dragged back across the river, and killed, in accordance with Zulu custom and law. A short while later, two surveyors who were inspecting river crossings in preparation for the coming invasion of Zululand were caught by a Zulu border patrol while they were on an island on the Zulu side of the river. They were held for an hour and released. On the pretext that these were aggressive and threatening Zulu acts, Frere sent Cetshwayo a four-thousand-word ultimatum calling on him to surrender a large part of his sovereign power to a British resident, to disband his army of forty thousand men, to abandon a large part of established Zulu law and custom in favor of some airy fancies dreamed up by the incorrigible Shepstone—all this, and more, "within thirty days." This revolting document, carefully designed to be unacceptable in any circumstances, is surpassed by a proclamation to the Zulu people issued by Frere when the thirty days had run out:

> The British forces are crossing into Zululand to exact from Cetywayo reparation for violations of British territory . . . and to enforce compliance with the prom-

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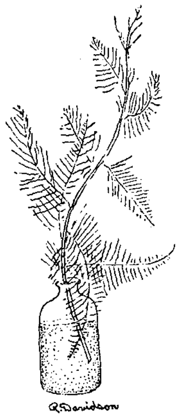
ises, made by Cetywayo at his coronation, for the better government of his people.

The British Government has no quarrel with the Zulu people. . . . When the war is finished, the British Government will make the best arrangements in its power for the future good government of the Zulus in their own country, in peace and quietness, and will not permit the killing and oppression they have suffered from Cetywayo to continue.



Mr. Morris's account of Cetshwayo's desperate efforts to find out what the war was about, and what terms the British would accept, as the invading troops pressed slowly on into his country, burning every village they came to, stealing all the cattle, and butchering all opposition, is sickening reading, made even more disgusting by the sporting tone affected by the British soldiers. Captain Lord William Leslie De la Poer Beresford, of the Queen's Royal Lancers, took part in the campaign as a volunteer, having been granted leave from his post as an aide-de-camp on the staff of the Viceroy of India to do so. Toward the end of the campaign, we read, he was out riding with a patrol of the Frontier Light Horse when it saw and gave chase to a small group of Africans:

> Beresford spurred forward, overtaking a laggard Zulu, who turned and raised his shield over his head. It was a sign of surrender, but Beresford did not know this and spitted him with a tremendous downward thrust that pierced shield and body. He then dropped him deftly off the point and cantered back with the pig-sticking cry of "First spear!"

In this jolly spirit, the thirty-two thousand British troops who took part in the campaign had killed eight thousand Zulus and wounded about sixteen thousand more by July of 1879, when Cetshwayo's power was broken and he was a fugitive. It was then time to bring good government to Zululand. This task fell to Wolseley. He had missed his war, having gone back to England, where he hoped to get command of the British forces in a possible fight with Russia, which disappointingly came to nothing, and having then been sidetracked as Governor-General of Cyprus. He made desperate efforts to return to Africa and supersede Lord Chelmsford as commanding general in time to fatten his reputation with an inevitable victory, but Chelmsford outfoxed him and won the final battle of the war while Wolseley was hastening to relieve him. Wolseley was left to make what he could of the career-furthering possibilities in finding Cetshwayo and shaping the future destiny of Zululand. As the first task was a highly unpromising one, he entrusted it to subordinates—principally to a certain Ederic Frederick, Lord Gifford, who seemed to enjoy trying to flog or torture information out of Africans—while he concentrated on the second. In a thoroughly characteristic manner, Wolseley disregarded all the obvious informed sources available to him and turned to an expert of his own, a white hunter called John Dunn, who had gone African and had become Cetshwayo's confidant and adviser in all his dealings with Europeans. Officials in Natal heartily disapproved of Dunn and his way of life—he had more than forty wives and more than a hundred children—and had raised the question of his loyalty when the war began. But Wolseley was quite ready to make use of Dunn's inside knowledge of Zulu affairs. With Dunn's help, a plan was devised that had the fragmentation of the Zulu state as its sole aim. Zululand was broken up into thirteen tribal areas, each of which was put under an independent chief, chosen either because of his known enmity to some other chief or because of his proved disloyalty to Cetshwayo. Having put this purely destructive plan into effect, Wolseley withdrew the British forces and left the dismantled state to slide into anarchy.

Things were so bad by the end of four years that Cetshwayo, who had been captured and exiled, was brought back by the British and reinstated as paramount chief. As he was not given any means of supporting his authority, he was able to do nothing to restore order. He died, possibly of poison, soon after his return. In 1897, the Colonial Office washed its hands of the problem of an independent Zululand by incorporating the territory into the Natal colony, and in 1902 the colonial administration began herding the Zulus into reserves in order to clear land for European settlement. A few years later, in spite of the fact that the Zulus did not have a money economy, a poll tax requiring every unmarried man to pay one pound a year was introduced. The object of these moves was to destroy the pastoral economy of the Zulus, which centered upon herds of cattle grazing on the open range, and to force the Zulu men to become laborers in the Rand mines. Their immediate product was the rising of 1906, in which the Zulus in Natal made common cause with those in Zululand, and which crystallized around the figure of the ninety-six-year-old Sigananda Cube, who had fought as a boy in one of the regiments, formed by the great Shaka, that had made the Zulus into a nation. This last gasp of resistance ended when twenty-three hundred Zulus had been killed. Five thousand captives were then herded into the colony's kangaroo courts to stand trial for an offense strangely described as treason. Mr. Morris leaves the story there, and does not add the crowning touch, that this once free people, with which the British government had, in Frere's words, no quarrel, was after all this to be handed over to the Union of South Africa and left to the mercy of such as Dr. Verwoerd.

How one people, supposedly with a developed national conscience, could have brought itself to do so much harm to another over a period of years is mysterious only if the corrupting force of the possession of military strength is not recognized. The philosophy of power that sustained such aggressions, and justified them in terms of a peace-keeping or civilizing mission, is to be found stated with a minimum of pretense in Froude's anti-Gladstonian tirade "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," which was published six years before the Zulu War:

> In a world in which we are made to depend so largely for our well-being on the conduct of our neighbors, and yet are created infinitely unequal in ability and worthiness of character, the superior part has a natural right to govern; the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings.... Among reasonable beings right is forever tending to create might. Inferiority of numbers is compensated by superior cohesiveness, intelligence, and daring. The better sort of men submit willingly to be governed by those who are nobler and wiser than themselves; organisation creates superiority of force; and the ignorant and the selfish may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness.... And the right of a people to self-government consists and can consist in nothing but their power to defend themselves. No other definition is possible.... When resistance has been tried and failed—when the inequality has been proved beyond dispute by long and painful experience—the wisdom, and ultimately the duty, of the weaker party is to accept the benefits which are offered in exchange for submission.

The nemesis of power is that it fosters such illusions, convincing those who have it that what it makes possible

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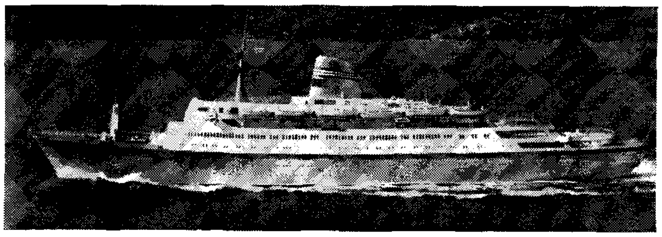

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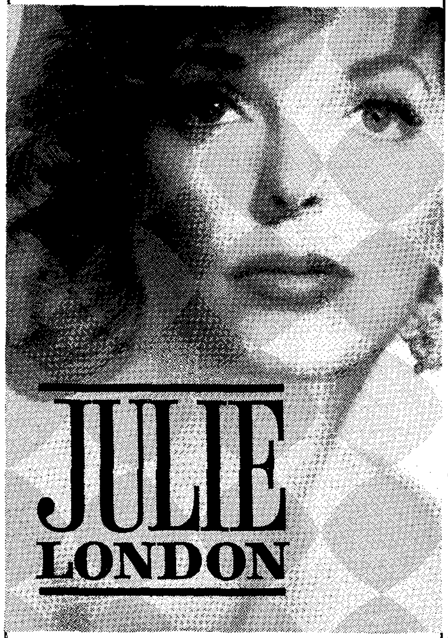

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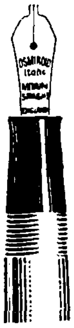

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must be right, and therefore should be done. Mr. Morris's book is a chilling reminder of the consequences of thinking along these lines.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE RAGGED EDGE, by John Christopher (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Christopher's facility for examining human beings caught in the aftermath of disaster is devoted on this occasion to the case of Matthew Cotter, a contented, middle-aged Englishman who has made a success of tomato farming on Guernsey, in the Channel Islands. When Matthew wakes up one morning to find that the world has been turned upside down by earthquakes and that he is, apparently, the only human being left alive, he starts walking, and this is the story of the discoveries and adventures of his long journey. Mr. Christopher's style is, as always, relaxed and matter-of-fact, but in this book, for the first time, his work is not fascinating.

THE TIN MEN, by Michael Frayn (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A short first novel by an Englishman who is known as a newspaper humorist. (He writes for the *Observer.*) The plot concerns preparations for a royal visit to open a new wing of an institute devoted to computer research. Two of Mr. Frayn's comic notions are outstanding—programming a computer for self-sacrifice, and analyzing newspapers so that they may be written by computers. The book also does well with some familiar comedy, such as the secretary who does all her boss's work.

GENERAL

THE PROUD TOWER: A PORTRAIT OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE WAR, 1890-1914, by Barbara W. Tuchman (Macmillan). Mrs. Tuchman reduces her immense subject to manageable proportions by limiting her book almost entirely to England, France, Germany, and the United States. Then, too, she relies on the character, action, and fate of various individuals—Thomas (Czar) Reed, Speaker of the American House of Representatives; Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister of Great Britain; Richard Strauss, the German composer—to typify the conflicts or the tendencies within the country of each. This device is sometimes successful (when the reader is touched

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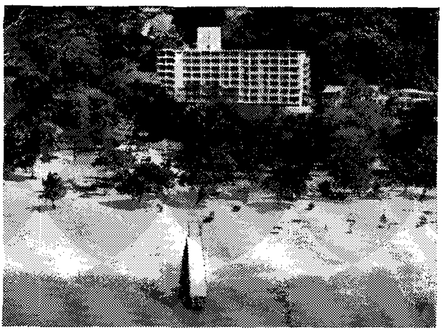

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by the past) and sometimes not (when the reader notices the historian making literature). A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

The Liddell Hart Memoirs, 1895-1938, by Captain Basil Liddell Hart (Putnam). These valuable recollections of Great Britain's most important military expert offer an account of the development of modern military theory and a segment of recent European history. Liddell Hart was wounded in the First World War and had to leave the Army—a piece of hard luck that gave him the freedom to work out his ideas. His first thoughts were of improvements on trench-war tactics (for instance, why not attack at night?), and gradually he conceived a whole new style of mobile, mechanized warfare, which, unfortunately, the Germans, not the British, adopted. He received attention, acclaim, a more than respectable income from his writings, and the friendship of a good many famous figures, but this worldly success was overshadowed in the nineteen-thirties by the frustration of having his own country reject his innovations. Yet he writes with remarkable good temper. He does not need to prove that he was right, so he tells what happened without quarrelling.

The Cape Fear, by Malcom Ross (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). An addition to the Rivers of America series and, unlike some of its fifty-odd companion volumes, a brilliant justification of the whole idea of the project. The Cape Fear, which comes by its name from the dreaded cape and the outlying shoals that guard its estuary, and which rises in the Piedmont of North Carolina to travel two hundred sluggish miles to the Atlantic at Wilmington, is not an important waterway, but it is something of a character among rivers. Its banks and the hinterland behind them have seen some of the most violent and colorful history-making of the whole Eastern Seaboard, from Cornwallis's skirmishes and battles during the Revolution to the blockade-running days of the Civil War. The author, who died just after completing the book, has written so discursively and charmingly about the Cape Fear that he makes one want to go there.

The Arts of the Beautiful, by Étienne Gilson (Scribners). The well-known French neo-Thomist philosopher here addresses himself to the question "What is art?" His

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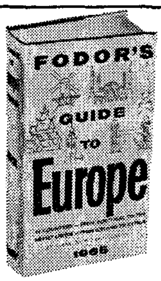

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reasoning is as neat and beautifully formed as an egg, and, like an egg, is sealed off from the outside. Art, according to the author, is a process, or a means, of *making*, not a conveyance for ideas or an object for contemplation. Its purpose is the attainment of beauty, which is an absolute, like goodness or truth, and which exists in a realm beyond the useful, the instructive, or the morally uplifting. The exclusivity of his definition unfortunately relegates much of what most people consider art to outer darkness, and even Gilson himself admits that in his view there are very few artists. In literature, for example, he is concerned principally with poetry. The novel is evidently too impure to qualify; those great, imperfect reflections of human experience written by such as Tolstoy and Dostoevski, for example, would not fit into his scheme. As a springboard for his thesis, Gilson chides John Canaday for writing that the subject of "Whistler's Mother" is "a mood compounded of gentleness, dignity, reflection, and resignation," whereas Whistler himself had called it simply "Arrangement in Gray and Black." Gilson's argument is that no mood is, or can be, expressed—that, on the contrary, the picture is merely such an "arrangement" made by Whistler. This, however, leaves unanswered the question of why Whistler put the old lady there at all.

NOTE: "The New People: The Eskimo's Journey Into Our Time," by Edith Iglauer, has been published by Doubleday. The book is almost entirely made up of Miss Iglauer's articles for this magazine on the Eskimos of Canada.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Florence (S. C.) Morning News*]

LONDON (AP)—A passport issued to Winston Churchill in October 1895 is among a mass of Churchilliana to be auctioned here next month. The passport has his name and regiment in gilt lettering and bears stamps of European countries but has one omission.

•

Mr. Niarchos, who is 5 feet 7 inches tall and has graying black hair, is believed to be the largest shipowner in the world.
—*The Times.*

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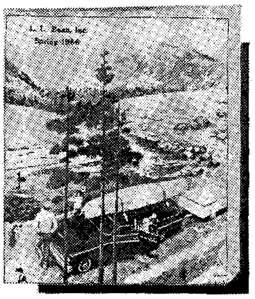

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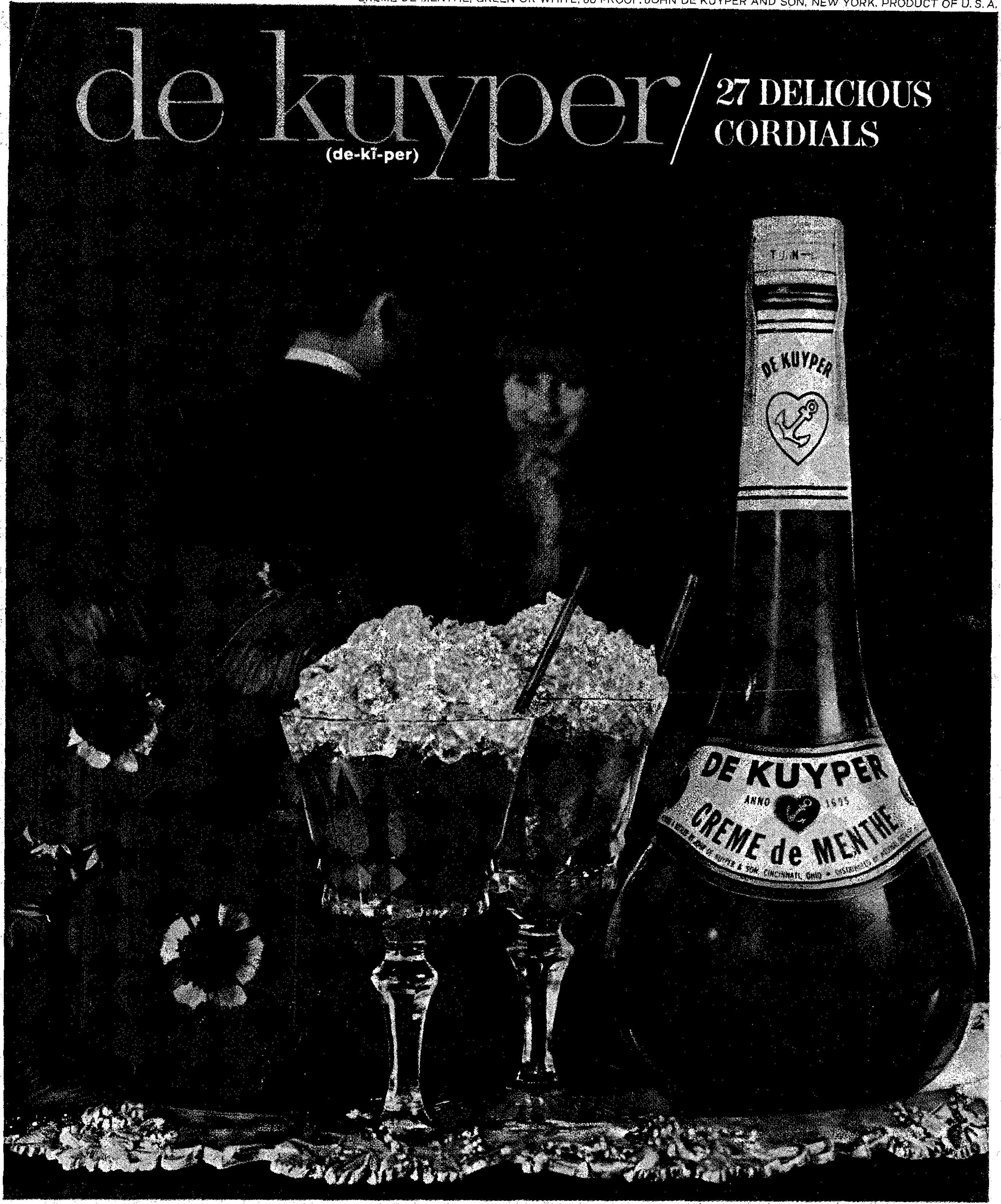
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